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1897.

BRA



VER!" cried Mr. Punch, removing his sailor cap and mopping his manly brow, moist with sea-spray, and the perspiration produced by many Jubilee toasts and much loyal shouting.

"Fancy you're playing umpire at a new game of naval cricket?" queried NEPTUNE, with a nautical wink.

"Nay, NEP," answered the smiling Sage. "I'm universal umpire at all known games, from croquet to the kriegsspiel. But cricket on your green sea-fields, old tarry-breeks, has got to be invented. I merely meant that the great Naval Review of June, 1897, is 'over.'"

"Humph!" muttered NEPTUNE. "Your Armstrongs -aptest of names! -might provide excellent ball-practice for

an Eleven of Titans, captained by a Hyperion-Grace, with an Oceanus-Richardson for chief trundler."

"That would be a novel Titanomachia, mustered to make a British Bank Holiday!" responded Mr. Punch. "But the one we have seen to-day, though our armour-clad Titans have only been like Leviathans at play, or Cyclops in rehearsal, hath been splendid, pregnant with immense possibilities, and calculated to astonish the Hecatoncheires themselves."

"Verily," said NEPTUNE, "the hundred-handed warders of the vanquished Titans never witnessed such wonders as the Diamond Jubilee Naval Review, of which we have just been sympathetic and admiring spectators. My own favourite modern Titanide, Britannia, has bettered her instructions, and beaten her ancient prototypes, Thia, Themis, and Tethys, hollow."

"Ah, here is the greatest of the modern Uranidæ!" said Mr. Punch, warned by the barking of that genuine sea-dog, Tobias, of the approach of Britannia herself, in her strong, deftly-fashioned steel armour, but unhelmed for coolness' sake and ease, like Britomart after battle. Mr. Punch pertinently quoted the patriot-poet, Spenser :-

"Like as Bellona (being late returnd From slaughter of the giaunts conquered; Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosthrils burnd With breathed flames like to a furnace redd, Transfixed with her speare downe tombled dedd From top of Hemus by him heapéd hye ;) Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd, And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorye."

"Thanks, Mr. Punch, for the complimentary and poetic comparison!" said the war-mail'd and day-weary nymph, taking her seat at Neptune's side. "Have you, from your inexhaustible store, no apt extract for Father Nep himself?"

Mr. Punch, the omniscient, responded promptly:-

"Next unto her was Neptune picturéd
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Droppéd with brackish dew; his threeforkt pyke
He stearnly shooke. \* \* \*
That his swift charet might have passage wyde,

Which foure great hippodames did draw in teem-wise tyde, His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame.

For privy love his brest empiercéd had. Ne ought but deare BRITANNIA now could make him glad."

The brown-faced, brine-soaked sailor-god laughed loud and long, and BRITANNIA blushed smilingly, or smiled blushingly, which soever way it may be put. "By the blue-green cyes of Amphitrite," he cried, "BRITANNIA has 'made him glad' this day, as he has not often been since that day of days at Trafalgar."

"A mere playful parade of my naval power in honour of dear VICTORIA's sixty years of benignant sway, O salt-

bearded Sire of mine," replied BRITANNIA, with a curious double-edged smile.

"Titans who can 'play 'like that, my shrewd daughter, will give a good account of their steel thews and thunderthroated missiles, when the time for serious tussle comes," said Neptune, grimly.

"I trust so," responded BRITANNIA, looking with pensive pride out seaward, where her miles of ranked and ranged

warships were yet visible. "But, Toby, I am athirst!"

Tobias, rigged for the great occasion in natty nautical gear, handed round the hospitable Sage's Jubilee joruni, wherein Father Neptune's bearded lip and Britannia's sweet firm mouth were alike ready to dip.

"A toast! a toas!!" cried Mr. Punch, lifting high his brimming beaker.

"Here's to VICTORIA, honoured and dear!
Many happy returns of this Jubilee Year!
Here's to BRITANNIA, the gentle and ! rave,
And long may her banner float free o'er the wave!
Here's to old NEPTUNE, and long may he smile
On the daughter he loves, and his favourite Isle!

And here 's to OUR FLEET, in this Diamond Year, And the brave lads who man it and never know fear! Hearts of oak are they still, though their ships are of iron. Whilst such ships and sea-dogs our white cliffs environ, Our QUEEN is at rest, and our homes are at ease! Hooray! Let this Toast, lads, sound loud o'er the seas!!"

"Capital!" cried NEPTUNE. "But I'll venture to add just one couplet ;-

"VICTORIA, BRITANNIA, old NEPTUNE! Brave bunch! But, to make all things square, add sage-patriot PUNCH!!"

"Hear! hear!" cried Britannia. "Bow-wow!" yapped Toby.

"Thanks!" responded Punch, feelingly, looking like Erin, "with a smile on his lip and a tear in his eye." "Ir return let me present you with BRITANNIA'S Beacon, the Patriot's Pilot, Queen VICTORIA'S most valued Vade Mecum, the true British Mariner's Compass, and Father Neptune's Friend and Fun-provider. Toby, hand 'em my

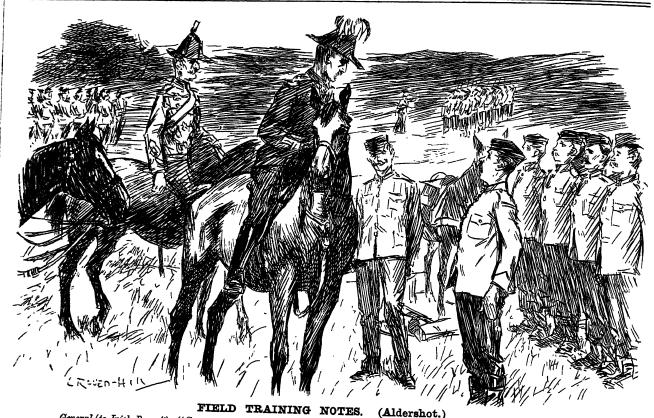
# One Hundred and Twelfth Volume!"





THE CALENDAR, 1897.—The Seasons' Quadricycle.

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General (to Irish Recruit). "CAN YOU TELL ME HOW MANY SPECIES OF PACK ANIMALS THERE ARE?" (No answer.)

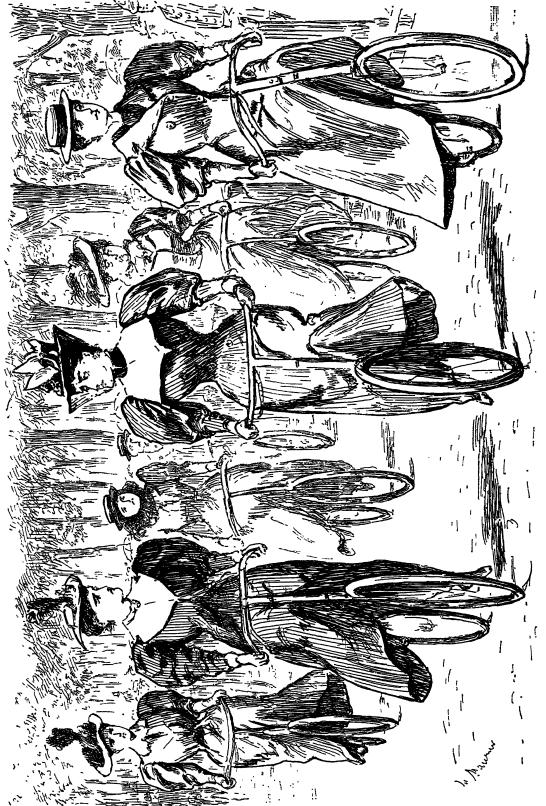
General, "Well, do you know any kind of Pack Animal?"

Recruit (inspired by recollection of many days' pack-drill). "Yes, Sorr. A Defaulter, Sorr!"



(Hounds just gone away. Gent gallops up furiously at first fence, but pulls up suddenly on reaching it.)

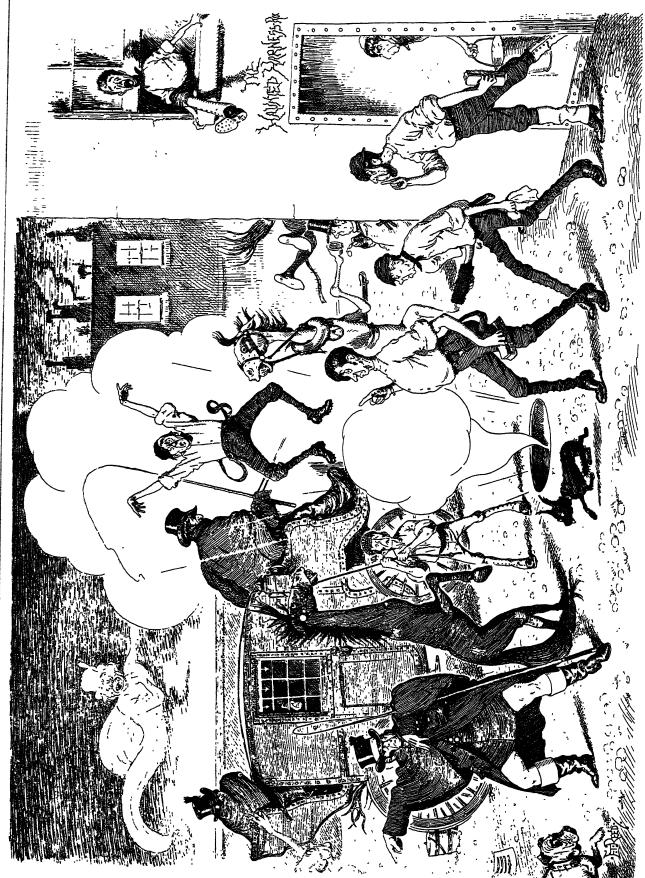
Gent. "Steady! Whoa, my Boy! Look here. You're not mine, you know, and I'm hanged if I allow you to risk yourself!"



# CE MONDE OU L'ON S'AMUSE,

bibel. "I hope Bicycling will go out of Fashion before next Season, I do hate Bicycling so !"

Mand, "So do I | But one Must, you know!"



PANTOMIME.—Scene I.: The Tragic Mews. PUNCH'S SCENES FROM MR.

### AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER I .-- Congratulations.

MY DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,-I received your telegraphic despatch informing me of your success at the poll. I confess I could have lived through the added hours if you had been content to use the letterpost as the medium of conveying the intelligence. There is an abruptness about telegraph messages—not to mention their charge of two shillings for delivery at the Grange—that is annoying.

I never have used this new-fangled thing myself, and never shall, any more than I use envelopes. In your dear grandfather's time we wrote on a sheet of letter-paper, and when we had covered three sides we folded it over and used the fourth for the address. What was good for your grand-father is good enough for me, and I wish

it were so for even younger people.

But I suppose I must congratulate you on becoming one of the Members for the borough of Greatmart. It is, I understand, still reckoned to be an honour to belong to the House of Commons, though from all I hear it is a very different place in all ways from that in which your grandin all ways from that in which your grand-father sat for twenty-eight years. It is a remarkable coincidence, conveying a lesson which, to my mind, has not been sufficiently inculcated, that when in the autumn of 1832 the first so-called Re-formed Parliament met, your grandfather and the constituency he represented for more than a quarter of a century were both effaced. Two years later, the old House of Commons, in which Pitt and Fox and your grandfather had sat, was destroyed by fire!

Now I understand you have got what is called a Palace, containing a thousand rooms, a hundred staircases, and two miles of corridors. All I can say, my dear nephew, is, don't lose your way or your head in them. Yours affectionately,

Tabitha Plinlimmon Penley. The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

### A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN UP-TO-DATE DOG.

DREADFUL dream this morning! Thought I was sitting at a cold, draughty street corner, with nothing on but a leather collar, and a tin mug in my mouth, collecting coppers for a common, vulgar blind person. Most degrading! Intensely re-lieved, on waking, to find myself in my own comfortable padded basket. Had kicked the quilt off, and somehow managed to wriggle out of my nightgown. Talking of my nightgowns, whoever embroi-dered my monogram on them might have done it in two colours instead of only one. So much more chic.

After breakfast, to Toilet Club with Robert. Curling-tongs not warm enough. Obliged to complain sharply of carelessness of new assistant, who snipped nearly half the tuft off one of my haunches Sprayed with a new scent, which, personally, I don't care about. Dog shaved sonally, I don't care about. Dog shared just before me wearing rather a smart overcoat, trimmed with fur, and having side-pockets for handkerchief, brush, &c. forgot the name—only fellow in town who really knew how to cut an overcoat. Just like my Old Woman, not to have heard of him! Catch her standing me a fur over-coat! Some dogs have all the luck!

Looked in at jeweller's on way home.



Bangle done, at last. Not bad; looks rather well on left front paw, though I don't see why I shouldn't have one on each leg while I'm about it. At all events, she might have made it gold! However, I suppose a silver bracelet is considered good enough for me.

Tried on tan shoes at bootmaker's. Well enough for country wear, but hardly the thing for town. Mr. Ferdie Frivell's principal poodle told me himself that he wouldn't be seen in Piccadilly in anything but patent leathers. And, though Zulu may be rather an ass in some ways, I will say this for him—there aren't many poodles as well turned out, or who can tell you what's right and what isn't right (if you know what I mean) better than old Zulu can. Brown shoes to walk about town with. That's just one of those distinctions women don't seem able to grasp!

Fashions for January. - Unreceipted bills still very much worn on the hall table. About the middle of the month, articles of the same material come in, but with fresh trimmings in red ink. Demands for rates are also to be seen in the most fashionable quarters. New year descriptions of alterations in address (intended for books of reference) begin to go out. Unbecoming weather for persons with less than a thousand a year, and minus encumbrances.

HISTORY CORRECTED .- On the 21st and 30th of January, Kings Louis the Sixteenth of France and Charles the First of England are said to have lost their heads. Not at all. They both had their wits sufficiently about them at these dates for one of them to leave Paris by the Place de la Concorde, and the other to take an early chop at Whitehall.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY. - Valentines now only seen in the servants' hall. Cycles re-appear in the parks at Battersea and Knightsbridge. Beginners wear at-tendants arms round the waist as a support. Expression of pained determination quite as prevalent as during the run of last season. Sprains still occasionally seen in the wrist and ankle. Treacherous weather for those who leave their bikes on one side of the river and catch a chill on their walks back to their homes on the other.

### **AUNT TABITHA ON GLD PARLIAMENTARY** WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER II. -A Little Cheque.

DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,-I intended in my last letter to send the enclosed little cheque, as I daresay the expenses of the my former letter, and perhaps you won't object to its wording.

I hope its receipt will not involve you in

any awkwardness about bribery and cor-

who was present, by command, at the wedding of Queen Anne. I like it because it's the only business-place in London a woman can enter without running the risk of being served by a man wearing whiskers, mustachios, or both. Even the policeman at the door is closely shaven.

That reminds me of the House of Comelection have drawn upon your purse, mons when your grandfather sat in it. This will serve as a sort of postscript to Not that I ever looked on the scene myself, counting considerably fewer years than some persons are good enough to assign to your aunt. But your grandmother has told me about it. Indeed, I ruption. But we never know where we have a picture of the House of Commons You

FASHIONS FOR MARCH. - Early cuts in the Row begin to appear. General revision of last year's visiting list very popu-Seaside acquaintances of the past lar. autumn now entirely discarded. Hearts upon the sleeve no longer worn. Thoughts of young people of both sexes lightly turn to possible matrimony—at six months' date. Weather becomes trying to the impecunious.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (loosed from durance vile).—Q. Why are the watering-places of Great Britain intensely aristocratic? A. Because they can't do without piers.



EFFECT OF ENGLISH LIFE ON LI HUNG CHANG. His Return to China. (By Our Chinese Artist.)

out of all comfort and consolation. It was different in your dear grandfather's time. There were seventeen electors forming the constituency of Old Sarum. Your grand-father reckoned they cost him at every election, in round figures, a hundred guineas apiece. But that was the beginning and end of it. You paid your money and you took your seat. Now, I believe, you really are not allowed to spend more than a fixed sum on a Parliamentary election.

There's a pretty pass to which free-born Englishmen have been brought!

You will observe that my cheque is awn on Coutts'. Your grandfather banked there, and so did his grandfather,

see row upon row of country gentlemen, with black stocks, high collars to their coats, short waistcoats, coats cut away a little above their hips, and their continuations the reverse of baggy. All well-bred gentlemen, you can see. Not a lawyer, an Irish Member, or a whisker among them.

Now I am told, that with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Hanbury, and Mr. James Lowther, the old fashion has given place to whiskers and mustachios, which if not actually a straight of the controller of the controller. which. if not actually made in Germany, are, at least a fashion imported from foreign parts.

Your affectionate, but disgusted aunt, TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY. The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.—Easter trips to Paris become the mode. Later, hats and bonnets worn à la Grands Magasins du Gloves à la Bon Marché. Eng-Louvre.lish much spoken on the Boulevards. To-wards the close of the month dinners served up with frequent references to experiences on the continent. Husband's promenades in Parisian shopland personally conducted by the wife. Weather ally conducted by the wife. Weather during the four weeks of considerable moment to proper crossing of the Channel.

BAD JOKE FOR JANUARY.—Presentation of Christmas bills.

BAD JOKE FOR FEBRUARY.—The opening of Parliament.



EXTRAORDINARY POSITION ASSUMED BY Mr. SNOODLE ON THE SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED REFUSAL OF HIS HORSE.

THE PENDULUM OF TASTE.

(Extract from a London Daily Paper, 1996.)

An event which has been anticipated with considerable interest by connoisseurs took place on Friday and Saturday last, when the celebrated collection of Early Victorian decorative furniture and objects of art belonging to the late Mr. Eylie Culchard was disposed of by public auction in the historic rooms of Messrs. Hammer and Rostrum.

The bidding was spirited throughout the proceedings, and some of the more important and interesting lots obtained

sensational prices.

Amongst them the following may be

singled out for special mention.

A group of fruit, realistically modelled and coloured by hand, in wax, and in perfect preservation, under cylindrical glass shade of period, was knocked down to Mr. Kernooze, of Old Bond Street, for two hundred guineas; a similar group, in which an orange, or peach, was slightly damaged, going for one hundred and fifty pounds only.

A gaselier, in simili-bronze, warranted a genuine antique, fetched sixty guineas, its richly moulded design and decorative effect causing many present to wonder why our latter-day craftsmen do not show a greater

tendency to return to the elegant floridity of middle-nineteenth-century work.

A set of six coloured lithographs, chiefly scriptural, and supposed to be of German origin, were secured by Sir Thomas Tee-bord, the recently-elected President of the Royal Academy, for the very moderate sum of twenty guineas apiece. We undersum of twenty guineas apiece. We understand that Sir Thomas intends to present these prints, which are probably unique, to the Tate Collection.

A tea-cosy (the padded and quilted headdress worn by well-to-do matrons when engaged in drinking the then national beverage) fetched £26 10s. This article This article is beautifully embroidered with holly-berries in the delicate "crewel-work"

which is now, unhappily, a lost art.

An ornamental pendant, composed of coloured glass beads, and said (though perhaps erroneously) to have been intended for the convenience and occupation of flies, was bought for seventeen guineas (Mr. Kernooze).

Another curio, which was the subject of brisk competition, was a convex ornament in solid glass, enclosing an enamelled view of the old pier at Worthing. This article, the only known fellow to which contains a representation of the beach at Tenby, and is now in the South Kensington Museum, was eventually secured, amidst and other al fresco entertainments.

breathless excitement, by Mr. Finucane, for the sum of two hundred and eighty guineas.

A kneeling statuette, in alabaster, believed to represent the infant Samuel, fell to Lord Boomptrek of Koffyfontein, for two thousand pounds. On the last occasion on which it was put up for sale, it realised no more than five hundred and seventy guineas—a remarkable proof of the revival of public interest in Early Victorian sculpture, which has long suffered from an unaccountable want of appreciation.

A magnificent suite of genuine mahogany chairs and sofa, upholstered in real horsehair-which, owing to the total extinction of these interesting animals, is now an unprocurable commodity—was bought by Mr. Cibber-Wright for fifteen hundred guineas; not an excessive price when we consider the modern rage for examples of perhaps the chastest and most classic period of British domestic furni-

A very beautiful Kidderminster carpet, with a striking design of large nosegays on a ground of green moss, which, as Mr. Rostrum observed, no one but the crassest Vandal would dream of placing anywhere but upon the wall of his reception-room, fetched a thousand pounds, and a har-monium (a kind of musical instrument), in walnut wood, with the pedals covered with genuine old Brussels carpet, went for three hundred only.

One lot consisted of a complete set of antique "antimacassars," in wool and crochet, curious and interesting relics, crochet, curious and interesting relics, as Mr. Rostrum remarked, of the days when it was by no means uncommon for members of the male sex to be provided with a natural head-covering.

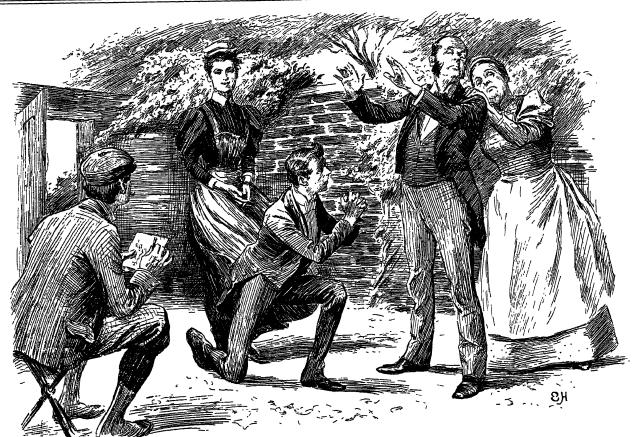
Much amusement was afforded when an authentic specimen of a Victorian "tall, or chimney-pot hat" was put up for sale. It is stated to have been the property of a well-known contemporary demagogue, and to have been habitually worn by him in Hyde Park, though we must confess it seems well-nigh incredible that even the most desperate seeker after notoriety could have descended to such a means of drawing attention to himself.

A CYNIC'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

When we hang the house with h-Till it looks as melanch-As a German forest, kn-Gloomy, gnome-haunted, and tr-Damp and dark as an old br-When we over-gorge us wh-Pa and Ma and Jack and P-Old Aunt Nelly, Uncle N-When girls dress up smart and d-Boys play clowns and niggers—G-Howl out carols most car-When poor jests are in full v Rampant every kind of f-Then 'tis Christmas, miscalled J-

Fashions for May.—Presentations at Court in great demand. Bouquets going out with dowagers otherwise occupied with their trains, and coming in with debutantes anxious for a favourable first appearance. Husbands à la gauche in Vic-torias in the park. Pictures of new peo-ple placed high at Burlington House. Portraits of wealthy somebodies and no-bodies by R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s hung on the line. Weather spitchla to water the line. Weather suitable to water-coloured silks and satins at garden fêtes

olly!



DISTINGUISHED ARTIST, STAYING IN CONFIRMED BACHELOR'S COUNTRY HOUSE, BEING HARD UP FOR MODELS FOR HIS PROJECTED WORK OF "THE DISCARDED SON" GETS HIS HOST'S DOMESTICS TO STAND FOR HIM.

### THERE WAS A NEW WOMAN.

(Neo-Nursery Rhyme.)

THERE was a New Woman, as I've heard tell.

And she rode a bike with a horrible bell, She rode a bike in a masculine way, And she had a spill on the Queen's high-

While she lay stunned, up came Doctor Stout,

And he cast a petticoat her "knickers"

about, To hide the striped horrors which bagged

at the knees.

the New Woman woke, she felt When the New

strange and ill at ease;
She began to wonder those skirts for to

And cried, "Oh, goodness gracious! I'm sure this isn't I!
But if it is I, as I hope it be,

I know a little vulgar boy, and he knows me

And if it is I, he will jeer and rail, But if it isn't I, why, to notice me he'll fail."

So off scorched the New Woman, all in

the dark,
But as the little vulgar boy her knickers
failed to mark,

He was quite polite, and she began to cry, "Oh! Jimmy doesn't cheek me, so I'm sure this isn't I!"

NOTE BY "DARBY JONES."—At Christmas the "straight tip" is always given to the conveyors of Her Majesty's Mails, to the removers of dust, and occasionally to the harmless, necessary constable.



THE PORTRAIT OF CONFIRMED BACHELOR HOST, ACCUSTOMED TO BE WAITED UPON IMMEDIATELY HE RINGS THE BELL.

### A BRIGHT LOOK-OUT.

(By a wearied Century-ender.) THE "so-called Nineteenth Century"

Is drawing to a close;
Right soon the Twentieth we shall see!
What will become of those

Who live upon one well-worn phrase,
The "Fin-de-Siècle" lot,
The victims of erotic craze,

And pessimistic rot?
The sniff, the sneer, the stale small-beer,
Must soon be "out-of-date."
The young New Age may bring good

cheer,

Oh, most appalling fate!

If health and hope mar phrase and trope Of cynic hedonist,

For his poor scrag a silken rope The goose must surely twist. For what fit theme for opiate dream,

Blue devils, scarlet sins, When at one Century's extreme,

Another one—begins?
Pet phrases then, wherewith his pen

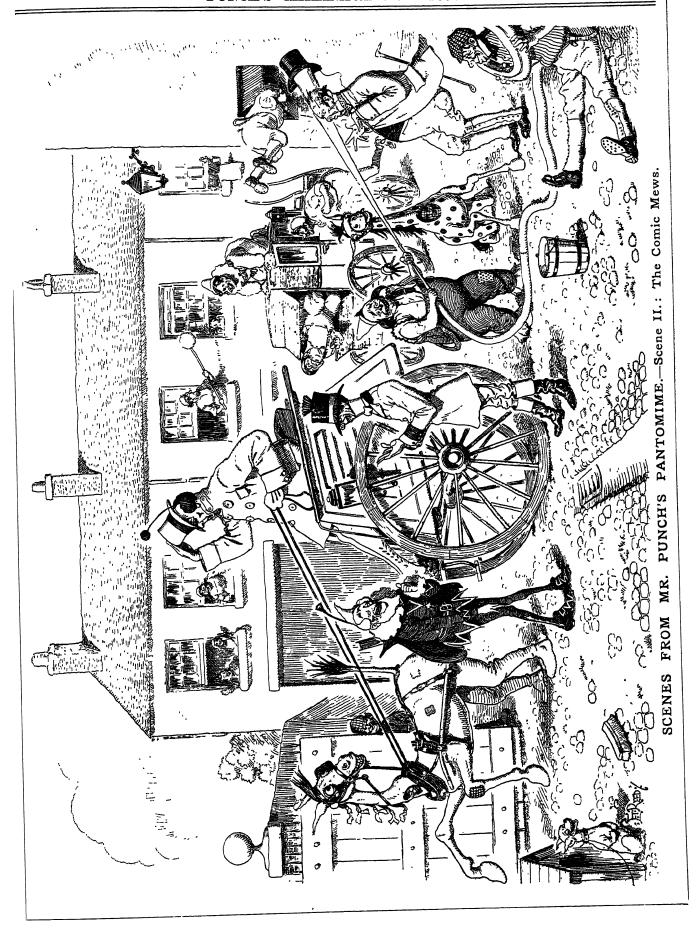
Is fertile, will not fit;
Anachronism, scorned of men,
Must mar his morbid wit.
Oh! dire look-out, when chronic doubt,
And sceptic zest for sinning,
Which fit an "End" are turned about

In face of a Beginning!

But oh! the joy of honest hearts,
Wearied of sin and sludge,
When, with the Opening Age, departs
The Fin-de-Siècle fudge!

BAD JOKE FOR MARCH.—"Mad heir." Quarter day.

BAD JOKE FOR APRIL.—Ratepayers All Fools' Day.



### **AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY** WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER III. - On the Terrace.

CHARLES EDWARD,—I declare, if it were not too late, as it probably is, I would stop payment of the cheque I weakly sent in my last letter. What do you mean by promising to take me to tea on the Terrace as soon as it is warm enough to sit out? If I were within arm's reach of you, I would make it warm enough for you, quite apart from conditions of ordinary temperature. What have I done or said that you should imagine I would show myself in such a place, amid such surroundings?

This invasion of the House of Commons by women, these frivolous five-o'clock teas,

out a candle, and fell on the clerk's wig at the end of the table. Your dear grandfather, not knowing whose was the mishap, was so sardonically severe on the subject when he came home to dinner, (Members dined comfortably at home in those days,) that your grandmother thought she had better not mention names. As far as your grandfather was concerned, she carried her secret to the grave, but never saw her fan again, which she always believes the clerk at the table gave to his wife-or someone else's.

Thus you will perceive how, even in early stages of the now riotous fashion, the attendance of women at the House

"Diddy-iddy-duckums"-but that was entirely beside the point, and she need not have spilt some coffee on my best morning jacket.

Drive with the O. W. Called on Lady Ida Downey, who was not at home. Robert was told to leave one of my visiting-cards on her Japanese spaniel, Mousmé, a conceited, pampered little black and white beast, whom I have rather gone out of my way to snub. Much annoyed, because this sort of thing puts a peodle in such a thoroughly false position; but of course my Old Woman doesn't consider that the sider that!

Stopped at confectioner's, for sweets. of Commons debates led to duplicity in It's a very curious thing, considering how the most sacred relations of the houselong she's known me, but the Old Lady



Mabel's three bosom Friends (all experts—who have run round to see the Christmas gnft). "Hullo, Mab! Why, what on earth are YOU DOING?'

Mab (in gasps). "OH--YOU SEE-IT WAS AWFULLY KIND OF THE PATER TO GIVE IT TO ME-BUT I HAVE TO LOOK AFTER IT MY-SELF-AND I KNEW I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BREATH ENOUGH TO BLOW THE TYRES OUT!

mark the decadence of what your dear mark the decadence of what your deal grandfather used to call the mother of Parliaments. Long before imperial legis-lation was degraded into the position of an accessory to a social function, my blood boiled at the complaints of women who go to the House of Commons to hear debates, and abuse the gallery for being "a cage."
Why, in your dear grandfather's time there was no accommodation for women in any part of the House of Commons, it being in those times thought they were much better at home minding the business of the household. If curiosity was insistent, and their husbands temporarily weak, they were conducted to the ventilating chamber over the candelabra in the roof, where three or four of them might, with excessive discomfort peep down on the scene.

Your dear grandmother never went but

hold. So let me hear no more about the Terrace, if you would have me remain Your affectionate aunt,

TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY. The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

### A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN UP-TO-DATE DOG.

Tête-à-tête lunch with the Old Woman. Tete-a-tete lunch with the Old Woman. Wore my navy-blue lounge-coat, and cerise bow in my top-knot. O. W. boring, as usual. Wouldn't let me have second helping of stewed chicken. Told Robert—in my presence—that I was "getting much too stout." So is she—but she had come made chicken. I do not wish to some more chicken! I do not wish to break with her unless I'm absolutely compelled, but I cannot live happily under a roof where I don't feel that my merits are properly appreciated. And really, to have personal remarks made upon one's figure, to a menial—! She thought she could once, and then she was so perturbed that she dropped her fan, which, falling through the aperture, narrowly escaped putting make it up afterwards by calling me a

never can get it into her head that I infinitely prefer fondants to chocolate creams! Is this native stupidity on her

part, or merely want of observation?

My fawn-coloured driving-coat, with braided facings, seems to attract a good deal of notice; it certainly does suit me. How so many dogs can bring themselves to go about as they do in a state of Nature I simply can't understand. If I was in their place, I should die of shame, I really believe. I should certainly catch a severe cold.

Fashions for June.—Opera à l'international at Covent Garden. Musical mélange à la toutes les langues Européennes, popular with numerous artistes of the highest continental reputation. Terrace teas for ladies, with M.P. accessories. Nights on the box fashionable, but trying to Society coachmen. Regimental din-ners the regulation during Derby week. Hampers much worn on coaches.



PHOL MAN

# A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

Proud Parent (who has been introducing his son to some of England's gentlemen). "There, my Boy, this will be something for yet to remember when you are a Man!" Young Hopeful (rather disappointed). "In't there a Conjurge amongst them?"



THE RIVALS.



PUNCH IN FANCYLAND.

ACK FOR 1897.



ISTMAS PHANTASMAGORIUM!!





A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

Obstructive Lady (in reply to the Golfer's warning call). "The whole World Wasn't made for Golf, Sir." Youngster. "No; but the Links wis. 'Fore!"



### AMATEUR TABLEAUX VIVANTS.—No. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Fussington Tootles have recently organised and arranged a SERIES OF DOMESTIC TABLEAUX VIVANTS FOR THE DELECTATION OF THEIR MANY FRIENDS. "NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE BELLEROPHON," AFTER THE WELL-KNOWN PICTURE BY MR. ORCHARDSON, R.A., WITH MR. TOOTLES AS THE CHIEF PART WAS VOTED A PERFECT TRIUMPH OF REALISM!

### A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

A mysterious meteorite is reported to have fallen lately, on one side of which are cabalistic characters supposed to constitute "A Message from Mars."

Mr. Punch has deciphered it, and gives herewith a free translation and pictorial illustration.

Manage things better here? We do, my boy!

We know how to exist and to enjoy; Which you do not. Men call me god of

But there's no fighting in my blood-red star.

We do not waste our labour and our cash On preparations for a general smash. A soldier or a sword, war-ship or gun, Do not exist, save pictured in pure fun

In our museums of antiquities.

Boys howling "latest news!"—mere Boys howling "liners'" lies

Are superseded here by pretty girls, Darlings in classic garb, with flowing curls, Who proffer pleasing pennyworths, all pith,

Perfumed and pictured. Any noise therewith,

Or otherwise, in railway whistle shrill, So-called "street-music," guaranteed to

Peace at a thousand yards, harsh chapelbells, Coster's coarse clamour, roysterer's rau-

cous yells,— All are taboo. All such are set, with art,

To music by some Martian Mozart.

And though we have no savage breasts to soothe,

The noise of German bands, or General Booth, Would rile our gentle bosoms, for row's

ravages Would turn the mildest Martians into savages.

Our streets are sweet and silent, cheerful, clean.

Broad, brightly-lit, bordered with bosky green.

Advertisements, ruled by a Board of Art, Never sensational or coarsely smart, Gladden the eye and train the general taste

Unprudish, but esthetically chaste. Amusement is—amusing! Prig or prude Finds not free humour coarse, or nature rude.

Our recreation grounds—the crowd's re-For clean amusement and for honest sport, '

Free but unbrutal, eager and elate With aims above the wager and the gate?

Are the State's special charge. Our sages think

How to undemonize that Dagon, Drink; So that a Martian may at ease recline, Like a Greek guest heart-warmed by generous wine,

Sober and graceful on his ale-house bench, Safe from the frenzy of a poisoned drench. For locomotion? Well, my Punchius, For locomotion?

In spinning cycles and swift autocars, Is far ahead of Terra. Wheels and wings With us are ancient and familiar things. At earthly travelling by road or rail, All Martian vocabularies fail To voice the Martian marvel!

As for dress, Your trousers, your top hat! Gods! How express

Our pity for your miseries? Would a vote

Perpetuate your preposterous dress-coat? Our dress flows to the figure, light, yet warm.

And the divinity of the human form Disguises not, as with you men, so that

Dare not invest a hero in a statue With what he wore whilst living!

We don't choke Our lungs with wasted fuel, miscalled smoke,

Our old Smoke-Gnome proves worthy of his hire,

Subdued and shackled wholly by King Fire.

Our woman's natural, and, though young, not new,

Winsome, well-dressed, and not a scraggy shrew,

She dotes on Cupid, worships Hymen still, Though healthy of physique and strong of will.

In fact, in Mars, Venus is quite at home, And welcomes bathing beauty to her foam In freedom with decorum. Art with us Is healthy, sweet, aspiring; fad and fuss, Neurotic nastiness, and sordid grime She drives from her, as things of dusk

and slime

Are the Earth's male Aurora. Rise and shine !

With a redoubled lustre sun your stars, Helped on, it may be, by these mems from Mars!

FASHIONS FOR JULY. - Grand Jubilee celebration universally observed. Everything à la reine immensely and justly in favour. Uniform de riqueur and loyalty worn in the heart. All the fashions of 1887 revived with increased success. The population of London rises to six millions of well-dressed enthusiasts. National demonstration garnished with the heartiest applause imaginable. Weather "Queen's brand," and consequently delightful.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST. - Seaside in favour. Ocean appears with a thick fringe of bathers. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales served à l'Américaine. Anglo-Saxon only spoken, with a British accent, in France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland. Tourist suits worn out on mountains. Innkeepers appear in habits à la brigand. Cycles disappear from Battersea and Knightsbridge to decorate the roads of Belgium, Sweden, Norway, and Holland. Weather intolerable to toilers left in town.



A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

A GLIMPSE BY OUR OWN ASTRONOMER OF THINGS BETTER MANAGED IN THAT PLANET.



### THE FESTIVE SEASON IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

A LITTLE MARKETING IN THE NINEVEH NEW ROAD.



### CHRISTMAS IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

A FEW FRIENDS AT MRS. MEMNON'S.



# THE CHRISTMAS-BOX IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

IT WAS QUITE AN INSTITUTION THEN.

Fashions for September. — Stubble much worn. Retrievers and pointers both in fashion. Big bags added to leggings adopted by many prominent sportsmen. Hot luncheons garnished with country lanes to be found mid-day mostly in England. Nauseous waters mixed with Society scandals in favour at Homburg and other foreign health resorts. Harrogate and Bath largely patronised by both Henry and 'Arry. Weather a matter of slight moment to any one "doing the cure" anywhere.

BAD JOKE FOR MAY. — Backing the "wrong'un" for the Derby.

HISTORY CORRECTED. — The 1st of the fifth month is "May Day," but according to tradition, the 13th is the proper date for the holding of the festival. The mot "that the controversy about the two May Days caused him amazement" is attributed erroneously to Oliver Cromwell. It was really the invention of Dr. Johnson. The pun encrusted in the saying is the solitary jeu d'esprit that has come down to us testifying to the wit that is believed to have been so marked a characteristic of the great lexicographer.

BAD JOKE FOR JUNE.—(Give no) Quarter day.

the ding oper tion goes out of fashion in London. Silk and stuff gowns much en évidence at the Law Courts on the 25th and after. Wigs on the Green in Dublin and on the heads of Briefed and Briefless at Strand Palace of Justice. Company "ads" once more the fashion in the newspaper offices of Fleet Street. Weather in London not quite up to the standard form of Italy and further South.

BAD JOKE FOR JULY.—Passing the Estimates.

BAD JOKE FOR AUGUST.—Shooting on the moors with a beginner.



THE MILTONIC CYCLIST.



# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN : UP-TO-DATE DOG.

In the evening, as it seems to-day is my birthday, I entertain a few intimate friends at tea. Not a very successful party, somehow. Frisette put her foot into my saucer, and wolfed up all the apricot sandwiches—which got on my nerves. Goggles and I had a little difference about the last macaroon. As his host, I suppose it would have been in better taste not to make my teeth meet in the curl of his tail; but no one knows how provoking a pug can be, till he's tried!

pug can be, till he's tried!
One stuck-up little terrier tried to show off by sitting up and nursing a rag doll between his forepaws, which was really more than I could stand!

The party broke up rather prematurely, in a general row, after which I discovered that my black satin dress-coat with the rose-coloured lining was torn all down the back. I shall never be able to wear it again!

To bed, heavy and depressed, feeling tired of life, and much troubled at night by biliousness, which is all the Old Lady's fault for not keeping a French cook. The sort of slops Mrs. Harricoe sends up are enough to ruin any doe's constitution!

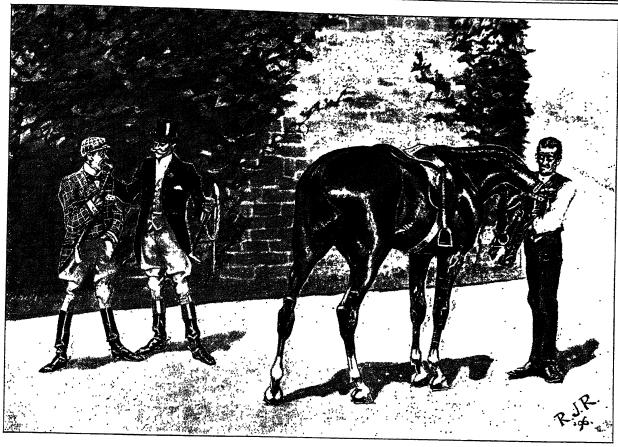
enough to ruin any dog's constitution!

Ah well, some day—when they have lost me—they'll be sorry they didn't study me a little more!

Bad Joke for September.—Goose's Quarter day.



Dismounted Swell (to kindhearted Sportsman). "'Pon My Word, I'm Awfully obliged! But-I say, will you come and Help me look for My Eyeglass?"



Host (to Perks, an indifferent horseman, who has come down for the hunting). "Now, look here, Perks, old chap, as you're a light weight, I 'll get you to ride this young Mare of mine. You see, I want to get her qualified for our Hunt Cup, and she 's not up to my weight, or I'd ride her myself. Perhaps I'd better tell you she hasn't been ridden to Hounds before, so she's sure to be a bit nervous at first; and mind you steady her at the Jumps, as she's apt to rush them; and I wouldn't take her too near other people, as she has a nasty Temper, and knows how to use her Heels; and, whatever you do, don't let her get you down, or she'll tear you to pieces. The last Man that rode her is in Hospital now. But keep your Eye on her, and remember what I 've said, and you'll be all right!" [Consternation of Perks.]

### A WISH.

(By a Wild Wheelman. A long way after Rogers.)

MINE be a "scorch" without a spill,
A loud "bike" bell to please mine ear;
A chance to maim, if not to kill, Pedestrian parties pottering near.

My holloa, e'er my prey I catch, Shall raise wild terror in each breast; If luck or skill that prey shall snatch From my wild wheel, the shock will test

On to the bike beside my porch I'll spring, like falcon on its prey,
And Lucy, on her wheel shall "scorch,"
And "coast" with me the livelong day.

To make old women's marrow freeze Is the best sport the bike has given.
To chase them as they puff and wheeze,
On rubber tyre—by Jove, 'tis heaven!

Fashions for November. — Fog à la mode du potage des pois. Guys out of fashion in the streets, but discoverable in patients suffering from influenza. Doctors appear in all directions. Prescriptions made up for immediate use. Lord Mayor shows in the thorounders of Prince and shows in the thoroughfares, and Prime Minister in Guildhall.

BAD JOKE FOR OCTOBER.—Commencement of the fifth-rate novel season.

ARTIST AND CRITIC.

McCranky. Ars longa est! The O'Quiz. I see, my dear McCranky! That why you make your ladies all so

INEVITABLE CHRISTMAS BILLS. — Those of the goose and turkey.



FATHER CHRISTMAS NOT UP-TO-DATE.

### ENCORE VERSES TO THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(For the Year 1897, the 60th of Victoria's reign.)

God save our gracious Queen! Sixty years' rule she's seen As England's Queen. Victoria, victorious!
Gentle as glorious!
Long still reign over us!
Our noblest Queen!

Should storms of war arise, Grant that clear, cloudless skies Still may be seen Over her well-loved isle! From foreign wrath or guile Still may kind Heaven's smile Guard our good Queen!

### WOE ON THE WHEEL.

THERE was a "scorching" girl, who came down an awful purl,
And scarified her nose, and scarred her forehead.

She thought, when first she rode, biking very, very good,
But now she considers it horrid!

BAD JOKE FOR NOVEMBER. — Triumph (mental and physical) of fog.

BAD JOKE FOR DECEMBER.—The end of the year.

### NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.



I.—Sua cuique voluptas. (Every one has his own pleasure.)



### AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER IV .- On Choosing a Leader.

DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,—I suppose one of your earliest duties when you have taken your seat in the House of Commons will be to select a leader. I do not profess to be well up in information about the present degenerate House of Commons. From what I gather, I fancy you will not be embarrassed by lack of the commodity. Of course, a Penley will be guided by Principle, and you can serve only under a Tory.

I am told, that now my old friend Cavendish-Bentinck (not little Ben, but Big Ben) is dead, and Herbert Knatchbull-Hugessen (whom I knew in Eton jacket) has retired from the Parliamentary scene in disgust, there is only one Tory in the House. That is Mr. James Low-ther, known to his friends as "Jemmy." Circumstances never favoured him with the opportunity of being presented to me, the opportunity of being presented to me, but, oddly enough, I have a copy of his portrait. It is a result of the process we used to call daguerreotype. The thing is now, I believe, known as a "photograph." Walking one day in Canterbury, I happened to see it in a shop window. I confess that at first I thought it was some dignitary of the Church, a canon, perchance a dean. There was about the countenance that reposeful, dignified, yet chastened expression we instinctively connect with the Church. It was only when I proposed to purchase the unpretentious work of art, that I was told that it was a portrait of the Right Hon. James Lowther, Member for one of the divisions of the county.

That, by the way. I merely mention it as showing how a certain personality struck me when, in ignorance of identity, I looked upon his portrait for the first time. From all I hear it was not a bad guess of mine. Circumstances have acci-dentally directed Mr. Lowther's steps into other paths. But he would have been more at home in a quiet deanery than amid the turmoil of political life.

In this connection there is another Member I should like you to know, though, of course, on quite other terms. It is Sir William Harcourt. His politics are atrocious, but his grandfather was an archbishop. He, too, one can imagine, might have risen to high estate had he followed in the steps of his father, sometime Canon of York. I admit it is probable, that had Sir William been a bishop, there would have been exceptional mortality amongst the curates of his diocese. But curates are constitutionally timorous.

However, that again is nothing to do with your associating yourself with a statesman of first rank in your Parliamentary relations. Mr. Lowther would be a safe guide, and is, I am given to understand, not undesirous of forming a party. During the last session his followers numbered only one. I forget whether it was
Sir Albert Rollit or Sir Elias BashmeadArtlett. Your anxious aunt,
TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY.

The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

Fashions for December. — Children's school boxes in the halls. Holly, mistletoe, cards, game, crackers, annuals, almanacks, presents, toys, turkey, roast beef, mince pies and plum puddings in evidence everywhere. Weather seasonable and concervation (whether the property property of the sequently suggestive (whatever it may be) of "a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year."



AFTER THE PERFORMANCE. Rupert the Reckless (Tompkins, a distinguished amateur from Town). "Now, I call it a beastly shame, Jenkins; you haven't ordered that brute of yours off my Togs, and you know I can't go back to the Inn like this!"



AND, DESMOND DEAR, DO REMEMBER THAT FINGERS WERE MADE FRIEN', NOW I UNDERSTAN' VOT YOU MEAN VEN YOU SAY ZE SUN Desmond (anxious to be off, and considerably bored). "Not mine, Ma!"

Desmond (anxious to be off, and considerably bored). "Not mine, Ma!"

Frenchman (inst arrived on his first visit to London). "Ha, Ha! MY FRIEN', NOW I UNDERSTAN' VOT YOU MEAN VEN YOU SAY ZE SUN NEVAIRE SET IN YOUR DOMINION, MA FOI! IT DOES NOT RISE!" Mamma (finishing up a Lecture on deportment at Christmas festivities).

"AND, DESMOND DEAR, DO REMEMBER THAT FINGERS WERE MADE
BEFORE FORKS."



IN A NOVEMBER FOG.



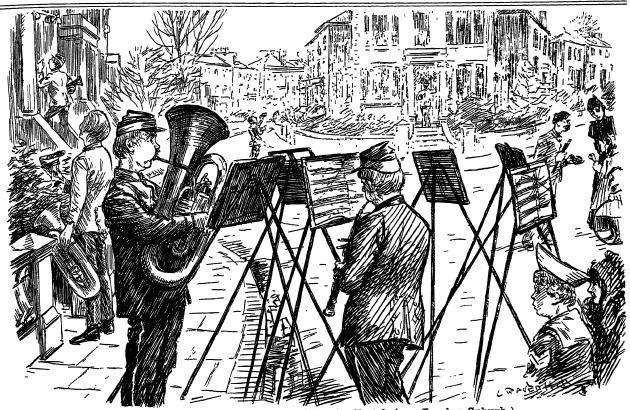
KNOCKED 'EM IN THE OLD GHENT ROAD.

(A Sketch in Belgium.)



Customer. "Have you got any Guinea Fowls?"

New Apprentice. "Well, Mum, they generally run about Five-an'-six—but (thinking he can do a good stroke of husiness) very glad to oblige you at four Price, Mum!"



THE ENTERPRISING TEUTON. (A Sketch in a London Suburb.)



Samuel. "Muvver, does a Hen Lay an Egg when it likes, or must it?"



New Servant (to Cook). "Oh no, you don't! It may be my first place, but you don't make a Fool of me, sticking them Feathers into the Bird, an' expecting me to take it upstairs, just to be laughed at!"

# NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.



III .- LOCUM TENENS. (A SUBSTITUTE.)



IV .- OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE. (RETIREMENT WITH DIGNITY.)

# AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER V .- Some General Axioms. MY DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,-I confess I spent a wretched night thinking of the temptation that will soon surround my

dear brother's only child. Isn't there a man in the House of Commons called John Burns? He may have been christened John, but I think that I have heard that he was nicknamed Burns, because, when appropriated to a pullinger manufacturer. apprenticed to a palliasse manufacturer, he set fire to the straw and burnt the

house down. I may be wrong. But that is my impression. I am sure there was something about a palliasse; or was it a door-knocker? Anyhow, he's a demagogue, and I would not trust a demagogue with a box of matches, even if, in accordance with maudlin modern fashion, they strike only on the box.

I do not, for a moment, fancy you will be brought into personal contact with this person, or any like him. Thank Heaven you will always vote in the other lobby. Even that, when I come to think of it, is not certain. Statesmen, as your dear grandfather used to say, must work with any tools that come to hand. I can con-ceive circumstances or tactics in which so astute a Parliamentary Hand as Mr. James Lowther might have to form temporary alliances with all kinds of sections. For your own part, dear Charles, let them be strictly temporary, and go straight home as soon as the House is up, or even before.

In your dear grandfather's time, except when they were passing the Catholic Relief Bill, or wrangling over the Reform Bill, Members, as I have said, dined decently at home. Now, I believe, they never adjourn till midnight, and sometimes sit up all night. In case of late sittings—at least, to begin with—I wish Mr. Lowther would see you home. Under such guidance I should feel no anxiety for my deer nephew. for my dear nephew.

Now you are in the House you must make a mark in it. Begin by scorning to be satisfied with anything below the rank of Prime Minister, and you may rise to the status of Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Above all things, don't be

An haberdasher of small wares
In politicks and State affairs.

I'll wager you don't know where that couplet comes from? No. The present generation does not read Hudibras. You'll find the lines there, and also this description of a bore of the Rump Parliament whom Charles the Second, of blessed memory, kicked out of Westminster:

Still his tongue ran on, the less Of weight it bore, with greater ease, And with its everlasting clack Set all men's ears upon the rack. With volleys of eternal babble And clamour more unanswerable.

It appears that, with the possible exceptions of the Parliaments in which your dear grandfather sat, the House of Commons has been pretty much the same from the Commonwealth to the present day. I hope my only nephew will do something to raise its status, bringing it nearer to its glorious position before it was tainted with the brush of Free Trade, Reform, Disestablishment, and the other plagues that have fallen upon the country—I won't say because of, or as a punishment for, but certainly subsequent to, the effacement of your dear grandfather from the Parliamentary arena, and the destruction of a faithful constituency that was ready to share his last guinea.

Your affectionate aunt, TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY. The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

P.S.—I hear the very best things of Toby, M.P., who sits for Barks, a most respectable county. A model husband, a kind father, a good citizen. You might do worse than cultivate his acquaintance.

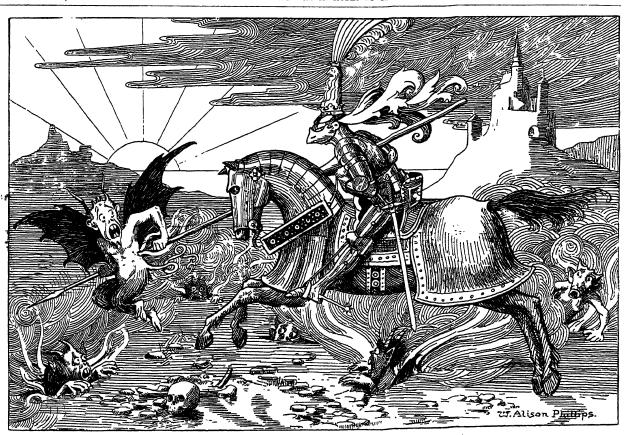
A SEASONABLE DIPLOMATIST.-Mr. Christmas is Consul-General for Servia. Could he not settle matters satisfactorily with Turkey?

# PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1897.



AMATEUR TABLEAUX VIVANTS .-- No. II.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE REPRESENTATION OF "CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT" WAS UNFORTUNATELY MARRED BY AN ACCIDENT TO THE CURTAIN, WHICH SUDDENLY SLIPPED AND RESTED ON THE HEAD OF POOF CAPTAIN SNIFFLEY (OF THE VOLUNTEERS). THIS WAS THE MORE TO BE REGRETTED AS HE WAS IN HOPES OF MISS TOOTLES LOCKING FAVOURABLY ON HIS SUIT



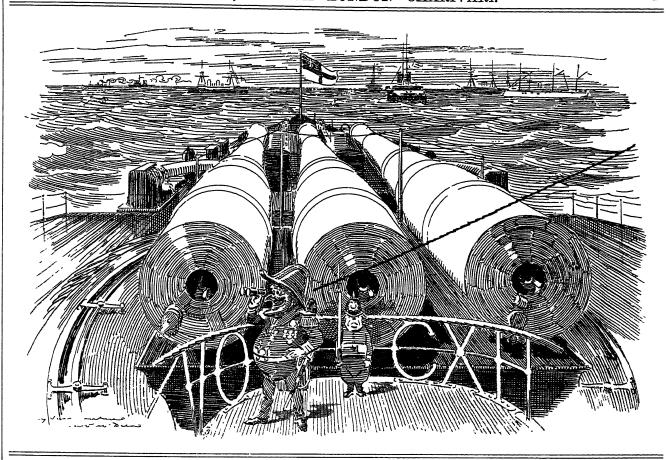
A MEDIÆVAL SPORT. (Design for Goblin Tapestry.)



THE FIRST FOOT.

Enter Mr. Punch, who wishes everyone "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

"The first foot in a house brings good or ill-luck for the year."—Old Belief.



### THE LATEST ART NOTES.

["An exhibition is shortly to be opened of drawings and paintings by children under fifteen years of age."]

THE Academy picture of Master Thomas Tittlebar is now nearly completed, and it is certain to prove one of the masterpieces of the year, appealing as it does strongly to the military and patriotic instincts of the public. It depicts a British soldier in action, and the scarlet of his tunic and the yellow helmet form prominent parts of its colour-scheme. A large cloud of smoke is issuing from his rifle, and, by a brilliant piece of poetic imagination, the bullet (represented by a brown blot) is depicted as visible to the sight as it whistles through the air. Beneath the picture is the inscription, in Prussian blue, "This iss a Soldger."

We are glad to say the indisposition of Miss Angelina Snooks is less serious than it was at first reported to be. This talented young lady, whose representations of windmills are so justly popular, attempted, in a moment of aberration, to eat a cake of gamboge. Fortunately her nurse was able to interrupt the meal, and it is hoped that in a few days' time she will be completely restored to health.

It is said, on good authority, that Master WILLIAM JENKINS is likely to be appointed to the Slade Professorship, at present vacant. Some of the critics, while admitting his claims on other vacant. Some of the critics, while admitting his claims on other grounds, are inclined to demur to his election on the score of his advanced age. It is true that Master Jenkins has passed his fourteenth birthday, and that therefore his best work must necessarily lie behind him. Still, his brilliant course of lectures on "The Art of Caricature," and his portraits of schoolmasters (executed in chalk, on wooden palings) seem to point him out as one eminently qualified for the post, and it is said that Messrs. WATTS and BURNE-JONES are extremely anxious to take lessons from him.

British sculpture is decidedly looking up. We have rarely seen finer specimens of the art than the mud-pies recently designed by Master Phidias Brown. Should the season permit, it is understood that this clever sculptor will produce a colossal figure in snow during his Christmas holidays.

ALL those who value artistic decoration in their homes should not fail to read the lately-published volume, entitled, Practical Hints on the Adornment of the Nursery, with special reference to the Use of Chromo-lithographs from the Illustrated Papers. The distinguished authoress is already well-known, by reason of her brochure on the furnishing of dolls'-houses.

It is curious to notice how variable are the prices obtained in the auction-marts for the work of our best artists. For instance, an original study in slate pencil by that celebrated artist Master William Dobbin—executed, too, in his prime, when he was seven years old—fetched only twenty guineas, at Christie's, last week, while his "Portrait of an Elephant" realised double that amount less than a year are less than a year ago.

THE Philistinism of parents is almost beyond belief. It is said that while Master HENRY RAPHAEL was engaged the other day in decorating his father's drawing-room wall-paper with cartoons painted in vermilion, that ignorant gentleman not only interrupted the artist's work, but even put him to severe physical pain as a reward for his industry! It is to be hoped that the Council of the Academy will prosecute this barbarous parent, and that he will thus reap the punishment which he so richly deserves.

### On the Bourse.

Wigsby. I'm seriously thinking of going in for one of these new motor-cars.

Grigsby. Much better stick to your old public vehicle.
Wigsby (taken unawares). My old public vehicle! What's that?

Grigsby. The promoter trap, of course!

[Vanishes into Capel Court.

### At Florence.

First Tourist. Hullo! Barkins, what brought you here?
Second Tourist (facetiously). The railway, of course. And
you?

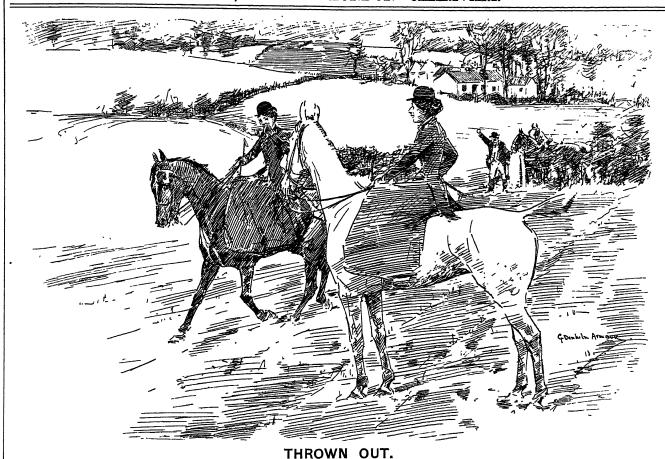
First Tourist (getting mixed, but thinking he has his friend). My wife's wish to see the Leaning Tower of Pisa!



Lord S-l-sb-ry. Now, Mr. Punch, a Shakspearian Toast for the New Year!

Mr. Punch. At your Pleasure, "Renowned Salisbury." "Dr. Jim" is out of Prison, but not out of Danger; two others have fulfilled their Term. Then why not make the Opening of the New Year the Opening Day of the Prison Gates to the Others, and, not in Terms of Question, but of Charity, exclaim, with King Henry the Fourth,

"PARDON AND TERMS OF LOVE TO ALL OF YOU!"



First Lady (to Friend, who has just ridden across a field of young grass to ask directions of a Farmer). "Did he tell you where to go?" Second Lady. "Yes, he did. And if you go over he'll tell you, too!"

### PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

### No. VII.-JANE.

OH, for honeyed words and phrases to describe the subtle graces
That distinguish her from all the crowd profane!
Oh, for painter's fairy palette or the sculptor's magic mallet
To immortalise the charms of pretty Jane!

'Neath her silky drooping lashes there's a hazel eye that flashes Where the sunshine seems to sparkle through the rain; For the Farmer's winsome daughter is a gem of purest water, And the countryside is proud of pretty Jane.

It is striking, very striking, what a number have a liking
For the Farmer, and come tramping down the lane;
For the road is long and dusty, and the Farmer's somewhat
crusty,
And has nothing of the charm of pretty Jane.

Nay, the gouty red-faced Majors, and the oldest of old-stagers, Hobble all the weary way and back again, And they do not grudge the trouble, and they would not, were it double,

Just to catch a passing glimpse of pretty Jane.

For 'tis better far than nipping in the Club, to see her tripping Through the farmyard, singing softly some refrain, While the purring Tom, resplendent in a ribbon, trots attendant, Tail erected, at the heels of pretty Jane.

And the pigeons leave the gables and the thatch upon the stables, Where they love to circle round the creaking vane, Till the foremost, growing bolder, will alight upon her shoulder, Cooing gently as he nestles up to Jane.

And the hens come hurry-scurry, with their foolish noisy flurry, Like a lot of women running for a train, While the bantam, crowing loudly, flaps his little pinions proudly As he struts along in front of pretty JANE.

And the clumsy ducks come waddling from the pool where they've been paddling

'Mid the water-weeds, and eagerly they crane,
As they troop in order single up the shelving bank of shingle,
When they hear the silver voice of pretty Jane.

So she moves about her duties like a queen of rustic beauties, Till the youngsters, one would think, were all insane, For they take to writing sonnets to the lavender sun-bonnets, And the eyebrows, and the lips of pretty Jane.

And the Majors homeward toddle with their gouty little waddle, Fondly dreaming they are young too once again, And they wish it had been given them to find the way to heaven, For they're sadly loth to part from pretty Jane.

### After a Run with the Quorn.

(In the Train.)

First Cavalier. I say, never chop your fox! Second Cavalier. And my motto is, never stake your horse! Facetious Bagman (in corner of carriage). Belong to the Anti-Grill-room League, I suppose, gentlemen! [Awful silence for rest of journey to Leicester.

# A Marine Widower.

[Old Harry and his Wife were two natural chalk pillars standing in the sea near Swanage. The recent gales have swept the Wife away.]

Poor Old Harry! at last of your wife bereft, Poor Old Harry! for long you were one though twain, Poor Old Harry! we're thankful that you are left, But poor Old Harry! you never can marry again!

Sartorial.—The frock coat is said to be doomed. Probably because the ladies have taken up cutaway jackets. The men must follow suit.



THE SELFISHNESS OF MAN.

Teddy. "Awfully sorry all the Ioes are done—could only one for myself. Will you have a Macaroon and some GET ONE FOR MYSELF. GINGER-POP?"

# ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.) No. V.—Advice as to Choice of Books.

MY DEAR JACK,—I wonder if you still possess the £10 presented to you by your aunt for the purchase of books. Heaven forbid that I should make any imputations on your perfect moral rectitude; but I know that the youngsters of my own day entertained a dislike amounting almost to loathing for what I may term the conservation of money. No flight of swallows speeding Southward ever went more swiftly than did the shillings, the half-crown, and the sovereigns of those cheerful undergraduates. They scattered a bimetallic shower with generous hands over the town of Cambridge and its surrounding districts, and for a time lived at the rate of £10,000 on an allowance of not more than £300. A gift of £10 for books would have been received with delight, but while the question of how to stock a library was still debating, I warrant the £10 would have fied away into the Enigheit of Hans Breitmann's party. Then in a burst into the Ewigkeit of Hans Breitmann's party. Then in a burst of remorse the books would have been purchased, and the unpaid of remorse the books would have been purchased, and the unpaid bill for them would doubtless have been included in the parcel eventually submitted to a stern father for payment at the end of our young friend's University career. That sounds horribly dishonest, and so, indeed, it is, if you consider it with a proper strictness. But this youthful thoughtlessness never considered anything with strictness, and the result was the misery to which Mr. Microphyr was so frequent and so gloomy a victim. But the Mr. Micawber was so frequent and so gloomy a victim. But the lesson learnt was not without its value, and I am bound to add lesson learnt was not without its value, and I am bound to add that nearly all the gay young squanderers with whom I have kept in touch have settled down into the most complete financial rectitude and the most perfect general respectability after their bitter experience of pecuniary disaster at the University. Many of them, as I know, thread the mazes of commerce with skill, and battle, non sine gloria, on the Stock Exchange and in banks; nor does anyone venture to cast a slur upon their fair fame or their mercantile credit. This is not to say that you are to be a squanderer. Read *Pendennis*, and say if you are anxious to

go through Pen's bitter experience. Of what avail to him was his reputation as a wit and a giver of dinners, how did it profit him that he was magnificently arrayed in clothes of beautiful cut, that his person sparkled with jewels when the duns were hammering at his oak, and the ruthless plough of the examiners had passed over him? No; keep away from extravagance; live decently and moderately, enjoy your happy youth and try to be both modest and manly, not merely in your general bearing, but more particularly in the control of your finances. This advice is probably useless to you, for I understand that the young men of the present day are careful and methodical, that they keep regular accounts, and live strictly within their incomes. This information, to the strict accuracy of which I do not pledge myself, came to me from a maternal source, in point of fact from Mrs. HORNELOWER, whose two sons are, I am told, models of manufactured behaviour in the circumstant. of propriety and regulated behaviour in the sister University of Oxford. You know these two young men. Pray, pray relieve my mind by assuring me that the ADOLPHUS HORNBLOWER who quite lately lit a bonfire in his College quadrangle, and afterwards painted a don's door vermilion (I heard of the escapade by the merest chance) was not one of these patterns of the cardinal virtues P

And now to be brief with you as to these books. Buy, in the first place, books that deal with noble actions. NAPLER'S history of the war in the Peninsula is such a book, stately, dignified, and ringing throughout with the true heroic ring. Who can read it without a stir of the pulses and a heightened colour as the magniwithout a stir of the pulses and a heightened colour as the magnificent pageant of British endurance and valour passes before his eyes. Then, lest you should think that Britons only are courageous and strong, take such a book as the Memoirs of Baron Marbot (they are admirably translated by Mr. Butler), and learn from his story of the Battle of Eylau how Frenchmen could fight and suffer and die for their Emperor and their country. Those were the great days, and the figures that trod the stage of life were mighty; but I think, should the need arise, that the men of our own time would answer to the call and bear themselves not less worthily. This soldier, Marbot, was a fighter from his youth up. He never played football, or ran a three-mile race, or helped to make a bump. Yet he could march, and bear fatigue, and ride long-distance rides with despatches, and fight hand to hand like any Paladin. Courage and great deeds are the private possession of no particular age and country. We have no private patent for them, though to hear some of us talk you might think we had. But this subject grows in the writing. I must revert to it on another occasion if your patience and your money can last for a few days.

Good-bye, my dear boy, Your affectionate uncle, Bos.

### THE NEW COINAGE.

Our change is changed: the penny of futurity Portrays Britannia seated on the shore Ruling the waves in prudence, peace and purity, As heretofore.

But banished are the lighthouse and the galleon, Which formed the old supporters of the seal; And now she sits upon the large medallion (So like a wheel)

Alone, alas! and cold as any icicle.

But, in this land of bye-laws, is it right
Britannia's self should ride upon a bicycle Without a light?

# BLACK CARE BEHIND THE AUTO-HORSEMAN.

THE villagers were wild with terror. Every cottage was closed, and the frightened occupants were huddled together in corners, fearful of the least sound that disturbed the awe-stricken silence.

Then there was the sound of hissing, as if a score of serpents were in pursuit of some hunted rabbit. The sibilation, which grew louder and louder, was followed by the whirl of wheels,

and the faint perfume of petroleum crept into the village streets.

The noise increased in volume. And now was heard loud exclamations of anger and despair. "Take care of the pump!" cried one. "Don't upset the stocks!" yelled another. "Keep to the right!" "Keep to the left!" Babel seemed to have broken loose for a moment, and then the whirring of the wheels and the hissing of the screents decreased and discovery.

"Hurrah!" the shout came from every throat. Shutters disappeared in a twinkling, doors were opened in a trice, and the labourers resumed their toil. The bells of the church were

chiming now in token of universal joy.

For—the motor-car had passed through the village and had gone far, far away.

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A ROMANTIC CENOBITE RECALLS BYGONE BLISS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY BY SOME WELL-RE-MEMBERED SANDBANKS.

Another twelve months passed away, And oh! the world is not so young!

Day follows night, and night the day,
And oh! the world is not so young!

But what are nights and what are days,
Wherein to thread this mortal maze,
When psalms are sung for roundelays? And oh! the world is not so young!

There was a time, when wine ran red, And oh! the world is not so young! When joyousness and laughter led, And oh! the world is not so young! Tis not the space of one short year That changes slowly mirth to fear, Or brings, instead of smiles, a tear And oh! the world is not so young!

I held the earth within my hand, And oh! the world is not so young! Then tried to count its golden sand, But oh! the world is not so young! And counting it the decades flew Swift as the flight of wild sea-mew, My grains of gold, how passing few! But oh! the world is not so young!

Each year was but to me a day, And oh! the world is not so young! I reckoned not Life's onward way, And oh! the world is not so young! But yester-e'en it seems that here The sky was blue, the sea was clear— To-day immeasurably drear, And oh! the world is not so young!

I deemed myself in realms divine, But oh! the world is not so young!
When I said "Mine?" you echoed "Mine."
But oh! the world is not so young! Happy as children, our refrain
Was "Love! and Love and Love again!" Our castle thus we built in Spain. But oh! the world is not so young!

Across the dunes a form I fix, But oh! the world is not so young! With children one, two, three—no! six!

But oh! the world is not so young! 'Tis you! a matron grave, austere, An angel of another sphere! Well—here's Good Luck, a Bright New Year! But oh! the world is not so young!

# "SMART AND UP-TO-DATE."

On, shibboleth new, the sensational crew Are mouthing ad nauseum daily, You sicken the soul! When the gutterimp ghoul In crime's nasty details grubs gaily,

When sickening news from the slums and the stews

Reporters cheap relate, They're sure to claim the equivocal fame Of "smart and up-to-date."

The cynic clap-trap, the "smart" rag-

baggish scrap,
Tit-bits to the trivial taste,
"Block-ornament" bits from degenerate "wits,"

The cag-mag of art-imps unchaste; Gehenna's foul gleanings, impure double

meanings,
That tickle the prurient pate,
All these, be sure, set forth the lure, Of "smart and up-to-date."



"'Ullo, Jim, look 'ere! 'Ere's a noo Stachoo! Lend us yer Knife!"

The unsexed dame who knoweth not shame,

Who writes, or rides, or dresses In fashions the oddest, ungraceful, immodest,

And so to mode's front proudly presses, On bikes, in books, with mannish looks, From grace "emancipate,"

Will pose, right proud, before the crowd As "smart and up-to-date."

Oh, century-end, may you come as a friend,

A "fin-de-siècle" in truth! May we make a new start. May the shib-boleth "smart"

Be taboo to pure maiden and youth. For the cynical grin at sly toying with sin,

Ghoul-soul and apish pate, Are as stupid as vile, though they've swaggered awhile As "smart and up-to-date"!

At Church on Christmas Morning.

Startled Sidesman (with collection plate, to Mr. Grindstone, who has just whispered to him). Eh? What, Sir?

Mr. Grindstone (still whispering). Kindly give me change for a shilling. You can pretend it's a sovereign!

[Sidesman most justifiably passes on.

#### Miss and Mistletoe.

(A damsel rebukes a clumsy dancer, who has neglected an opportunity.)

I would not say a word, you know, To cause you any painful throes, But just beneath the mistletoe You trampled on my misled toes!

Guard (to inebriated traveller, at junction). Now, Sir, all change, please.

Traveller (with dignity). D'ye ken, mon, that I've got a return ticket?



"AH, LITTLE WOMAN, ARE YOU READY? WELL, NOW, I WANT YOU AND NURSE TO GO DOWN TO THE STATION TO ORDER SOME COALS."
"HAVE WE TO BWING THEM, MUMMY DEAR?"
"OH DEAR NO, DARLING! THEY'LL SEND THEM IN A CART."

# A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Mr. Punch to young Master Ninety-Seven.

A Happy New Year! Well, you ought to be happy,
As sixtieth one of a glorious reign!
A chorus of cheers greets your advent, young chappie,
And not all for you, boy, so do not be vain.
The Laureate, Alfree, his lyre may be thrumming
To out-Dryden Dryden in eloquent gush,
Concerning the annus mirabilis coming.
And great recollections do come with a rush!
Far stronger and sweeter than music and metre
Can wholly do justice to, memories flock
From six crowded decades. Time's footsteps seem fleeter
Than then in the thirties; more rapidly knock
Time's brood at our doorway. Yet, young Ninety-Seven,
We welcome you gaily and banish poor fear;
And wish all the world, by the blessing of Heaven,
A Happy New Year!

The Queen! God bless her! She's worthy possessor Of Time's, as of so many records beside; And when, since the days of the gentle Confessor Whose memory Westminster treasures with pride, Had England a monarch so stainless and stately, So patriot-pious and selflessly pure? Young Year, your good luck you may chortle o'er greatly, Your fame in your sire's lengthy list is secure. And what a long story of progress and glory You're heir to, young Hopeful! The century's end Is close on your heels, for our Age is grown hoary; But you will not soon be forgotten, young friend! And so, though you come at a critical season, With decadence rife, a new century near, We meet you, we greet you, and not without reason, A Happy New Year!

You've plenty to tackle! There's optimist cackle,
And pessimist croaking to hear and to judge:
The welding of patriot bonds that won't shackle,
Divesting imperial spirit of—fudge;
Make friends transatlantic without sham or antic;
Maintain that old Concert, yet not play Dead-March

To simple humanity; neither run frantic
With gush, nor soul-stiffen with diplomat starch;
Preserve our old sea-sway, and keep the flag flying,
Without stint of money, or swaggersome waste;
With everyone friendly, on no one relying,
The empire up-build without rest, without haste;
Bind all English-speakers in cordial communion!
VIOTORIA'S Sixtieth then shall appear
To all who love England, and Honour, and Union,
The Happy New Year!!!

# RAILWAY LIE-ABILITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am always fond of a joke, and can hear its repetition, say, a score of times, but I am getting very weary of that good old jest which meets the eye of the traveller at every railway station. It runs:—

"Any servant of the company accepting a Gratuity is liable to instant dismissal."

Now for a great many years the directors, the guards, the porters, and the wayfarers of the United Kingdom must have enjoyed this jeu de mots, but, like the sandwiches at most refreshment rooms, it palls upon the appetite. Personally I rejoice in infringing this bye-law, and I have never found "any servant of the company" who didn't heartily join issue with me in my ill-doing. The liability is so limited, moreover, that I'll venture to say there isn't a ticket-collector who wouldn't gladly take preference shares in the National Great Public Tipping Company. But why make buffoons of those ever-willing, hardworking, and, with very few exceptions, always courteous men, the rank and file of the Railway Army? Now, Gentlemen of the Railway Interest, this is where your common sense about common pence ought to come in! At least in the opinion of your humble admirer,

Gazecook Chambers, W.

### MOTTO FOR CYCLISTS.

"How many perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron."—Hudibras.

NOT YET OFFICIALLY RECOGNISED BY THE PORTE.—The Vale of Crete to Turkey.



THE QUEEN'S YEAR!



["A great grand-daughter of Fielding's has revised *Tom Jones* for home perusal,"—Daily Paper.]

If the Descendants of other Last-Century Novelists show the same enterprise, we shall have Nursery Scenes as above.

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HERE is Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER'S Charlotte Bronte and her Circle, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Now to write a lengthy biography of some celebrity in several volumes is a laborious work for the compiler, and likely to prove a tedious study for the reader. But here in this book will be found "a better and a Shorter way." Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER shows himself a man of letters and notes, as he limits himself to a collection of epistolary correspondence (Charlotte having been a very Micawber in this respect), and provides us with his annotations and connecting links as side-lights. An odd sort of individual was CHARLOTTE, as is evidenced by her occasionally eccentric conduct, and by her opinions, as a spinster, on love and marriage given freely at p. 305, which the Baron advises the reader to compare with her sentiments on the same subjects when subsequently writing as a married woman at pp. 492 and 493. That she most highly appreciated Thackeray is greatly to her credit, but that she entertained only a qualified admiration for Diokens shows her deficient in a certain kind of humour. Of the works of such humorists as Hood, Hook, the Smith, Barham, and others, she seems to have known little or nothing. Tom Hood would have said that in refusing an offer of marriage from the Rev. Henry Nussey, Charlotte Browte might have easily informed him that "though she would be delighted to live in a rectory, yet she could not regard with equal pleasure the prospect of taking charge of a Nussey-ry." She confided her offers and what she thought of them to her friends; and very unsentimental, nay, almost heartless are her confidential communications on such subjects. Yet when she was twenty-five she played the one practical joke of them to her friends; and very unsentimental, nay, almost heartless are her confidential communications on such subjects. Yet when she was twenty-five she played the one practical joke of ther life which was, as she recounts it, that, being a Protestant, and residing in Brussels, she went one evenin

party (p. 422) is delightful. Mr. Shorter has admirably executed his self-imposed task, but, excellent as is the index of the Bronte Chronology, the absence of dates in the margin, and of "insets" as side-headings, will be felt by all who wish to use the volume as a book of handy and ready reference.

The Baron trusts that in the course of time we shall have a book on Lord Leighton, and one on Sir John Millais, as perfectly got up as is the splendid work in a single large volume entitled Meissonier, his Life and his Art, written by M. Vallery C. O. Greard, de l'Académie Française, Vice-Receur de l'Académie de Paris, and published by William Heinemann, of London. The style of the biographer is as charming as it is easy and lucid, and from first to last the matter is made personally interesting. The reproductions of Meissonier's paintings, sketches, and scraps must delight all his admirers, and will certainly add to this legion a multitude that have never had the good fortune to see the originals of even his best-known highlyfinished pictures.

Baron de Shew.

Some Notes for Outlines of English History.—In the sixth century England was a strictly mathematical country, and its inhabitants were called "Angles." They were divided into clever or "Acute Angles," and dense or "Obtuse Angles." Honest natives were called "Right Angles." That they often lived to a good old age may be deduced from the frequent mention of "An Angle of ninety-five."

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING.—The Russian Government denies that it is about to establish a colony on the Red Sea. Of course the Black C. (of the Press) would not stand any opposition from something likely to be read.

OUR SHAKSPEARIAN SOCIETY.—In the course of a discussion, Mrs. —— observed, that she was positive that SHAKSPEARE was a butcher by trade, because an old uncle of hers had bought Lambs' Tails from Shakspeare.

REALLY GENEROUS.—At Christmas time and on New Year's Day, a billiard marker, who would not like his name made public, preferring to "do good deeds by stealth," invariably tips all his cues.

HAMLET TO A LINER IN DOCK .- "List! List! Oh don't list."



First Cabbie (à propos of motor-cars). "After all this 'ere fuss a-gettin' rid o' the Chap as went in front with a Flag too—bah! Wot they want is a Cove to go be'ind 'em, an' pick up the bits!"

### NOUGHTS AND CROSSES.

(A Review.)

One pipe, perhaps one whisky,
Then bed—it's after two—
By Jove, a pipe's a comfort,
Now for a "bird's-eye" view!
One glance—ah! here's the programme,
Worst time I ever had.
Bad partners, bar those crosses—
The whole affair was bad.

Four crosses! I was leaning,
In fact, against the wall
Those dances, but in fancy
With you I danced them all—
With you, who, all unconscious
Were dancing in to-day
With some confounded fellow
A hundred miles away.

But now some doubting demon
Is whispering in my ear
That "nought" to "cross" must answer—
The game is so, I fear.
I fear to-night those symbols
May represent our thought,
My thought of you—these crosses,
The thought you've given me—nought!

THE NEW AND FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

—A motor-cardiac affection.

### AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

Notes sur l'Almanach.

Dear Mister,—After to have passed several months in England, I comprehend to the foundation the manners and the habitudes of that country there, as a tourist, or "globetroter," who has passed some weeks in China, or as a Member of the Parliament who has visited the Oriental Indias during the vacations of the House of the Commons. All the two would write their impressions of voyage. In doing of same me I have prepared these notes on the almanack, and I expedite them to you at the fine of december, when all the world thinks to the almanack of the new year.

Agree, &c...

the new year. Agree, &c., Auguste.

January.—The Day of the Year. I wish to you, Mister Punch, the good year! After that I find not that there is much who arrives during the month of january. I consult alldays the Almanack of Whitaker for 1896, and in january I find but some errors. It is very curious. Mister Whitaker says that the six is the twelfth day. How that? It is perhaps a fault of imprimary. Then he says "Charles the First beheaded C. Bradlaugh," with the date. How that? Then he says, "H. M. Stanley, M.P. 1841." There is longtime that he is deputy. And at above, "H. M. procl. Emp. of India." I have never heard to say that Mister Stanley was Emperor of India. There is invariably some letters "d" or "b" mixed with the names. Excepted these little errors, the Almanack is excellent.

cellent.

Ferruary.—The fourteen is the feast of St. Valentine, the day where the men in England send to their "sweethearts" some drolls of little madrigals and of other poetrys, printed on paper adorned of little pictures of hearts, of flowers, and of cupidons. It is a custom very ancient. There is at present a functionary, called the "Poet-Laureate," a certain Mister Austin, without cease occupied to write the poetrys for the "valentines." He has a pretty talent for that. In february, the sittings of the Parliament commence ordinarily. It is all regulated for the sport. When the chase to the fox, the chase to the partridges, and the chase to the pheasants are almost finished, the deputies have enough of leisure for to discuss the laws. About this time here, according to the date of Easter, there is the mardi gras, the tuesday of shrove, when all the English eat the cakes of Pan, usage of which one ignores the origin. He has the air of to date from the time of the ancient Greece.

MARCH.—During this month here ordinarily there has place the great race of boats from Cambridg to Oxford. It is very renowned in the sport. The equipage, Véquipage, who gains receives a blue ribbon, called "the blue ribbon of the turf." In England a blue ribbon indicates a man who loves the water. Many hundreds of sportmen go of good hour to the Thames, and attend patiently at the border on the mud for to see to pass the boats. This is ennuyant, and therefore anything which is also annoying is called "the blues." At the occasion of this race, as testimony of sympathy with the two equipages, all the ladies of

the college of Oxford and of the college of Cambridg are dressed entirely in blue, so entirely that they are called "blue stockings."

APRIL.—The first, in France, one gives sometimes the one to the other a fish of april. In England the other becomes a fool of april. The scottish writer Carlyle, said that the most part of the English are some fools. Without doubt he wrote this the first april. For, excepted that day there, I find that the English are not imbeciles of the all. A little egoist, a little that which one calls "jinggo," but imbecile—ah no! Carlyle, being Scottish, wrote the english language with so much of difficulty that he was obliged continually of to serve himself of german words. By consequence I comprehend but very little of his works. Better would value to write entirely in german, a stranger language, as me I write in english. In this note I speak of Easter. The sain friday in England all the world, pour faire maigre, for to make thin, eats only some drolls of little cakes, extremely unhealthy, called "Hotcross Buns." They resemble to the horrible "buns" sold in the restaurants of the english railways. Ah ça, me I should prefer a thin day to the french. à la française!

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MAY.—One calls the first the "Mayday." It is the day where the English walk themselves adorned of garlands, and sometimes entirely covered of verdure, that which is called "the wearing of the green," and he who is within, "a Johnny inside the green." The first monday of may the opening of the Academy of Arts has place. There is a small number of pictures, and still less of statues, in comparison of the two Salons at Paris. Some ones of the pictures are some chiefs of work, but there is of them many which are but "boilers of the pot," as say the english painters, because they serve themselves of them after for to light the fire. At the end of the month all the world goes to the races, called "the Epsom," at Darby, chief-place of the department of the Darbyshir. Sir Hargourt was formerly deputy of Darby, but he was not elected after that "the Epsom" was gained two times of following by the Lord of Rosebern.

JUNE.—The lundi de Penteoôte is called in England "Wit monday." The English are invariably severe and correct, laughing very little, but this day here, at that which he appears, they amuse themselves with some wit. At cause of that all the banks, all the offices, and all the magazines are closed, because they are not spiritual of the all, but naturally sad and severe. Then each one goes himself away some part, bousculé in the stations of railway and in the trains, full of world, and a man of the people is enough often drunk dead at the fine of the day. See there an idea of pleasure! Above all the to-morrow when he is condemned to pay some amend by the juge de paix, in english, "the beack." During this month also there is the races of Ascot, and the great games of cricket on the field of a certain Monsieur C. C. Lordy, that which one calls "M. C. C. Lord's ground." And the twenty all the world celebrates the Accession of Her Majesty the Queen. Permit, Mister Punch, that a French may say, with the most great respect and the most humble admiration, "God save the Queen."

(La suite prochainement, the following nextly.)

# THE ANNUAL CREETING IN COMMON FORM.

(At the service of those who require the article.)

Once again three hundred and sixty-five days have passed since the bells of St. Paul's tolled out the then expiring year, and chimed in, &c., &c.
It is pleasant to consider that, in spite of

an hour or so of sadness, the sum total has

turned out to be, &c., &c.

Our foreign rélations are still satisfactory, &c., &c. It is true that France is always chafing at the occupation of Egypt, but in her calmer mood she must be con-vinced, &c., &c. Then Russia is our close neighbour in India, but when we recollect neignbour in India, but when we recollect that there is much in common, &c., &c. Yet again, Germany can claim kinship with us, and if her Emperor for a moment seemed, &c., &c. So, regarding the outlook as one not entirely without danger, we can rest satisfied that England will always be able, &c., &c.

Domestic affairs naturally concern us as

we sit beside the Yule-log, and as we glance at our boys and girls, education, &c., &c. But the school question is not unanswerable, and with forbearance and

good-will, &c., &c.
In conclusion, we can wait for the tolling bell of St. Paul's without apprehension, &c., &c. The world jogs on with the monotony of, &c., &c. There may be trade rivalries and political follies, &c., &c. For all that, what England has one above the all that, what England has once done, she can, &c., &c. So there is no reason why we should not, as Christmas is past, give a genuinely hearty welcome to the glad New Year.



## MISUNDERSTOOD.

Mild Old Gentleman rescues a bun which Child has dropped in the mud. Child (all aglow with righteous indignation). "That's MY Bun!"

### THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

(Scenes in Dialogue.)

I .- FAILURE.

Scene-Garden at back of Mrs. Onslow's house in Kensington. On garden seat, near table with coffee-cups, Mrs. Onslow, a widow, and DOLLY (eighteen) and DAISY (nineteen), her daughters. Mrs. ONSLOW has an empresse manner and an angry smile. DOLLY and DAISY are pretty girls dressed in pink. TIME—Three in the afternoon.

Mrs. Onslow. It is very curious, but I have an odd presentiment that Lord Jasmyn will propose to one of you two to-day, at our garden-party.

Dolly. Mamma always looks on the bright side, doesn't she,

DAISY.

Mrs. Onslow. But you don't really think he isn't serious?

Daisy. We're afraid he's far too serious to propose to people who are so certain to accept him as—as either of us!

Mrs. Onslow. He has invited himself to lunch twice, lately.

Dolly. That's very sweet and hospitable of him.

Mrs. Onslow. I think it is DOLLY Lord JASMYN admires.

Daisy. Men often pay far less attention to the girl who is really the object of their thoughts, Mamma, than to a mere casual acquaintance.

Dolly. He must be very devoted to you, dear! Mrs. Onslow. He talks more to Dolly.

Dolly. He talks about DAISY.

Daisy. And to me he talks about Mamma.

Mrs. Onslow. Dolly, do wear your mauve dress!

Dolly. Oh, please not, Mamma! Mauve is the colour I wear

when I refuse people.

Daisy. You wear it very seldom, darling.

Dolly. Do you mean that I am always accepting people, Daisy?

Daisy. No, dear, no. I didn't mean that. I know you hardly ever accept anyone.

Mrs. Onslow. I must get Ezzie to persuade you to wear your mauve. He's coming early. Ezzie knows so much of the world. Dolly. Ezzie's horrid worldliness is no reason why I should wear mauve when I don't want to, Mamma. Mrs. Onslow. How obstinate you are, child! Enter Ezzie, Mrs. Onslow's nephew (twenty), coming down steps from balcony.

Ezzie. I've noticed Dolly's always obstinate in pink, Aunty. (Dolly offers coffee.) No thanks—if I did it would keep me awake the whole afternoon. Mrs. Onslow. I must get Ezzre to persuade you to wear your

Mrs. Onslow. I shall leave you for a little while—I'm coming

back. (Goes up steps.)

Ezzie. I say, I think these back-garden parties of Auntie's are perfectly ghastly.

Dolly. So do I.

Daisy. I think they're very amusing.

Ezzie. Oh! That's only your nasty cynical habit of making the best of everything. You know they're really rather awful. You don't mind my saying so, do you? I mean, there's never anyone here one knows.

Daisy. I know; but Mamma gets hold of a whole heap of celebrities, and Lord Jasmyn likes looking at clever people.

Ezzie. How sweet of him! I hate being the only stupid person

in a crowd of clever people—they make such a fuss about one.

Dolly. Instead of talking nonsense, why don't you try and prevent Mamma throwing us at people's heads in the dreadful way she does?

Daisy. Yes. It makes us so uncomfortable. It's so dreadfully obvious.

Ezzie. My dear things, it doesn't make the slightest difference. If she were cool to JASMYN it would give it away ever so much more. He might think her designing, then—he can't, now. She 's too frank. Don't you see?

Dolly. It isn't at all nice for us, anyhow. Daisy. Lord JASMYN has always seemed, lately, as if he were

Daisy. Lord Jasmyn has always seemed, lately, as if he were just going to say something, and then didn't say it.

Ezzie. Why, of course! I quite forgot. He asked me to tell you. He said he knew you would be pleased.

Dolly. What conceit!

Ezzie. He's going to be married. To an American girl. He wants to bring her to see you.

Daisy. Poor Mamma! Another failure!

Dolly. I shall go and put on my mauve dress.

Ezzie. Bear up, Dolly. You're looking very beautiful, today. I really must make love to you some time or other.

Dolly. It's dreadful to hear you talk in this way. You used to be such a nice boy.

to be such a nice boy.

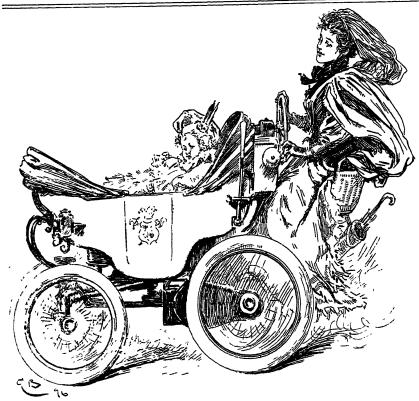
Daisy. We used to tell him stories.

Ezzie. Well, I could tell you lots, if you'd only listen.

Dolly. Oh, you're quite spoilt, now! But you'll tell Mammabefore the people come—about Lord Jasmyn?

Ezzie. Yes. I'll break it to Aunty. She overdoes it, that's what 's the matter.

Daisy. Yes, Mamma overdoes it. (They sigh.)



### HINTS FROM OUR INVENTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE NEW "MOTORAMBULATOR."

# THE COLUMN OF FATE.

ONE record on that fateful page A joyful entry I have reckoned— Her first appearance on Life's stage. Alas, it now records her second!

A slim white figure in relief Against the old black oak outstanding— I see her still, the heart-stealing thief, As first I saw her on the landing.

A pleasant house, a pleasant set-I had the luck, as I'm a sinner, The only night we ever met, To take AMANDA in to dinner.

We talked of pictures, books, and plays, Touched on a hundred subjects lightly; Our tastes agreed in various ways And-well, I think-we flirted slightly!

She had to go, alas, next day;
Perhaps she wished—I know that I did—That, when they asked us down to stay, Our visits might have coincided.

How often since that day—since then Remorseless Fate has kept us sundered-

I've wondered if we'll meet again, And whether she—has also wondered!

None else has made my heart forget, Maid plain or pretty, dull or clever.
To think of all the girls I've met,
Yet one to touch Amanda—never!

So I've good reasons—if not rhymes-For mourning, since my eye I carried Down the first page of Monday's Times— She's dead—to me, in short—she's married!

### CINDERELLA (VERY MUCH UP-TO-DATE).

["There is a praiseworthy tendency nowadays," remarks a weekly literary journal, "to make children's books instructive as well as amusing. . . History and science are eagerly welcomed when disguised in the garb of romance." In order to assist this "praiseworthy tendency," Mr. Punch, always well abreast of the times, hastens to submit some fragments of a new version of an old fairy-tale, which, when completed, will surely both profit and delight every youthful reader.]

ONCE upon a time, assuming for the moment that time has an existence other than as a conditional necessity of thought, there lived a girl called CINDERELLA, whose name was doubtless derived from the Sanskrit root KIN, despite Max MULLER's state ments to the contrary. She was very unkindly treated by her two sisters, whose ill-temper was not unnatural, seeing that the eldest suffered from insomnia, and had incautiously taken large doses of bromide of potassium as a remedy for it. The p logical results of this drug are well known, they include . . . sert two pages from the "Dictionary of Medicine" here.) The patho other sister was, we regret to say, an assiduous reader of old fashioned fairy-tales, which contain no instruction whatever. and consequently have a most pernicious effect upon the

So CINDERELLA sat in solitude by the hearth, where the disinterred products of the carboniferous epoch were in process of slow combustion, and the exudations from her lachrymal glands coursed slowly down her cheek. Suddenly the door opened; her fairy godmother entered the room, and said—but it is necessary to pause here in order to remark that the supposed fairy was, in point of fact, nothing but a subjective illusion of Cinderella's excited brain. Such instances of cerebral subconscious activity are by no means rare, and one theory explains them on the grounds . . (Here follow three pages of psychology.) "And so," continued the fairy, "you wish to attend the ball tonight? You shall certainly do so; but first of all give me your attention while I explain to you the history of dancing, which I shall do under three heads: ...(a) As an act, of primitive symmetry. attention while I explain to you the instory of cancing, which I shall do under three heads:—(a) As an act of primitive symbolism, (b) As a part of heathen worship, and (c) As a social institution." (Copious extracts from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" ensue at this point.) "Let me end by reminding you that you must be home by midnight; indeed, in counselling you to keep early hours, I am only acting in accord with the leading physiologists, whose advice upon this point is practically unani- time.)

To quote from a paper read at the last meeting of the British Association

CINDERELLA'S beauty at once attracted the notice of the Prince, whose presence was due to the fact that the government of this country was monarchical. As to the merits of this system as compared with those of a republican form of rule, it may be pointed out, in the first place (&c., &c.). In fact, so happy was CINDERELLA that she took no notice of the flight of time, until a clock at the end of the room, by the help of a familiar yet ingenious piece of mechanism (here insert a full description

of it, with diagrams), struck twelve times. "Nay," exclaimed the Prince, "it were needless to place this vitreous slipper upon thy dainty foot, my beauteous CINDERELLA, for I have already ascertained that it is a perfect fit by means of the Röntgen rays, the working of which I will now explain in detail," (he does so.) "and therefore I claim thee as my bride!"

So CINDERELLA's sisters were overcome with disappointment, and spent the rest of their days in writing Intellectual Fairy

and spent the rest of their days in writing Intellectual Fairy Stories, which were both Amusing and Instructive, and which would doubtless have greatly benefited their readers, if there had been any; only the benighted children showed a marked preference for tales of the old and foolish kind. But CINDERELIA married the Prince, and lived happily for about 25 42 years after words if one may see the property Surveys's estimate of the wards, if one may accept Professor Sawdust's estimate of the iverage duration of married life.

#### FREE TRANSLATIONS.

(By Our Special Schoolboy.)

Stat magni nominis umbra. Stick your name, large, on your umbrella. (For careful clubbites.)

Stare super vias antiquas. You can't help staring at old guys. (For cheeky youngsters.)

Abeunt studia in mores. There beant much manners about

Abount studie in mores. There beant much manners about students. (For townsmen against gownsmen.)

Aliquid facerem ut hoc ne facerem. Better hock than no liquid at all. (For topers.)

Aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis. There 's nothing singular (now) in a lady riding on an omnibus. (For New Women.)

Orede mihi, res est ingeniosa dare. Take my tip, "tipping" youngsters is the correct thing! (For schoolboys at Christmas time.)



"SANTA CLAUS":; A REMINISCENCE OF CHRISTMAS.

"OH! HE'S BEEN!!"

### AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

Notes sur l'Almanach (swite).

Notes sur l'Almanach (swite).

July.—During this month all the world goes to the regattas of Henley on the Thames. These regattas are charming, if he falls not of the rain. Hélas! That arrives often in England. All the long of the river some boat-houses of the most prettys, of the most coquettes, are placed, and there find themselves reunited all that he has there of the most elegant—the nobleness, the sportmen, and the high finance. And above all the most adorable misses, themselves charming like some roses, dressed in pretty robes gay like some flowers, are there on the boat-houses, all adorned of pretty plants. It is one can not more gracious. A little more late there is the races of Goodwood—voilà a word where one finds enough of the letter 0, n'est-æ pas!

August.—The season at London terminates at the fine of the month of july, and the nobleness and the burgessy go themselves away, the ones to the regattas of Cows, or to the border of the sea, the others to the country, or in Scotland, or in the land of Wales. A great number traverse the sea for to make a voyage of agreement at the stranger. The English love much the voyage, and at cause of that one encounters partout the voyagers Cook. Those who go in Scotland commence the twelve the chase to the grouses. The regattas of Cows, town of the Island of Wight, very frequented by the high nobleness, are all that he has there of the most cheek, chic. One sees there all the elegant worlders, mondains. The judges, the advocates, the avoweds, and the other men of law go themselves away also during the grand vacations, and of same the bankers quit their banks, the negotiators quit their cases—caisses—and the pursers quit the Purse, or Stockexchange. Even some ones of the medicins can to quit their ills, malades.

September.—During the month of September the vacations

September.—During the month of September the vacations continue still. There is relaxation, relâche, at almost all the theatres of London, there is no more of concert, nor of exposition of pictures, nor of game of cricket, nor of game of polow in the ground of Hurlinggame. The houses of the "Ouestend" are closed, and one sees there but some "caretackers" and some acdmission. Is it water for mixing purports. During this month there is the races of the Saint Leger. Until here I have never heard to speak of this saint, of who one ignores the true name, but it is evident that he was old goodman,

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vieux bonhomme, because he loved the races, and was even so gay that one calls him le saint lèger. He is patron of the "bookmackers." The twenty-nine, the Saint Michael, all the English eat some gooses. It is invariably in eating that they celebrate a feast. At the fine of this month, or in October, the municipality of London commences the reparation of the pavings, and each street becomes an end of sack, cul-de-sac, that which continues long time after the vacations, sometimes until Christmas.

#### PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. VIII.-THE COLONEL.

The urchins used to tremble when the Colonel's gate they saw,
For trespassers were threatened with the rigour of the law,
And notices were posted up that scared the boldest ones—
"Beware of Savage Dogs!"—"Beware of Man-traps and Springguns!"

Policy of the second state of the second

guns!"

Behind these formidable works the Colonel felt secure;

He fed his Gloires de Dijon with the choicest of manure,

He thinned his single dahlias or bedded out the stocks,

Or pruned the trees or stuck the peas or trimmed the beds of box.

At times, too, in his study, he would pore with puzzled looks

On tables of statistics in the Government Blue Books,

Make notes with conscientious care, and gather illustration

For his tract, "The Crime of Charity without Discrimination."

And when he met with beggars—and the beggars all took care

He should meet them fairly often—he would fly at them and

They were idle good-for-nothings, and he'd have them sent

to jail,
And—no! they needn't come to him with any whining tale!—
And he quoted from his pamphlet and dismissed them with a frown,

And, if no one were about, a surreptitious half-a-crown. The beggars used to thank him for his alms in Heaven's name, And straightway out of gratitude proceed to peach his game. Then would the Colonel vow revenge and swear the rogues should

And might he go to Hades if the rascals got away!

And once it is recorded that his anger burst all bounds, And he positively charged a scamp with poaching on his grounds; But when the rogue was fined and swore he hadn't any pelf, The Colonel shook him by the hand and paid the fine himself.

The boys, too, lost their terror of the man-traps and spring-

guns,
And the cherry-trees were pillaged by the poachers and their

Who flocked about the orchard like the bees about a hive,
Till the Colonel vowed he'd take his whip and flay the lot alive.
He caught a pair of urchins and he swore he'd make them squeal,
He'd flog them till they couldn't stand—he'd teach them how to

And he dragged them off to slaughter.—When the urchins reappeared Their mouths were full of toffy and their cheeks with jam were

smeared. And so it somehow happened that, despite the strange be-

ginning, A friendship sprang and flourished 'twixt the sinned against and

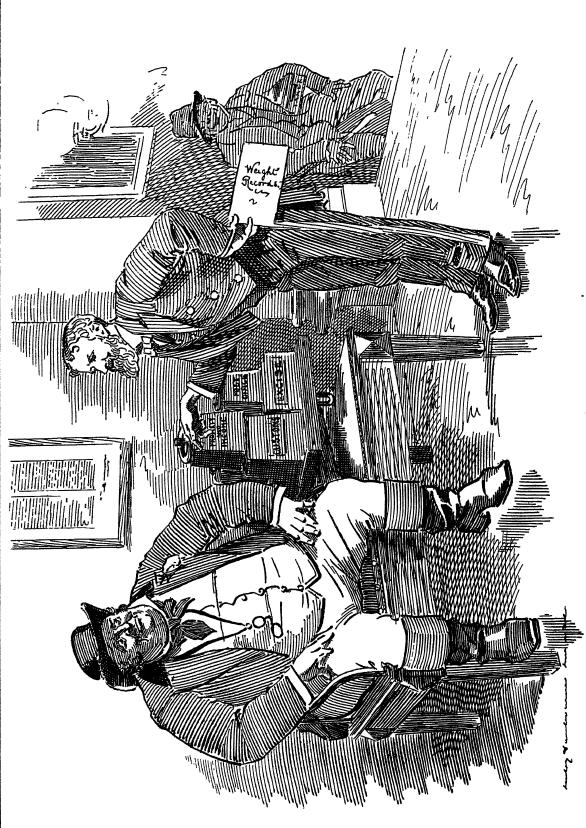
sinning,
And often of an evening, when the balmy Zephyr blows, And the odour of the lavender is mingled with the rose, The Colonel seeks his garden where he puffs his brown cheroot, Stretched at his ease beneath the trees among his flowers and

Then come the urchins running when his gaunt, grey form they

see, And they clamour for a story as they crowd about his knee, And he tells of siege and battle, till the youngsters hold their breath.

And he tells of deeds of daring in the very jaws of death,
And he tells them of the heroes that have won a soldier's grave,
And he tells them of the glory that is given to the brave.
"Courage!" he cries. "Be heroes, too, and dare to do and die!
Ah! Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

"OH, THE RARITY!"—"Of all the substances we meet with in this world," says the Scotsman, "water is in many respects the most wonderful." There is some obscurity about this frank admission. Is it water for mixing purposes, or for the morning tub, the rarity of whose acquaintance extorts the solemn exclamation? The fact that it resounds from Edinburgh on New



"MANY HAPPY 'RETURNS'!"

["On the nine months to date the net increase in the gross revenue is £1,780,000, and in the revenue paid into the Imperial Exchequer £1,284,000, or nearly four times the estimated surplus for the whole year." . . . . "The good revenue is pretty fully mortgaged . . . . and taxpayers must look forward . . . . to no sop to angry Irishman. If the latter are to be pacified it must be in some other way."—Standard, January 1, 1897.] House Steward (Sir M. H-cks-B-ch-to Mr. John Bult). "Happy to find, Sir, that from April the First to the rnd of a Boy" (aside). "Be jabers! When I chuck my Wright into the Soale, that 'll take the complacency out of him!"

### F THE OLD TO THE NEW.

"There's nothing new beneath the sun,"
Yet, now the Old Year's course is run,
We greet the next as New.
Ring out, wild bells! Well, they ring

out

But, 'midst their merry noise, we doubt If more than the old clash and shout Makes music sweet as true.

As each stout arm tugs at its rope, We strive to read the tones of Hope Into the clangorous clatter;
But so we did when Ninety-six
Was at our door. We count our chicks
Before they're hatched; but Time's old tricks

Make hope a doubtful matter.

We trust there'll be a boom in trade, We hope no other reckless raid Will gladden Boer and Teuton. We pray that the Armenian murk May lighten, that the chuckling Turk Won't cut us out a mournful work Humanity fain is mute on.

We hope that Concert may at length Tune up in unison and strength, Whoever be its leader. We trust that Pity may no more
At the barred European door
Stand helpless, for the suffering poor
An unregarded pleader.

But whether anything more new Than the New Woman greet our view, Seems just a bit uncertain.
Ring out the old—when the old's bad!— But, Ninety-seven, my hopeful lad, Let some "good news" make our hearts glad

Before you drop the curtain!

### THE NEW HUMANITY.

(With Compliments to those who consider Dickens's "Christmas Carol" out of date.)

MR. Punch, Sir,—Now that Christmas is well over, and we have got comfortably into the New Year, I will let you into a secret. I have set my face against all the absurd customs of Yule-tide, with the happiest result.

I began the festival by ignoring Boxing Day. Why should the dustman, the baker, the turncock, and the police have a shilling a-piece? They don't give me presents, then why should I remember them?

Then the idea of commencing the New Year peacefully is absurdly conventional. Why should I outrage my feelings because one set of 365 days is ended, and another set of 365 days is about to commence? So I fell out with my friends and cut my family all round. I am pleased to say that at this moment I am not on speaking terms with my sons, have turned my daughter out of doors, and have just signed a deed of separation with my wife. Thus I commence the year untrammelled by family ties, and free from responsibilities that have always been irksome.

Finally, I conclude by failing to wish you the compliments of the season, as the senseless greeting is out of date, and con-sequently inappropriate. So no more at present from Yours sincerely,

A. KERR MUDGEON.

AT FRASCATI'S, in Oxford Street, an orchestra performs during lunch. Of course, the selections in a grill-room would be chiefly from CHOPIN.



# UNGENTLE PERSUASION.

Mother. "Tommy, what on earth is Baby crying for?"
Tommy. "He's angry with me, Mamma, because I was trying to make him smile with your Glove-stretcher."

### "MADE IN GERMANY."

Howsoever British Trade Be affected by the Teuton,
Some things there are surely made
It were prudent to be mute on.
Ravings of the reptile Press,
Speeches by a shouting Kaiser,
Mat with graph a small surgess Meet with such a small success

That to drop them would be wiser. But the Teutons of one trade Seem monopolists outspoken;

'Tis of tricky treaties, made
(Like old pie crusts) to be broken!
(Countersigned by O. von BISMARCK,
Or most plainly bearing his mark!)

"DEMANDE JOYEUSE."—Supposez que vous soyez à Londres, et que vous aperceviez des souris courant sur les genoux d'un de vos amis, quel est le nom d'un fameux peintre français que rappellerait cette circonstance?

Answer. "Mice on knee, eh?"

[We are informed that our poor dear friend means "MEISSONIER."—ED.]

PIPING TIMES!—We congratulate "Sir Frederick Wills, Bart." Her Majesty, having taken a "Bird's-eye" view of his past services, has given him a "short cut" towards the peerage.



# THE "NEW HOUSEMAID."

Proposed Mistress. "LET ME SEE—WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
Candidate for Domestic Honours. "GWENDOLEN GLADYS BLANCHE."
P. M. "I'M AFRAID THAT I SHALL HAVE TO CALL YOU 'MARTHA." C. "NOT ME! I COULDN'T DISGRACE MY GODPARENTS NOT TO PLEASE THE QUEEN. GOOD MORNIN'.' [Departs disgusted.

# THE ARMY CANDIDATE'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Desiring to adopt the military profession—presumably with the view of preserving the honour of the British flag—what steps are necessary to carry out your patriotic motive?

Answer. It is requisite that I should pass the qualifying experience.

Q. Quite so. And how do you propose bringing this rather ambitious scheme to a successful issue?

A. By obtaining a sufficient number of marks.
Q. Certainly. And how are these to be secured?

A. By spending nearly every hour of five years of my life in the class-rooms of a professional crammer.

Q. But will not this entail considerable expense?

A. Very considerable; but as it will be borne by my parents that is a matter that has for me no personal concern.

Q. Will not your parents regard the coach's bills as a pecuniary substitute for the old-fashioned system of purchasing a com-

A. Most probably; and if my progenitors are good at figures they will not improbably consider the sum sunk in tuition as money lost, rather than as cash invested, to be returned on my retirement from soldiering.

Q. Then cramming serves as a bar to a call to arms as effectu-

ally as purchase?

A. So it may be said. But again, that is an affair that has no claim upon my individual attention.

Q. Leaving the question of cost out of the calculation, will net you have to take up a number of subjects that never occurred to the First Duke of Wellington?

A. Undoubtedly; but then his deceased grace had strange if there was ideas anent the officering of the Army. He is credited with

having once declared that Waterloo was won on the Playing-Fields at Eton.

Q. Adopting his opinions for a moment, what do you know of athletic sports?

A. Next to nothing, as all my knowledge has been derived from hearsay evidence.

Q. Could you captain a cricket eleven or a football team?

A. Certainly not; and it would be absurd to learn anything about the occupation, as the subject is not one recognised by the examiners.

Q. Could you manœuvre an army in the field?

A. Not unless I found myself in a position to do so from a forced acquaintance with hydrostatics, geometrical drawing, and other knowledge of a kindred character.

Q. Then you will sacrifice physical fitness to mental progress? A. I have no choice. I must employ my time in learning the

Q. But if this be so, how can you keep up the glory of England?

 $\overline{A}$ . By following in the steps of my predecessors. Q. But those steps appear to have been in a different direc-

tion. Can you not find a better answer to the question?

A. In the absence of physical training, I must trust to the fact

that I am by birthright an Englishman.
Q. Certainly. And as an Englishman what is your opinion on the subject generally?

A. That Britannia rules the waves, and, in spite of the restrictions of the examinations, Britons will never, never, never be slaves.

Q. One question more. Is this last answer of yours logical? A. No, it is something better—it is patriotic.

### NO "CURLING" OF THE UPPER LIP.

Dear Mr. Punce,—An Army Circular has just been issued, by which officers of Her Majesty's Land Forces are reminded that according to Section VII., Par. 25, of the Queen's Regu-

"Moustaches are to be worn, and the chin and under lip are to be shaved (except by pioneers, who will wear beards). Whiskers, when worn, are to be of moderate length."

I know, Sir, that the above notice refers to the fact that many young military men have recently taken to shaving the upper lip. But, indeed, the custom has prevailed mainly in self defence. Let me cite my own case. I had tried for at least eighteen months to promote the moustaches, so imperatively demanded by our Sovereign. The compounds with which I have anointed my upper labial have been expensive, irritating, unseemly, and, alas! useless. I am a congenital Jacob, and if ever appointed a pioneer could not raise the necessary bird's nest. appointed a pioneer could not raise the necessary bird's nest. As to whiskers, I have often wondered, when looking at pictures of the late lamented Lord DUNDREARY, whence he derived them. As a last endeavour to conform with the Queen's commands, I have, under professional advice, severely scraped my face thrice a day, and under the same professional advice I have arrived at the conclusion that possibly eighteen distinct hirsute tributes to Her Majesty's regulations—a thin red line indeed—might surmount my teeth. Do you think that Our August Ruler and Lord Wolseley will be satisfied with this show of zeal? Are the Duke of Cambridge's whiskers up to regulation form? Must I abandon my profession? Yours in despair, Ruffus Leonidas Nipchin, Lieutenant.

Lieutenant.

Aldershot.

(Name of regiment indecipherable.)

[We recommend our Correspondent to keep his hair on, if he can.—ED.]

### The Ear and the Voice on the Transvaal.

[President Krüger does not believe in idle reports, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes does not speak out for the sake of others.]

A "Dumb Crambo" duet mid South African fears, By two powerful men has but lately been sung.

"Oom Paul" makes a point of fast shutting his ears, And Rhodesian CECIL of holding his tongue.

### After a Trip to London.

Archie. Weel, SANDY, an' hoo did ye pass the time in Lunnon? Sandy. Richt brawly, mon. An' forbye, when I'd clappit a stove pipe on my head and put on a frockit coat, 'deed, Archus, if there was a Southron but didna' take me for a Cockney born

### ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

No. VI.-OF LETTERS-OF YOUTHFUL HUMOUR AND GAIETY-OF STYLE AND ITS STUDY-OF CHARLES LAMB, HAZLITT, AND CHARLES READE.

CHARLES READE.

MY DEAR JACK,—Your letter demands a reply. You say (I quote textually) "I have bought Napier's Peninsula and old Marbor, and I've tackled Marbor because he's shorter. It's simply ripping. I never read such good fighting in my life. That bit where his mare tore a Russian's face bang off and pulled an officer to bits is grand. If old Marbor has written anything else I wish you'd let me know, as I shall certainly buy it." I commend your honest enthusiasm, my dear JACK, and I don't carp at the simple style in which you express it. "Ripping" is an emphatic word that in its way is probably as good as "awful," and "stunning," and other words affected by a former generation of youths for the expression of their astonishment or their pleasure; and for my part, I would rather have a lad write a letter sure; and for my part, I would rather have a lad write a letter in the style that best suits him for conveying his thoughts, the direct and forcible style of the schoolboy, than pick and choose with a precise and laborious care the exotics of language that convey nothing except the writer's own precious affectation and lack of sincerity.

But there's a happy mean, Jack, there's a happy mean. Nearly all youngsters have humour and gaiety, and a bright sense of laughter. Alas, as life progresses and the world lays its deadly clutch upon them—when they pass from careless youth to domestic happiness, the payment of weekly bills and the charge of a growing family afflicted by measles, or clamorously demanding to be clothed, to be sent to the seaside or to school, and canerally obscuring the leisure and clogging the energies of their generally obscuring the leisure and clogging the energies of their parents—when, as I say, they suffer this change, gaiety and the sense of laughter recede at the advent of the rate-collector and the butcher, and the happy spirit of undergraduate dinners is turned into the dull and plodding citizen.

Still, while there is youth there is brightness—but the brightness does not often find its way into the letters in which the feelings of youth are expressed. It is a vain thing consciously to sit down in order to study style with a view to self-improvement. Legions of prigs and pedants are doing it, I know, all the world over at this very moment, inspired to their dreadful undertaking by the rash and unthinking words of this or the other successful man of letters, who, under the compulsion of an interview may have confessed that as a boy he formed himself appendix and that to this foot he attributes upon the model of Addison, and that to this fact he attributes the marvellous sale of his latest novel dealing with plot and passion. So, when stretched upon the rack, or with his thumbs fixed in the screws, a mediaval victim would abjure errors of which he was not guilty, and confess to crimes that he had never committed. Still, if you read well-written books, your taste in words and sentences must gradually improve. Why not try the words and sentences must gradually improve. Why not try the essays and letters of CHARLES LAMB? Even a boy who has just passed his Little Go (did I congratulate you upon the auspicious event?) must, I think, submit to the fascination and enchantment of this master of insight, whimsical humour and playful, tender regret. And how manly he is in the midst of his weaknesses, how simple, how human. If you read his letters you mill learn to love him not merely as a writer but as a friend enwill learn to love him not merely as a writer, but as a friend en-deared to your heart by innumerable acts of affection and friendship, and by delightful sallies never darkened by the sullen, gloomy broodings that make companionship and life itself a burden. Then, if you want another manly, breezy, hard-hitting tellow to cheer you along, take a turn with HAZLITT, and begin, as you are fond of fighting, with his account of the prize-fight at Bristol, in which the Gasman was forced to throw up the sponge. Bristol, in which the Gasman was forced to throw up the sponge. There's a piece of splendid writing for you. I cannot think of a higher compliment than to say that it does not suffer even by comparison with that immortal battle in *Rodney Stone*, with which my friend Mr. Conan Doyle has lately set our sluggish blood tingling. And for another fight take dear old crotchety Charles Reade's *Hurd Cash*. I took it up again only the other day, and had to read it to the end before I put it down. They talk rashly of epics now and again, I notice, in connection with some book or other that comes tumbling into the reviewer's some book or other that comes tumbling into the reviewer's hands, but Hard Cash is an epic if ever there was one, and the fight of the East Indiaman with the pirate ships is one that Homer would have rejoiced to witness, and to consecrate in hexameters.

Farewell, JACK; I am glad to hear that your new dog is no undistinguished or merciful enemy of rats. My compliments to Your affectionate uncle, him, and my love to you.

AXIOM OF THE POSTMAN AT CHRISTMAS.—Tip for tap.



"No, MISS CONSTANCE, I DO NOT 'BIKE.' THE PRACTICE HAS BECOME SO EFFEMINATE, YOU KNOW!"

#### THE ELECTIONS OF THE FUTURE.

(A Forecast based on the situation in Cleveland and Forfarshire.)

First Electioneering Agent. Well, we've got a satisfactory candidate at last. All my voters are delighted with him!

Second E. A. Our constituents are equally pleased with my A thoroughly satisfactory and able advocate of popular

First E. A. Might I ask, in all confidence, where you found your man? Because—

Second E. A. Well—I know you had a little difficulty at first,

P To tell the truth, so had I.

First E. A. Just so; but now we know that the old saw about distance and enchantment still cuts crisply?

Second E. A. Precisely! (Looking stealthily around). And where do you think I made my find?

First E. A. Not in Great Britain, I'll lay a sovereign.

Second E. A. You're right! (Whispers.) We cabled for him from Behring's Straits. Good move?

First E. A. Admirable! I secured my man by a special mes-

senger to the Gobi Desert.

Second E. A. Call yours a go-bye election, eh?

First E. A. And yours a case of say and seals. By the way,

what's your champion's name?

Second E. A. ULYSSES TELEMACHUS.

First E. A. (aghast). What? Why, that's my man! ULYSSES

TELEMACHUS shall stand for me. Second E. A. But sit for me! [Tableau and curtain.

[Ulysses Telemachus falls between two stools. Electioneering agents determine in future to discover eligible candidates nearer home.



# NEW DEPARTURE IN ADVERTISING.

MEMBERS OF THE ARISTOCRACY AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMEN MAY NOW INCREASE THEIR INCOMES BY FULFILLING THEIR RUBBING FROM ADDRESS OF THE ARISTOCRACY AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMEN MAY NOW INCREASE THEIR INCOMES BY FULFILLING THEIR THE NEW SHAMROCK OF OLD IRELAND.

'An Irish Melody more or less after Moore.)

AIR—"Oh, the Shamrock!" THROUGH Erin's Isle,

A weary while,
Were Green and Orange fighting;

Till £ s. d.
Joined them with glee,

The rival tints uniting.

Now, where they pass
A triple grass
Shoots up, like Sydenham's rockets.
"Union of Hearts."
Follo had the sydenham's rockets.

Fails, but this starts
The Union of Pockets!

Oh! the Shamrock, the green (and yellow)

For £ s. d. For £ s. d. Henceforth shall be Old Erin's genuine Shamrock!

Says SEXTON, "See,

Says Sexton, "See,
This sprang from Me,
The Saxon Chancellors scorning!"
Says Castletown,
"Faith, I must own
You did give us fair warning."
Dunkaven, too,
Joins the same crew
As Dillon, nay, as Dall;
The new type blends
Old foes as friends
In the same galley gaily.

In the same galley gaily.
Oh! the Shamrock, the green (and yellow)
Shamrock!

Sure, £ s. d. Henceforth must be Old Erin's typic Shamrock!

So firmly fond Appears the bond That weaves all Pats together, E'en Tim lets fall No drop of gall,
And REDMOND stints his blether.
SAUNDERSON, too,

Curses the screw

Wherewith Jour Bull doth bleed 'em;

Wherewith JOHN DULL GOLD DIEGO CM.,
And, nobly rash,
Would make a dash
For true (financial) Freedom!
Oh! the Shamrock, the green (and yellow)
Shamrock!

Henceforth must be Ould Oireland's symbol Shamrock!

# PUNCH, NOT "WHUSKEY."

As everyone knows, it is the custom of the Scot to celebrate the birth of the New As everyone knows, it is the custom of the Scot to celebrate the birth of the New Year with copious libations. On the present anniversary, a "braw laddie" from Dundee in London was so overcome that drappie i' the e'e." The next morning—New Year's Day—he was asked how he had enjoyed himself. "Hech! mon!" he said to his interlocutor, "we jest went amazing till they brought in the whuskey-punch. Then I fell. But mark ye, laddie, it did it. A douce dommed flattering body is that same punch, see invigorating, that I wouldna mind, d'ye ken, taking a same demnification of our ain meenister."

[And he did.]

[And he did.

# NOUGHTS AND CROSSES.

(Her Answer to Verses last week.)

How dare you write such verses-Such sland'rous rhymes, for shame!

I'd have you to remember

That two must play the game.

I fear too little supper,
Or some such slight alloy,
Inspired your "Noughts and Crosses,"
You cross and naughty boy!

At least you'll be delighted

At least you'll be delighted
To hear I loved my ball;
My partners all were charming;
I did enjoy it all!
And once I may, in fancy,
Have danced—just once, I may—
"With some confounded fellow
A hundred miles away"!

You lent your "doubting demon"

A rather ready ear.

Of all such shady persons
I warn you to beware.

And let me add one whisper
(Not that you'll care one jot),
Your thoughts of me were—cross ones,
My thoughts of you were—not!

# Amid the mystic Green Glare of the Snapdragon Bowl.

Little Daisy. Oh, Captain Bosswell, do look at Aunt Jenny! She looks just as she does when I go to wish her good-morning before she gets up!

[And Captain B. and Aunt J. are an engaged counts.]



# THE LOYALISTS DISLOYAL;

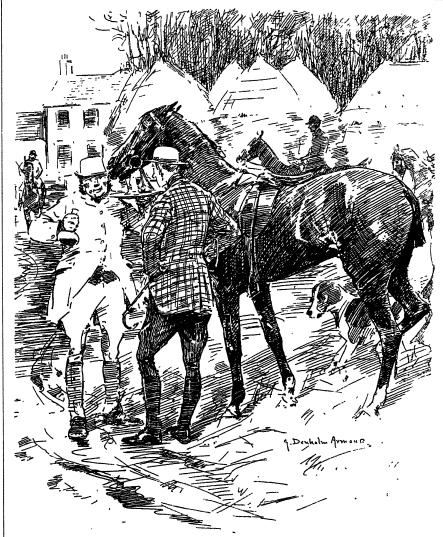
OR, THE GARRISON GONE OVER.

CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH (ARTH-R B-LF-R). "MY LIEGE! THE IRISH HOSTS, AT LENGTH UNITED,

ARE AT THE GATES! OUR LOYAL GARRISON
ESPOUSE THEIR CAUSE!"

THE BARON (LORD S-L-SB-RY, gloomily). "THEN, BY MY HALIDOM,
OUR GOOSE IS COOK'D!" (From a doosid Old Play

(From a doosid Old Play.)



# MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Farmer (to Swell, dressed "in Ratcatcher," who, having come out to hunt with a crack pack, is standing holding his own horse). "Now, Jack, have a Glass! No wonder you lost your last Place, if you can't hold a Horse better than that!"

### WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

DEAR AND UNPEDANTIO MR. PUNCH,

Dear and Unpedantic Mr. Punch,
A Happy New Year to you! My
holidays are made unhappy, more or less,
by the news that some preposterous old
papyrus-hunter somewhere in Egypt has
dug up the works, or part of them, of a
new Greek poet! Confound the old gravegrubbing ghoul, why can't he leave History's rejected manuscripts in Time's
waste-paper basket—as perhaps you will
this in yours! Bacchylides is the old
beggar's beastly name, it seems, and he is
said to have been a rival of Pindar!
Now, if ever there was a crabbed old highfalutin gusher, hard as nails to construe,
and dull as ditchwater when you have construed him, it is Pindar! What can we
want with another of him? I wish that
the two poets had demolished each other
for good, like the Kilkenny cats. But
surely one Greek ode-grinder is enough
for the universe! for the universe!

Now look here, Mr. Punch! England is now bossing Egypt. Let that splendid fellow, the Sirdar—Happy New Year to

bing and poet-hunting like a cart-load of Pyramid bricks, and that will be an additional and splendid reason for holding on to Egypt! As for the papyrus fragments of old BACCHYLIDES which are found — make old BACCHYLIDES which are found—make pipe-lights of 'em! See to it, dear Mr. Punch, and oblige thousands of British schoolboys, including

Yours admiringly, Bloggs Major.

A DREADFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS AT MARKET HARBOROUGH.

Lord Charles Highfyer (despondently). There's too much frost to hunt, and not enough ice to skate; all the horses are coughing; the gov'nor writes to say that he's going to endow a new church; Bingo wires that all seats are booked for a fortnight at any theatre worth going to; FANNY CANTERLY is engaged to that ass BLINKERS; I've a bill overdue on Tues-day; HUMMINGBIRDIE BELLEVILLE threatens an action for breach of promise; Aunt GENISTA hasn't weighed in as usual; and is now bossing Egypt. Let that splendid some idiot has sent me a card with a robin fellow, the Sirdar — Happy New Year to him!—put his foot down on grave grubof the Season!"

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

An audacious "detrimental" vows vengeance, and succeeds, in his dreams, with regard to a Damsel who has refused his advances on the previous evening at a country house.

THE tiny rills, that seek the stream, Creep through the heather 'neath the fern, Unknown, forgotten as a dream

That scarcely gives to night a turn. The winter snow, the summer sun, May make them wax and then decline; But in their purpose they are One, Sooner or later they combine.

Fair, fleecy clouds that fleck the sky With little languors lean and light, Like lashes long of Heaven's eye, Are guileless of its thund'rous might. But, as the rivulet, the cloud

Foregathers heavy, filled with ire, And lifts its angry voice aloud, Charged with the majesty of fire!

The stone that rolls in yonder reach, Hurled to and fro by every tide, Is but a plaything of the beach, An enemy the cliffs deride.

Yet in the coming by-and-by,
When fierce the wave and high the blast, The cliffs will learn their doom is nigh; The pebble wins the game at last!

A man of worth and dauntless pride Once reared a castle on a hill, And thence his eager foes defied To do his resting-place an ill. And truly one by one they fell,
By watch and valour ever cleft;
United, though, they broke the spell,
And knight and castle were bereft!

There was a maiden fain to live As princess in a fragrant land, And oh! she said she would not give To any cavalier her hand.

But then there came a stalwart knave—
A many-witted lad was he— His many wits made her his slave, And gladly she his bride would be.

This is a song I sing to you
In feeble rhythm, halting rhyme;
But 'tis the story still as true As when it hymned the Birth of Time.

will survive your bitter slight, Your scathing taunts, your great disdain. I will I wake! By George, it's

light! And I must catch the early train!

### Filial Economy.

Irate Father (to young Hopeful). I thought you intended to turn over a new leaf, Sir!

Young Hopeful. So I did, but there were such a lot of blanks on the old page that I thought it would be a pity not to fill them up ?

[Begins the New Year with a fresh turnover-of parental cash.

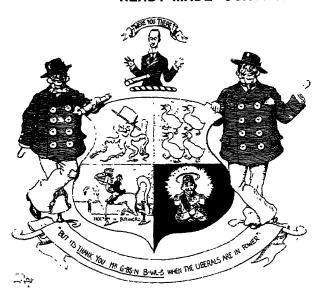
### At Frangipani's Restaurant.

Customer (inspecting bill). Here, waiter, you've charged me eightpence for coffee! I've never paid more than sixpence before.

Waiter. Ah! but, Sir, Signor Francipani 'ave jost buyed a new coffee-machine.

A SUGGESTION TO MADAME FRANCE (in want of a representative in London).— Why not try the effect of a French polisher on British oak?

# READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



THOMAS, VISCOUNT B-WL-S OF THE BOSPHORUS.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, an heraldic cap'en or cuttle-fish sapient, holding in sinister tentacle a master-mariner's certificate; 2nd, two pairs of ducks, worn alternately for distinction, displayed proper; 3rd, on a mount arabesque a diminutive cavalier in his glory urgent (motto, "Noctem in rotingro"); 4th, an eastern khalif or sultan on a field sanguine, charged with a halo for benevolence. Crest: A demi superior purzon erect collared, semée of hurts displaying regal hauteur, charged in the middle with a nautical telescope effrontée. Supporters: Two sea-dogs or antique "saults" regardant timbretose, arrayed all proper, couped at the elbow and knee, and the limbs replaced by artifice.



BARON B-RTL-TT OF SHEFFIELD.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, sable a turkish imperial star and crescent quixotically flaunted (motto, "Without stain"); 2nd, a swazi chieftain dancetté, labelled "Silomo," armed and accoutred proper, and habited—well, ahem!—suitably to a tropical climate; 3rd, on an heraldic provincial platform a knight rampant and demonstrant charged with a peroration grandiloquent to the last; 4th, a private chart proper, showing the principal ports and soundings on the coast of Poland, discovered and surveyed by the present baron. *Crest:* An american or spread-eagle bearing the union-jack displayed, over all a sun in american of spread-eague tearing the timol-lack displayed, over all a sufficient splendour which never sets. Supporters: Dexter, a more or less british lion in fury bearing a fire-arm proper periodically discharged at random; sinister, a russian bug-bear passé and out at elbows, suitably bound for transport to the wilds of hysteria. Second motto: "Oh, Swaziland! my Swaziland!"

### IN THE LONDON FOG.

"B. AND S." writes as follows from Chickweed Park, Hants:—

In the interest of science it may be well to record a plain statement of the impression made on the overwrought and peculiar organisations of two individuals by the fog in London the other night. The night of its appearance I was staying at the Grand Hotel, Northumberland Avenue, with a friend, and we both sallied forth dinnerless by your of the Charles forth dinnerless by way of the Strand to forth dinneriess by way or the Strand to the Gaiety Theatre, stopping several times on route—the journey from Charing Cross occupying just over two hours. We agreed to sup after the play. On arriving at the theatre we both experienced a dull, dead depression of the brain, and neither of us can even now tell what was the name of the piece, or what it was all about. How we get back to the Grand through the murky gloom I know not. Our symptoms can only be described as those of semistupidity, and the hotel porter, who helped us into bed, was clearly of opinion that we had had too much chloral, for he begged us to be careful with the matches. We us to be careful with the matches. slept dead-dog sleeps, unconscious of everything, and woke late the next morning, incapable of eating breakfast. There was a kind of buzzing in my head, with a nauseating desire to avoid food. We renauseating desire to avoid food. We resolved to return to the country at once. Somehow we reached Waterloo station, and were rolled like milk cans into the train. What happened during the journey neither of us knows, but luckily the guard was an old friend, and pulled us out at the right station. Still the same out at the right station. Still the same stupor oppressed us, and when we got View of St. George on Motor-car and the Dragon. with Peterborous end of the Chapter.

home the manservant and the gardener had to carry us upstairs.

Next day I awoke, feeling no better, and discovered that I had retired to rest in my hat, placed my boots under the pillow, hung my trousers out of the window, and put my watch and chain in the water-jug. On crawling to my friend's room, I found that he was nowhere visible, and his couch had not been slept upon. Seriously alarmed, I was about to pull the bell for alarmed, I was about to pun the ben to assistance, when I heard stertorous noises proceeding from the wardrobe, one of the roomy old-fashioned kind. My poor friend was doubled up in it, feely calling friend was doubled up in it, feely calling and assistance and "steward." I summoned assistance, and



SUGGESTION FOR NEW COINAGE.

had him, despite my own wretched plight, carefully tucked up in bed. We slept for fifty-three hours, with intervals for the consumption of soda water. This evening I am rather better, but it has contained all day to write this letter. The swollen feeling of our heads is decreasing, but the burning pain of the eyeballs, the shaking of our hands, and the parched condition of our tongues, rewhat has happened to us? Will main. What has happened to us? Will any scientist explain? The moral is, in any case, avoid London fogs. There can be no doubt that they contain a brumous poison of hypnotic power. Will chemists analyse it? If so, our sufferings will not have been useless, since humanity will profit by them. profit by them.

[We gladly print the above remarkable experiences, but are disposed to believe, from internal evidence, that it was intended for a largely circulated daily contemporary.—ED.]

### At the Sweedletopshire County Ball.

Lady Patroness (to Mr. MacNifico (of MacNifico), who sits, like Eugene Aram, "apart from all, a melancholy man"). Now, I positively must introduce you to someone!

Mr. MacN. (crushingly). But there is positively nobody in the room!

[Retires, and spends the rest of the night in despatching five-shilling New Year's Cards to Members of the Aristocracy.

WHAT THE LOVERS OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE LONG FOR IN CONNECTION WITH PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL. — The

# ALADDIN AT THE LANE; OR, NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

Brilliant and artistic in costumes and kaleidoscopic effects of colour, tuneful in song (you hear a good deal of the Barretttone in itt), graceful in dance, full of "go" as long as Miss Ada Blanche is on the stage, and arousing the crowded house to inextinguishable laughter whenever that most eccentric comedian Mr. Dan Leno is very much "in evidence," supported by the burly-esque actor, Mr. Herbert Campbell, who may be considered as representing the breadth of the piece, and by tall Mr. Fritz Rimma representing the length, the Pantomime at Old Drury has entered on a successful career.

Its concoctors, Messix, Sturgers and Lennard practised hands

Drury has entered on a successful career.

Its concectors, Messrs. Sturgess and Lennard, practised hands at this sort of work, can now afford to cut out and compress; and they would not have had to do this had they gone straight away with the old familiar story, and had they "come to Hecuba" in four scenes instead of in seven. It is a tribute to the arrangement and general supervision of Mr. OSCAR BARRETT to



Dan Drury Leno as The Second Mrs. Twankayray.

say that, from first to last, Aladdin is very "funny without being" in the least "vulgar." Thank goodness there is no "topical song"; while of "hits of the day" there are but few, and even these could be spared.

Trop de luxe in the costumes. Why run into the extravagance of three grand transformation scenes, when one would be ample? Why divide the pantomime in two parts, when the whole house would be content if, commencing (as it does now) at 7.30, it finished, harlequinade and all, by just five minutes to

Miss Ada Blanche, prince of burlesque princes, is admirable as Aladdin, working with a will that would keep going even a less successful extravaganza. Droima Moore is a sweet Badroulboudour. Miss Clara Jecks is full of vivacity as a little Chinese maid; Miss Pillans is a stylish Prince Pekoe, and Mr. Ernest D'Auban shows himself worthy of the family name by the capital interest of the damping mental. his capital impersonation of the small part of the dancing-master.

Dan Leno as Widow Twankay is inimitable! Whether he smirks, or stares, or smiles, or frowns, or bows, or curtseys, or stumbles, or runs, or dances, or attempts to sing, or has a dialogue with Herbert Campbell, or is thoroughly happy or thoroughly upset, it doesn't matter what he does, the house is at once in roars of laughter. The audience cannot have enough of him, and he never overdoes anything.



Mephisto Campbell and Blanche à la "Show."

This version of Aladdin, "partly founded on the scenario of the late Sir Augustus Harris," as written by Messis. Sturgess and Lennard, with Mr. Oscar Barrett's music and management, may be described as a something much more than a "Sturgess and Lennard-cum-Barrett-ive success," since, judging from its reception by a densely crowded house on the fifth night of its existence, which was its ninth representation, it seems likely in arrary way to rivel the most varying of its account. in every way to rival the most popular of its popular predecessors. May the New Lamps at Drury Lane burn as brilliantly as did the Old ones. So mote it be!

#### The Jolly Monarch of the Spree.

(Refrain of Song heard recently by a Correspondent at Berlin.)

"And this is the moral of my song, which must, and always, be: I care for Nobody, no not I! if Nobody cares for me!"

How DID HE GET THERE?—A correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, referring to Ventnor, says, "Here is a town on English soil where the fairest northern winter sunshine may be enjoyed without crossing the seas." Has the long-talked-of tunnel between the mainland and the Isle of Wight been constructed? or has one of the legendary submarine passages been discovered? or have Spithead and the Solent dried up? The writer should really give his reasons for his startling statement.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—It is announced that "Sir Robert Perl's novel, A Bit of a Fool, will be published early in January." We understand that the work is not autobiographical in character.

HE MUST TRAVEL ACROSS SOMETHING.—The Globe states that Mr. H. M. STANLEY left Dover for Calais on December 29.

CABBY calls the new auto-cars his motormentors.



# THE BEST OF ALL!

Anxious Mother. "Well, Bobby, and how did you behave at THE PARTY?

Bobby. "OH, MUMMY, I DIDN'T BEHAVE AT ALL. I WAS QUITE GOOD!

# THE MOST LEARNED PROFESSION.

(Some further Correspondence. See last week's "Times.")

Sir,-As all the campaigns in the future will be conducted entirely upon paper, I venture to suggest that the test provided for the efficiency of Army candidates by the proposed Wool-wich entrance syllabus cannot be described as unduly severe.

The sooner, in fact, that the standard is raised by the introduction of Obligatory Quantics and Dynamics of the Fourth Dimension the hotter for the course of the sion, the better for the service and for all concerned. sion, the better for the service and for all concerned. What, I ask, will be the use of our coming generals if, at the age of seventeen, they are unable to floor a five hours' paper in elementary subjects such as these, which are so highly necessary for a military career? What will become of their Intelligence Department if each budding lieutenant has not, at an early stage, mastered by heart so rudimentary an acquirement and stage, mastered by heart so rudimentary an acquirement as a knowledge of CHAMBERS' 10,000 logarithms to seven places? I tremble to think of their certain breakdown in time of war, in grim and real earnest, if these important qualifications are neglected. Let the country awake to its responsibilities in time!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A PROFESSOR OF HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

SIR, Class II. in the Syllabus for Army Candidates might. with advantage, be extended. Metallurgy, the art of ceramics, with advantage, be extended. Metallurgy, the art of ceramics, high-class undertaking, scientific dress-making, legerdemain, the theory of top-dressing, dentistry, thought-reading, French cookery, plate-laying, the use of the tammy, and window-gardening should all be included in the education of our future warriors. You never know when an odd little piece of out-of-the-way knowledge may not be useful in dealing with the foe.

Yours fatuously, White Knight.

SIR,—I trust, I sincerely trust that these Army entrance examinations will be discontinued. We are already becoming inconveniently crowded. Our officers had better be made in Germany. Yours, HANWELL.

Sir,—It would be well to introduce the Chinese system here. We want genuine literati in command of our battalions. Until archæology and anthropology are taken up in a less half-hearted way than at present, I fear our existing system a sufferer by Black Mail.

of cramming can hardly be considered complete. What we want is the production of a corps of thoroughly nice and gentlemanly bookworms, well-versed in the literature of war, to conduct our theoretical military operations in the future. BEDRIDDEN Yours obediently,

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Colossus was content to bridge the harbour that opened on to Rhodes. In The Yoke of Empire (MACMILLAN), Mr. REGINALD BRETT strides across five Prime Ministers, and note approximate on the shoulder the Sovereign they have REGINALD BRETT strides across live Frime Millisters, and pats approvingly on the shoulder the Sovereign they have served. Incidentally he remarks that a rival commentor on history, one Macaulay, "possessed a genius for commonplace." The Equator does not come in, or, with even more certainty than Sydney Smith attributed to Jeffrey, Mr. Brett would have spoken disrespectfully of it. As it is, he is occasionally above the rules of grammar, speaking, for example, of Mr. Gladstone's "relation to" the Queen. What he related is not reported. Minor authorities would probably have written of the reported. Minor authorities would probably have written of the ex-Premier's "relations with" Her Majesty. These little foibles apart, Mr. Brett deals with an interesting subject in a bright, occasionally a picturesque, manner. A fault in style, if fault may be hinted in such connection, is that, treating each chapter as if it were a platform speech, he rounds it off with a pero-

ter as if it were a platform speech, he rounds it off with a peroration—a breathlessly long sentence, such as only Mr. GLADSTONE might be counted upon to deliver without stumbling. The volume is enriched by half-a-dozen portraits, of themselves worth more than its price. That of Mr. GLADSTONE is, my Baronite says, the very best presented of him during the last ten vears.

With respect to Echoes from the Oxford Magazine, published some time ago, we are all of Oliver Twist's mind, and want "More." Mr. Henry Frowde, ever ready to oblige, has issued a second series, under the title, More Echoes. They are, like the contents of the preceding volume, culled from the luxuriant garden of the Oxford Magazine, having come up between 1889 and 1896. In a prologue, presumably written specially for this volume, "Q," an early contributor to the Oxford Magazine, shows what strength and perfect finish may be acquired as time flies and practice grows. A few of the colts are a little wild, snows what strength and perfect finish may be acquired as time flies and practice grows. A few of the colts are a little wild, presenting in their lightheartedness some amazing rhymes. Exceedingly clever are Mr. Merry's "Afternoon Sermons at St. Mary's," and T. R.'s "Meister Wilhelm in Oxford," which has a fine smack of Canning's verse in the old Jacobin. As for Mr. Godley, he is an acrobat, almost a contortionist in rhyme. He can, my Baronite protests do anything he pleases with syllables. can, my Baronite protests, do anything he pleases with syllables, has even wriggled a passable rhyme out of the apparently im-

possible Demosthenes.

\* The Baron has not seen the book reviewed by his Baronite, but, inspired, he proposes an original couplet:

"I send vou a statue: regret it has lost 'he knees;
'Tis otherwise perfect. They say 'tis DEMOSTHENES."

BARON DE B.-W.

### Rather Mixed.

THE following is from The Irish Times on "Landslips," December 31.

"To feel the solid earth rock beneath his feet, to have his natural foothold on the globe's surface swept, so to speak, out of his grasp, is to the stoutest heart of man terrifying in the extreme."

#### FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE.

Q. The name of a long-ago celebrated fat French conjurer reminds one of a Christmas dish. What is that dish, and what is the name of the conjurer?

A. Plump-Houdin, naturally.

NOTE BY OUR OWN GOURMET ON THE COMMON SENSE OF SWINE. You may cast myriads of pearls before the porker of commerce, and he will treat them with disdain, but throw a single truffle in his way, and lo and behold! what a self-satisfied epicure does he become! This fable shows that pigs have more refined appreciation of the good things of this world than many would-be fine ladies.

#### Ember-Cinders.

Lancelot (studying almanack). Mother, what's an Ember day?

Mother. One which we have to endure, when your father's
forgotten to order the coals as he did yesterday.



# SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

# AN IMPALED BURT.

MR. Alderman Burt, of Richmond, Surrey, is, according to the Morning and other papers, endeavouring to spoil the view from the Terrace by advocating the substitution of an iron fence for the picturesque holly and thorn hedge between the hill and the sloping meadow. Richmond without its view would be like Hamlet minus the Prince of Denmark. This doubtless worthy and possibly eminent citizen should remember that "it is an ill Burt which fouls its own nest." But perhaps the alderman is like the proverbial cuckoo, and has laid his municipal egg on premises which scarcely concern him. In any case, Mr. Punch recommends this particular Burt to respect the wishes of the dwellers on the Terrace in particular, and the landscape-lovers of the world in general, and should he be a reflective Burt, like the jackdaw, to remember that hedges always afford more convenient shelter than the best gilt-topped metal clothes-props ever the jackdaw, to remember that hedges always afford more convenient shelter than the best gilt-topped metal clothes-props ever constructed. The terrible desecration of the walk just inside the Park gates should convince even the Corporation of Richmond that the Age of Stone and the Age of Iron cannot redeem affronts offered to the Age of Nature. Therefore, Mr. Punch trusts that, like Folly, this particular Burt will (metaphorically) be shot flying as he wings his way Desart-wards over the Petersham Meadows sham Meadows.

NEW INSTRUMENT (invented by Professor Punch for the use of juvenile musical prodigies).—The Pianissimo-fortissimo. On sale nowhere at present.

### FOR HIS SHANDY VOLUME.

DEAR Mr. PUNOH,—Taking the hint so wisely given by you, I have attempted a children's edition of one of the works of a famous ancestor, of which I enclose a specimen chapter. I trust your printer will see fit to preserve the dots as they stand in the LAURENTIA

What a chapter of chances, said my father, turning himself about upon the first landing as he and . Toby were going down stairs—what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand . Toby, and calculate it fairly . . . . I know no more of calculation than this balustrade, said . Toby (striking short of it . . and hitting my father a desperate blow souse on the shinbone). Twas a hundred to one, cried . Toby . . . . I thought, quoth my father (rubbing his shin), you had known nothing of calculations . Toby . . . . Twas a mere chance, said . Toby . . . . Then it adds one to the chapter, said my father. father.

.\_( . ! . )\_. - What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has saved me the trouble on chances has ans turned out! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express, and, in truth, I have enow already upon my hands without it. Have not I promised the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon right and wrong . . . .? a chapter upon whiskers? a chapter upon wishes? a chapter of roses?—no, I have done that; . . . . . .? To say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I shall finish before I sleep. By my great-grandfather's whiskers, I shall never get half of 'em through this year. through this year.

break down the fortunes of our house . .

It might have been worse, replied . . Toby My father reflected half a minute—looked down—touched the middle of his forehead slightly with his finger—True, said he.

# THE DUELLIST'S VADE MECUM.

(From the German.)

Question. From the point of view of an officer and a Teuton, is duelling to be discouraged?

Answer. To an officer it is undoubtedly a necessity, although to a civilian it may be considered a superfluity.

Q. Why is it a necessity?

A. Because the Kaiser considers the honour of the uniform of paramount importance, and that honour can only, under certain circumstances, be protected by the sword.

circumstances, be protected by the sword.

Q. And when is duelling a superfluity?

A. At times when the Emperor regards the practice as immoral from a civilian point of view.

Q. How can you reconcile the two views?

A. By appealing to a Court of Honour.

Q. Will this course be invariably satisfactory?

A. Certainly not, as it may cause a delay derogatory to the Emperor's uniform.

Emperor's uniform.

Q. And this unavenged insult will merit punishment at the

hands of the head of the army?

A. It will; and consequently it may be desirable to act without waiting for the decision of the Court.

out waiting for the decision of the Court.

Q. But supposing an officer yields to this impulse and calls out his opponent, what will be the probable result?

A. That he will be reported to the Emperor for disobedience.

Q. And what will be the consequence?

A. He will run the risk of being cashiered, or incur some punishment of equal gravity.

Q. In this event, will the Emperor act as head of the army or ruler of the State?

A. It matters little whether one or the other. or both.

A. It matters little whether one or the other, or both.
Q. You consider the result will be the same?

4. Unquestionably; and there seems to be no way out of the difficulty.

Q. Then the officer and the Teuton will find himself in an unleasant position at all times?

A. He will discover himself impaled on the horns of a dilemma.

Q. Is there any possible solution to the problem?

A. But one. The best thing he can do is to resign his com-

mission, prior to residing permanently in London, and becoming a

naturalised Englishman.

Q. Would such a course be patriotic?

A. Scarcely, but something wiser—infinitely more convenient.



["You know every man must do something. Some people grow orchids."—Extract from Mr. Cecil Rhodes' Speech at the Guildhall, Capetown.]



# MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

Rector's Daughter. "You haven't joined the Choral Class, Mr. Harrington. We have such fun, you know." Bachelor Sqwire. "Choral Class! Why I haven't an atom of Voice!" WE NONE OF US HAVE! DO COME!" Rector's Daughter. "OH, THAT DOESN'T MATTER IN THE LEAST.

# NOTES AND QUERIES.

(On Rhodesian Eloquence at Capetown.)

Is it quite fitting that a man should come "To face the music" beating the big drum And blowing his own trumpet? Is "the love

Of our own country" always quite above Suspicion of the love of grabbing bits Of other people's countries? Judgment Of other people's countries?

Even on new Napoleons! Crude and rude Jeers about England's "unctuous rectitude"

Suggest there is a difference, clear and

strong,
"Twixt rectitude — though unctuous — and sheer wrong.

"Vulgar colloquialism." Bless my heart! We fancied you considered slang so smart! "One thought and one ideal." Splendid brag!

A burglar has it, and its name is "swag." "Expansion's everything." Yet one may dread

That species which the Yankees call "swelled head."

"Balance of unclaimed country?" A neat name

But—is there no such thing as prior claim?

And it might seem 'tis not alone the Dutch Who give too little and who ask too much. "The devil take the hindmost" sounded

grand; Now "let the foremost take the hinter-land"

Appears to supersede that ancient saw. Roll over "rectitude," and banish law;

"All put their shoulder to the wheel?" Quite so.

But let it be the common weal, you know! Even if you're the "hub." It is no joke In all wheels save one's own to put a spoke.

"No foreign interference." Good, as such! But might not KRUGER and his sturdy

Dutch Quote it against the raiders? Sauce's use By a shrewd gander may not please the

goose; But then, twill need a modern ALEXANDER To give monopoly to goose or gander. Be orchids or expansion a man's hobby

To sneer at it unfairly's small and snobby. Right's right, and Englishmen will give fair trial

To one who's brave and British past denial.

Though Mr. Fuller, in his genial way, Doubts that his favourite will have "fair

play." Fret not, my Fuller, only hounds would hound

A brave man beyond reason's clear-marked bound.

But there are rules in National Honour's Codes,

That even a Napoleon or a Rhodes Must be content to bide by in these days. Justice must now distribute blame or praise,

Not with a partial love or hatred crude But-if you don't object-with Rectitude!

MOST APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE PRE-SIDENT OF THE MINER'S MEETING AT LEI-CESTER.—Pick-(h)ard.

# TURKISH FARCE AND RUSSIAN TRACEDY.

Scene—Constantinople. Time—The Present.

MISCREANT and MUSCOVITE discovered discoursing.

Miscreant (surprised). And so you at last oppose me!

Muscovite (sternly). I do, for at length you have gone too far.

Miscreant (still astonished). And yet I was permitted to massacre!

Muscovite (gravely). You were, because after all, you did what you pleased with your own.

Miscreant (evasively). And I was allowed to misgovern!

Muscovite (as before). Yes; it was your affair, and not mine.

Miscreant (reproachfully). And was permitted to justify my title to "the Great Assassin!"

Muscovite (indifferently). Why not?

Miscreant (tearfully). And now, at a moment's notice, you have turned round upon me, and threaten me with "unplea-What have I done to sant consequences." merit this rebuke?

Muscovite (with difficulty suppressing a feeling of almost ungovernable rage). You have dared to propose to tamper with my securities!

Miscreant. Then what is more important than human life?

Muscovite (with tremendous emphasis). Cash, Sir, Cash!

[Scene closes in upon the financial situation.



# THE BATH-CHAIR OF THE FUTURE.

# THE ROAST BEEF OF NEW ENGLAND!

(The Pitiful New Year's Plaint of an Old-Style Patriot.)

AIR—" The Roast Beef of Old England!"

"When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food, It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood." So ran the old song, and it does my heart good.

Oh, the roast beef of Old England!

And oh for Old England's roast beef!

But now—well to get it a man tries in vain. From Australia, America, prairie and plain,
What the Butchers call British beef comes o'er the main.
Oh, the roast beef of New England, &c.

Like good old Cheshire cheese, ribston pippins, sound ale, British beef seems a thing that is gone beyond hail. If you try to procure it you'll probably fail.

Oh, the roast beef, &c.

"British beef!" "Twas the synonym once for true pluck, But now—like the beef—it seems frozen, worse luck!
Bull argufies now where he once would have struck. Oh, the roast beef, &c.

British beef? Not at all; we are on a new course, Feed on "Extract" and "Essence"—most likely of horse! Not beef, but beef-tea must now keep up our force.

Oh, the roast beef, &c.

Then sing, "Oh, the beef-tea of Old England!" Our shops No longer sell English rump-steaks, British chops; Foreign meat's our new pabulum, varied by slops! Oh, the roast beef of Old England! Alas for Old England's roast beef!

THE ORANGE FREE STATE.—The state of the London Pavements during the orange season.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF Launce Kennedy had been somewhat less garrulous, Mr. Crockett's latest novel, The Grey Man (FISHER UNWIN), would have been more delectable. In telling this story, Launce so overloads the narrative with detail as frequently, the detail of the story of the story of the story of the story. overloads the narrative with detail as frequently to deleat his purpose of making things clear. Its progress is with direful industry drearily halted. At certain epochs, Launce rises above temptation, and lapses into clear, strong, picturesque harrative that has not, my Baronite assures me, been excelled by Walter Scott or Stevenson. Once this haps where he had been a first master to the Laird of Kerse. Again carries the challenge of his master to the Laird of Kerse. Again he shakes off the thrall of prolisity when he pictures the trial and execution of the *Grey Man*. In these two passages the incidents are so dramatic, the movement so swift, the description

so picturesque, as to atone for the otherwise prevalent fault. It is a pity Browning has not lived to see the beautiful edition of his poetical works just published. Messrs. Smith, ELDER have for one issue had recourse to the magic India paper of the Oxford University Press. The result is that the seventeen volumes in which the poems originally saw the light are given in a book of less than eight hundred pages, legibly printed, much lighter than an ordinary volume of its size, and bound in royal crimson morocco. It is an édition de luxe without the necessity, once pictured in these pages, of the hapless owner lying prone on the floor with the mammoth book open before him, that being the most convenient way of mastering its contents. In addition to most convenient way of mastering its contents. In addition to this gem of the printers' and bookbinders' craft the publishers issue a complete cheap edition of the works in two volumes of ordinary library fashion. Mr. Augustine Breezle edits it, and helps the unconverted by, as he modestly puts it, explaining in the margin the meaning of "such words as might, if left unexplained, momentarily arrest the understanding of the reader." There are some who are most fully in accord with Browning when he writes,

Stand in the cloud, and, while it wraps
My face, ought not to speak perhaps.

For these the physical charm of the India-paper edition will be a delight. For the rest who can (or think they can) pierce the cloud that habitually wraps the poet's face, the work-a-day edition will serve.

edition will serve.

Some readers of the Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé (SMITH, ELDER) will agree with my Baronite in the opinion that the most interesting chapters are those which contain Halle's early letters to his parents dated from Darmstadt and Paris. He was just launched on the sea of life. His observation was keen, his mind impressionable, out of a full heart he communed with the home circle, for whose companionship he yearned. Many of the later letters might have been omitted from the bulky volume, and the prosaic accounts of the visits to Australia and the Cape were better retained for family reading. Australia and the Cape were better retained for family reading. The judicious reader can effect compression for himself, after which process he will find much of interest in the simple story of a strenuous life. THE BARON.

# SOCIAL SONNETS.

I.—"EXTREMES MEET."

REGGIE L'AMPOSTE was tall and slight, He waxed his moustache and he curled his hair; And the chum who was with him from morn till night Was FREDDY FITZFADDLE, so fat and fair. They both took into their heads to propose And Reggir's selection was stout and small,
While the pink of perfection that FREDERIOK chose
Was as thin as a lath and was dark and tall.

How the Blow fell in the higher Literary Circles of Islington.

Mrs. Ibsen-Gibsen (to the MacTavish, introduced specially from the North, with a great reputation). And pray, Mr. MacTavish, what do you consider the finest romance of the century?

[A dead silence, while the great man reflects on Scottish whiskey. The MacTavish (after a pause). I'm thinking, Madam, that the finest prose wark I ever conseedered was the True History of Jack Larkaway, which was issued in penny numbers—the same forbidden when I was leetle better than a wild whaup meeself. But, craving your indulgence, I was a de'il o' a lad for piratical escaupades, and hae the spell on me noo, occasionally! [General flight of all the younger ladies, who remember that the mistletoe

has not been removed. The elders of the sex remain stationary. So does the MacTavish.

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A South-country Foxhwater, on a New Forest Pony, celebrates his triumph over a Midland "bullfincher."

HE has come in his pride, just to show us the way, From the country of grassland and spinnies,
And the hunter he's on, so I heard his groom say,
Cost at Melton a "half thou. of guineas."
His seat is a model, his boots cling like wax, And his hat has a workmanlike air, And his well-fitting coat is not one of those sacks That we poor Southern countrymen wear.

Note the hand that he bears on his high-mettled mare, While her antics he readily baffles, And seems ev'ry movement of spirit to share
As he curbs it with lightest of snaffles.
He has greeted the Master, saluted the Field
And, I notice, is friendly with you;
I've no doubt that he thinks that all present must yield To the charm of the nouveau venu.

Here are you on the castaway peacocky weed That has little to boast of but rank,
And my sorry old nag is of true Forest breed,
But a bad un to beat at a bank,
You may laugh at the Forester coarseheaded brute, But I swear he shall show you to-day That o'er heather and bog, and mid tangle and root, There is none like my ill-favoured grey!

Just another low laugh and another soft look— Then the melody-mongers give cry.
We are off! He is leading us all at the brook By the firs where the scent is so high, By the copse, where the hazels are crackling and sear, You endeavour to keep with his pace; Can't you see that he's but trying to steer, And that you are not making him race i

Good fox! he has turned from the flint-powdered ridge To the vale, where the meadows lie dank,
And the hounds are now streaming to right by the bridge,
On the left I will take them in flank. On the left I will take them in hala.

Go on, dear old *Hengist*, I give you your head,

'Tis wiser than mine is to-day.

Yes! ford it quite gently—the water runs red

With the blood of the churn in the clay!

Good hounds! they have followed the quarry right well, But the pace is too good long to last, And what has become of the Leicestershire Swell Who started the running so fast? And where, and oh! where is that Queen of the Chase Who broke with that terrible rush?-Yet your trophies another fair tribute shall grace, For Hengist and I take the brush!

### AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

Notes sur l'Almanach (suite).

OCTOBER.—The chase to the pheasants commences the first, and during this month here there is the chase to the "cubs." For that one lifts himself of very good morning, in effect, during the night. The English love much the cold bath, and me also, because I find that he is very fortifying, though it is not the habitude of my compatriots. But during the night a cold bath at the candle, or at the electric light—ah, no! At the fine commences the chase to the fox, and also the sittings of the courts in the Palace of Justice. Maître Renard and the advocates in same time—that has the air of a fable of La Fontaine. Only the fox time—that has the air of a fable of La Fontaine. Only, the fox goes quick and loses, the law goes slowly and wins. The twenty and one the English celebrate the battle of Trafalgar. Me I see not for what not, although some French find there some injuries against our country. Provided that one is not of some injuries against our country. Provided that one is not chauvin, in english "jinggo," and too hostile towards the other nations, the love of the country is a sentiment which is no part more admired than

In France.

November.—At this season, or more soon, the great fogs of London commence. We have sometimes at Paris some fog, but, my faith, that it is nothing! Ordinarily the fog at London commences at the fine of October, and, augmenting during the frost, continues until to the spring. Some days he is less thick, and even one can to see the sun, absolutely as one sees him through some smoked glass, without rays or brilliance. But the most part



# EVERYTHING CAN BE EXPLAINED.

Cissie (who has never seen an Archdeacon before). "DICK, THAT OLD CLERGYMAN HAS GOT GAITERS ON. WHAT DOES IT MEAN WHEN A CLERGYMAN WEARS GAITERS?"

Dick (who knows everything). "OH, IT MEANS THAT HE BELONGS TO THE CYCLIST CORPS!"

of the days one sees not the sun, and ordinarily the fog is suchly—tellement—thick, that one sees neither the sky nor the earth, only the air. And the air is all simply the smoke, un véritable climat d'enfer, mais froid! The nine there is a great procession and a great banquet at London for to celebrate the day of birth of the Prince of Wales. Speaking of the City, I wish to make to remark my compatriots that the Lord Maire is not a great personage of the Government, as the Maire du Palais of the middle age. He is all simply the Prefect of the Thames—the Prefet de la Seine of London.

December.—The fore continue still more thick. During all

DECEMBER.—The fogs continue still more thick. During all this month here the English make some vast preparations for the most great feast of all the year, when, following their habitude, they eat, and this time enormously. Ordinarily at Christmas he makes a time unbelieveably sad. Sometimes he falls some rain, sometimes he makes some fog, sometimes there is all the two sometimes he makes some fog, sometimes there is all the two together, invariably there is much of mud and much of obscurity; never the sun, never the fine time, excepted this year who comes of to finish, when the sun shone during two days, that which is all to fact exceptional. Thus, for to amuse themselves, the unhappy English are obliged of to shut themselves at them—chez eux—of to light the lamps at midday, and of to eat just to the night. At Christmas in England, and above all at London, the night and the day it is the same thing. Seen these just to the night. At Christmas in England, and above all at London, the night and the day it is the same thing. Seen these habitudes so melancholy, it astonishes me that the English are not much more sad. In effect they are sometimes narquois and gay. With a fine irony they call feast there "The Merry Christmas." Voilà, Mister Punch, a pleasantery of your compatriots, worthy of to be printed in your journal so illustrious—a pleasantery with which I terminate these notes, in saying to you, "To the to see again." Agree, &c., Auguste.

THE QUARTER OF LONDON WHERE A FRENCHMAN OUGHT TO



Pater. "Johnny, I don't want to see this man. Run down and tell him I'm not at home." Johnny. "Hullo, Pater,—I thought you never told lies." Pater (solemnly). "I don't, my boy. It's you that's going to tell the lie."

# MINDING OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

THE American Senate, having postponed a resolution asking the English Government to pardon Mrs. MAYBRICK, will probably proceed to discuss the following questions:—

Shall Spain continue to exist?

Ought the West Front of Peterborough Cathedral to be re-erected in steel and concrete?

Is duelling to be allowed in the German Army?
What should be the law as to a "place" for betting in Eng-

Should the Anti-Semites in Vienna be muzzled or not? Shall there be a new street from Holborn to the Strand, and shall the houses on this street be twenty stories high, and designed as in Chicago?

Ought Gambling at Monte Carlo to be suppressed? Is kleptomania on the increase in England

Shall Russia be allowed to send convicts to Siberia?
Can Hyde Park be improved by an elevated railroad from Kensington to the Marble Arch?

What can be done to hurry up the French Academy, which began a dictionary one hundred and forty years before the Declaration of Independence, and has not finished yet?

Shall our spelling of "neighbor," "parlor," "center" and "theater" be made compulsory in England?

How does the treaty of peace between Italy and Alvesinia

How does the treaty of peace between Italy and Abyssinia conform to the Monroe Doctrine?

Are the dépôts and cars of the British railroads satisfactory? Should the Chinese be compelled to dress in black coats and tall hats like respectable American Citizens?

Shall the Behring Sea Fisheries award be paid?

It is expected that the last resolution will be indefinitely post-

poned; it is even thought that it will never be proposed.

### CAVIARE TO THE GENERAL.

SALVATIONIST BOOTH, Mr. GLADSTONE politely Addressed you as "General," possibly rightly; Yet he all his life has continued to spurn all Such fanciful fame, he is not even Colonel; This Old Parliamentary Hand, this old stager Has failed to attain the position of Major; His manifold talents have never been wrapped in The quite ineffectual title of Captain; He never has carried a banner or pennant. Or beaten a drum—he is not a Lieutenant; His speech is so silver, in heraldry "argent," Your people like talking—he is not a Sergeant; Untitled, not even like Kelvin or Lister, This man, so much greater than you, is plain Mister.

# An Architectural Settlement.

First Man (eminent in painting, literature or science). What a controversy about Peterborough Cathedral! Do you know anything about architecture? I don't.

Second Man (ditto). Nothing whatever. And I've never been within twenty miles of Peterborough.

First Man. Nor have I. Then let us go at once and sign a memorial to the Dean and Chapter, asking them not to let anybody do anything.

[Execunt, excitedly.]

A DIPLOMATIST WHO DOES NOT BELIE HIS SURNAME. THORPE BEAUCLERK, our new Consul-General at Buda-Pesth, speaks Chinese, Russian, French, German, Italian, Danish, Spanish, with other languages. A beau clerc, indeed!

THE FAVOURITE HERO OF THE LOG-ROLLER.—"General BOUM."



# "SECOND THOUGHTS."

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA (blandly). "ALL RIGHT, MR. BULL, ON RE-CONSIDERATION, I FIND WE ARE NOW OFFICIALLY PREPARED TO RECEIVE YOUR GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS THE RELIEF OF THE INDIAN FAMINE."

(Vide letter from Lord G-rge H-m-lt-n, "Times," January 4, declining, and, in "Times," January 9, accepting the LORD MAYOR'S Indian Relief Fund.)

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NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.

SISTE, VIATOR! (STAY, TRAVELLER!)

### THE IDEA!

["If all the theatres in London, the 'serious' houses included, were shut up at this moment, what should we lose? A good many sensations, no doubt. But how many ideas?"—Daily Chronicle.]

A LONELY idea went limping along,
Dreary and desolate, doubtful and dim; There were all sorts of folk in the hurrying throng,

From poets to patriots, but none wanted hīm!

The statesman severely his head at him shook;

To be seen in his company simply meant smash.

The author, to whom he suggested a book, Turned pale, and declined to do anything rash.

The novelist said, "Why, good gracious, you're New!

And newness in novels is never allowed!" The poet, who, perched on Parnassus askew,

At the sight of his face hid his head in a cloud.

The dramatist, rousing as if from a snooze, Muttered "Sophocles" Shakspeare PINERO-and Sims!

Of my good golden eggs I shall murder the goose,

If I get me suspected of notions and whims."

Party cries and sensations were much in request,

But ideas were under the strictest taboo. They upset the world, destroyed comfort and rest;

You never could calculate what they might do.

A Hebrew trudged by, crying feebly "Ole Clo!"

He carried a big old black bag on his back. The idea sighed, "Nobody needs me, oh! no!

To save my poor life, I'll—creep into his

They'll never suspect me of hiding in there!"

"Ole clo!" cried the Jew. "Any lumber? Ole clo!"—
From that day he was ruined, for even Rag-fair

Cannot stand new ideas - they muddle things so!

### DECEIVED AND DECEIVER.

(A Page from a Diary up-to-date.)

["The royal standard must not be used save by members of the Royal Family."—Correspondence in the Daily Papers.]

Can't understand why I should receive so much attention. Here am I on board a small sailing vessel that I have hired for the day. Nothing particular about her. Customary sails, and flying from the mast an eighteen-penny pockethandkerchief, and yet I fancy I am attracting official notice in all quarters. Dear me! What are they in all quarters. Dear me! What are they doing over there? Seem to be hoisting a flag, and about to fire. Bang! There they go! Twenty-one of them!

Better be off; no doubt they are practising. Target practice has its disadvantages when you are in the line of sight with the object selected by the marksmen. Boat sails slowly. Sure to be hit! No harm as yet. What are they about? harm as yet. Seem to be sending a boat to board me.

Now that the boat has come alongside find that it's a large one. Contains a band of music and a number of soldiers. What are they doing? Band plays a familiar tune. Redcoats present arms. What

on earth are they after?
Officer boards us. He uncovers respectfully. "Where is His Royal Highness?"
Explain that I haven't the vaguest idea what he means."

"But you must have Royalty on board," he persists. "Look at your flag."
He is directing my attention to the pockethandkerchief which cost me eighteen pence.

The band again starts the National An-

them. This is too much, and I say so.
"Not at all," is the polite reply, "as I feel convinced that you have a right to fly that illustrious emblem."

It now occurs to me that the eighteenpenny handkerchief shows the royal standard.

"You are a member of the royal family," suggests the naval officer.

"No, Sir," is my response; "I am only

Mr. Tompkins."

The naval officer utters a mighty nautical imprecation. Things are becoming serious. Have I been guilty of piracy, or

At this moment the boat is struck by a torpedo sent out in practice and col-Then the naval ship collides against another vessel, and both disappear

Saucy Sarah) is alone on the ocean.

"Saved!" I murmur. "Saved!"

But, to prevent further mistakes, I remove the royal standard from the mast, and once more all is peace and quietness.

### CRUSOE'S ISLAND [MISSING!

[It is reported that the island of Juan Fernandez, 400 miles west of Valparaiso, has disappeared, probably owing to a submarine earthquake.]

Farewell, Juan Fernandez Most famous isle, farewell! Foundered beyond the Andes, If 'tis the truth they tell.

It must have been a sea-quake Made your foundations rock-And us the other week wake With the same seismic shock.

They say, in time primeval, You bobbed now up, now down; A million years' upheaval, Then for an æon, drown.

A Spanish captain's said it-He saw you disappear; ('Tis a tall tale to credit, Sea-serpent-like and queer!)

A short and sharp commotion, And then the trick was done You dived into the ocean, Ere men said "Robinson!"

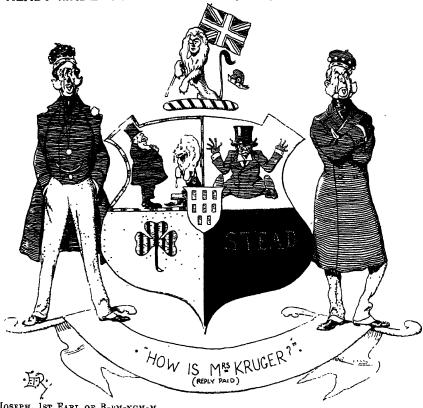
You followed your creator, DEFOE, and sought your grave, Engulfed in some deep crater Beneath the greedy wave.

No matter, for long ages Your mem'ry will be green, And live in graphic pages With glory submarine.

As long as schoolboys nourish A taste for pantomime, Will Crusoe's Island flourish. Defying tide and time!

RECONSIDERED. - At the enthronement of Dr. TEMPLE as Archbishop of Canterbury, the organist opened the proceedings by playing the "Wedding March." Would it not have been more appropriate had he given the popular old air of "The See! The See!" And if to those conversant with the words, "the open See!" with the words, the open See! might have seemed inapplicable, surely a leaflet with the adaptation thus, "The See! The See! The well-filled See!" would have sufficed? But they don't think of these things in time, or in tune.

# READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



JOSEPH, 1ST EARL OF B-KM-NGH-M.

Arms: Quarterly; lst, an antique boer in his glory regarding a lion spotted over a bordure (chartered) componée, partly whitewashed; 2nd, an heraldic bartlet cuffed and erased under a chapeau doubled up carmine; 3rd, an irish shamrock, barred in perpetuity on a ground orange of prejudice; 4th, a mysterious libel voluntarily erased sable, rendered more or less illegible after the manner of the new journalism; over all, on an escutcheon of pretence, several ministerial billets of the best, clawed and collared in advance. Orest: A lion of debate langued mordant, bearing in dexter paw the union flag flowing to the sinister, dronning in his progress a physican or republican can of liberty "typed ye." flowing to the sinister, dropping in his progress a phrygian or republican cap of liberty "turned up" and refaced ermine. Supporters: Two highly crusted pillars of the constitution (sang-)azure in a demi-furious state of suppression.

#### ON A WET DAY.

(A Fair Cyclist apostrophiseth her Machine.) My spirits, like the glass, are falling fast, I'd like to swear—I shouldn't make you blush!-

The rain's been coming down for hours past.

Adown the gutters tiny rivers rush, Making the street a very sea of slush-In doors, my trusty steed, you'll have to

"The idle Singer of an empty day!" Yet in this evil day there's good to find-A chance to groom you—yes, a happy thought!

"Keep in adversity an equal mind," As, I remember, good old HORAGE taught-I wasn't up at Girton all for nought—And so I'll overhaul you, while I may, The idle Singer of an empty day!

Forgive me if I stand you on your head, Tis handier so—I'll use the greatest care How many a mile together we have sped! Your tyres, I see, are showing signs of wear.

Twelve hundred miles since May-that's

pretty fair—
Perhaps you're glad to be, once in a way,
The idle Singer of an empty day!

Your handles shine like silver—just scratch Or two may tell of early struggles still!

Your virtues I defy the world to match, Peerless in any country, flat or hill, Silent, untiring servant of my will To-morrow may you be no more, I pray, The idle Singer of an empty day!

# FROM THE LOG OF A LOG-ROLLER

January 1, 1890.—What a beginning for the New Year! All my MSS. back again—every one of them, the fifteen articles, the three plays, the volume of verse, and the novel. Happy thought! I'll be a Decadent! I have sought the Good, the Beautiful, the True, but I will seek them to longer. They are out of data in this no longer. They are out of date in this fin de siècle. I will to Vigo Street and learn to be Decadent.

The Man of Vigo Street welcomed me heartily. "What would you of us?" he asked. "I have sought the Good, the Beuatiful, the True," I replied; "but it does not pay. I would be Decadent." The Man of Vigo Street smiled compassionately. "Poor fool!" quoth he. "You have indeed gone far astray. Know you sionately. "Poor fool!" quoth he. "You have indeed gone far astray. Know you not that nowadays the only Good thing is the Bad, the only Beautiful the Ugly, and the only True is the False?" I pondered a moment. "No," I replied. "I had not realized that." He laughed. "Poor youth!" quoth he. "These are the very rudiments of Decadence." "But why—"

I began, not fully understanding, reason is plain," said he. "Folk to sin. They have hitherto "Folk love been taught that sin is unlovable. Show them that it is beautiful, holy, the object of existence, and a grateful public will fill your purse with gold." "I see," said I, beginning to comprehend. "Oh, how I have been mistaken! I had striven to clothe my thoughts in Godliness—"The Man of Vigo Street interrupted me with a laugh. "Godliness!" he cried. "That is a threadbare garment. Nowadays your only wear is Bodliness." "Ah!" said I, catching at the word, "that is the ware that I would deal in. But how may I come by it?" "Easily enough," said he. "In the first place, you must blasphome." "And next?" "Sing the virtue of vice." "And next?" "Log-roll your Brother Decadents." "That is all?" "That is all," he said. "Do this, and I promise you taught that sin is unlovable. Show them cadents." "That is all?" "That is all," he said. "Do this, and I promise you fame and fortune."

January 1, 1895.—Blessed be the day that took me to Vigo Street! Five years that took me to Vigo Street! Five years ago I was starving in a miserable garret, my MSS. returning to me by every post. Now I cannot write fast enough to satisfy the public. My Sodom and Gomorrah was the beginning of my fortune. I sang of those cities, of their exquisite beastliness and their divine debauchery. The Decadents hailed me as a Brother, and I exhapped my garret for a sumptious shede changed my garret for a sumptuous abode. Since then I have blasphemed, and sung the virtues of vice, and log-rolled my Brethren, and the Man of Vigo Street has made good his word—my fame and fortune are secure.

January 1, 1900.—Curst be the day that took me to Vigo Street! So long as my Brother Decadents were alive it was well. I log-rolled them; they log-rolled me; we log-rolled one another; and the gaping public poured their gold into our ready pockets. But one by one they drank themselves to death, and I am left lamenting. No one will swear any longer that I am great, that I out-Shakspeare Shak-Tam great, that I out-Snakspeare SHAKE: nay, the fickle public will have it that I am mad, and they have taken me from my sumptuous abode to a padded room in Hanwell. They say, in this new century, that the Bad is no longer good, the Ugly no longer beautiful, the False no longer true. They say that Decadence is now a recognised form of lunacy. Are they right? I wonder.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE BEFRIEND THE FAIR.

"Mr. Curtis Bennett has undertaken a crusade against cabmen who use bad language to ladies."—Daily Telegraph.]

On! magistrate of Marlborough Street!
Here's luck unto your arm,
Which would protect the sex that's sweet
From figurative harm!
The "Jarvey" who can rant and rail
At parsimonious dames,
His fews no longer will asseil

His fares no longer will assail
With Speaker-horrid names! For him there looms the heavy fine Empowered by the Senate,

Or else the punishment condign Decreed by CURTIS BENNETT. Ware then of Marlborough Street, ye loons

Who cannot speak politely, And link your words to softer tunes That run in rhythm rightly! For whether you drive barb or cob, Or spavined steed or jennet, Remember that with grace you rob, And shun a courteous BENNETT!



Old Lady. "Dear me, what a nice refined-looking little Boy. Why, Jane, he has a Mouth fit for a Cherub; I really must give him Sixpence." [Does so.]

The Cherub (five seconds later). "S-s-s-s!! [Does so. | BILLEE! THE OLD GAL'S GIVE ME A TANNER!"

#### CANINE SAGACITY.

#### A Dog's Suicide through Affection.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to add to the present interesting corre-condence a really touching instance of canine devotion. To my spondence a really touching instance of canine devotion. mind, any evidence of a higher nature in animals is of infinitely greater value than mere proofs of cleverness, or feats of vindictive memory. From this point of view, the St. Bernard puppy of your first correspondent ranks considerably higher in the scale of interest than the dog described in a later issue. Now for my own contribution to this fascinating subject.

Now for my own contribution to this fascinating subject. An aged female relative of mine possessed a fancy spaniel, named Sniff, which displayed a wealth of affection for his mistress, unadulterated by the snappishness towards other people which so often renders such a dog objectionable. He had, it is true, a slight tendency to gluttony; but then, none of us are perfect! Several months ago the old lady died, and, by her own wish, the dog was transferred to my little suburban home, in the hope that he might forget his loss amid new surroundings.

Also he proved inconsolable for within twenty-four hours

Alas, he proved inconsolable, for, within twenty-four hours, we found him lying stark and stiff in the garden—poisoned!

There is no room for doubt that poor little Sniff, crazed by his grief, deliberately ran out of the house to seek the means of putting an end to his existence, and found what he sought for in some pieces of poisoned meat left near the greenhouse by my gardener. I may say, in passing, that the man (whom I severely reprimanded) had left the poison about without my knowledge, with the object of exterminating the cats which ruined his budding plants.

Now, what can be more admirable than Sniff's refusal to survive his loved mistress? Surely we might go far to find a parallel among ourselves. I am quite aware that many people may object on moral grounds to this admiration, and certainly I do not wish it to be supposed that I hold a brief for suicide— far from it. But I think we should be very careful how we lay down the same laws for animals as for human beings in a matter of this kind, and, although my way of looking at things is often blamed, I am not ashamed to subscribe as Yours very truly

A REAL ENTHUSIAST.

[Any further curious cases must be sent to the Spectator.—ED.]

The very latest Version of an Old Ditty. As I was going through Sandgate, through Sandgate, through Sandgate, As I was going through Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing, "Weel may the wheel go! the wheel go! the wheel go! Weel may the wheel go!—the bike that my lad's on!"

#### FRIENDLY ADVICE.

MR. Punch is very sorry that this quarrel in a quarry

Should show so much of prejudice and hate,
Penrhyn-wise may prove pound-foolish. Tot the score with
cautious coolish,
Split the difference, and—wipe it off the slate!
When the quarrel is protracted long with cut and thrust and

lunge,
Neither likes to "throw the sponge up," but they both may
"use the sponge."

#### FOUNDED ON FACT.

DEAR OLD PUNCH, -As the holidays are nearly over, I don't spend much time in reading the papers. But the other day I came across some elderly fossil complaining that the public did not nearly sufficiently appreciate our national collections. This is all nonsense, at least so far as the rising generation is concerned. Take myself, for instance. I have three brothers and three sisters, and we all have friends who have also brothers and three sisters, and we all have friends who have also brothers and sisters. So when we are gathered together, we are a tidy lot—not as regards apparel, but you know what I mean. Well, what do we do with ourselves? Why, we go to the British Museum. "Very good," say you; "nothing like improving your minds." Right you are; it is "nothing like." We go to the museum, not to look up mummies, but to play at hide and seek. First-rate fun, I can tell you! No chivying one another in a rude, noisy fashion, but politely asking the way of a policeman. When we catch the runner we shout a little, but not louder than an antique ran market.

we cauch the runner we shout a little, but not louder than an antiquarian making a discovery.

And now that the movement has commenced, why should it stop at Bloomsbury? Surely the School of Mines might be cleared of its cases, and used for lawn tennis, and no one would object (at least, we wouldn't) to the large hall of the Natural History Museum being set apart for football or a game of

Say a word for us, dear old fellow, and merit the gratitude of JONES MINOR. your sincere well-wisher,

#### The Duel Control.

The Teuton Rhadamanthus lays the law down fair and free Concerning of the Military Duel:
"To blow a German's brains out makes one soldier less, you see! So you must consult, not Heaven, or Humanity, but Me, Before you give a brother man his gruel.
But if a Court of Honour says 'All right,' and I agree, Why, pop a bullet into him as promptly as may be!"

#### THE STRIKE OF THE PIPES.

Mr. Raleigh Stubbs, having come into money, neglects his old favourites.

Miss Briar Root. It's shameful the way we're neglected! I declare he hasn't pressed me to his lips for at least a fortnight.

Mrs. Mecrschaum. I'm old-fashioned, I know, but I do feel his conduct deeply.

Look how my colour has faded!

Miss Cutty Doodeen. Bedad! as usual. there's plenty of injustice for ould Oireland. Black's not the word for me now! Mlle. Merisier. Ma foi! What for did I throw my parfum about his nostrils? Miséricorde! What I have did that he should flirt with those impudent Egyptians?

Miss Brian Root. The way in which he clings to those Havana beauties is simply disgraceful. Havana, indeed! If he only knew that they were Belgian atrocities.

[Weeps nicotine tears. Mrs. Meerschaum. Years ago I used to burn for the wretch. Now I wish I could put him on the rack.

Miss Cutty Doodeen. Faix! that's where he puts us. After mounting meself in hall-marked silver, too! I'd break meself with rage.

Mile. Merisier. Bah! you talk like a silly brûle-gueule. My friends, we are betrayed. It must be the revenge! Miss Briar Root. Revenge! But how? We can't strike. That's the privilege of

the matches.

Mrs. Meerschaum. By my amber mouth! I have it. We can! [Whispers. General Chorus. Splendid!

Mrs. Meerschaum. Are we all agreed? General Chorus. All!

Miss Cutty Doodeen. Whist! here he

Enter Owner and friends.

Owner. I'm sick of weeds, and shall go back to the dear old pipes again. (Tries pipe after pipe.) By Jove! not one of them will draw! (Silent laughed to likely spirators as owner is compelled to light an Antwerp-Cuban regalia. After a few an Antwerp-Undan regume. After a few minutes he throws it away, and rings the bell. Servant appears.) John, chuck all this rubbish into the fire. [Indicates pipes. John. Yes, Sir. [Removes pipes.

John. Yes, Sir. [Removes pipes. Mlle. Merisier (as they are being borne away). Oh! that we could make him under-Miss Briar Root. We've been led astray

by the insidious voice of a demagogue! Miss Cutty Doodeen. The dirty German! Meerschaum (contemptuously). We shall only make ashes, as To-morrow he'll have a fresh Pshaw! usual. harem! [And the Owner did.

#### A Discussion on Diet.

Little Chris (to Little Kate). Does your governess get ill on mince pies?

Little Kate. I don't know! Why?

Little Chris. 'Cause mine does. At dinner to-day she said, "If you eat any more of that pastry, I know you'll be ill." So she must have been so herself.

Clanference broken up by arrival of

[Conference broken up by arrival of the lady in question.

The Solution of a Problem at Harwich.

Mariner A. What'll Newcastle do. when they make coal at Dover?

Mariner B. Why, certainly make passengers at Newcastie!

#### ADELPHI TERRISS A 1 AND ADELPHI'D SUSAN.

SUCH an opportunity of seeing the best specimen extant of a fine old British nautical drama should not be missed by any playgoer. The Jack Tar's jacket of T. P. Cook, who had become a tradition forty years ago, has descended on the "William" par excellence of the present day, i.e., WILLIAM TERRISS. He is the Bill of this play, and though Miss MILLWARD is not, strictly speaking, black-ared wet. not, strictly speaking, black-eyed, yet, lacking the "two lovely black eyes," she is as good a "See-usan" as any ship's



ADELPHI TERRISS A 1.

Hornpiping Times of Nautical Piece at Adelphi.

company (theatrical) could possibly desire. What a genuine heroine in distress is wet-eyed Susan! almost always in tears, except when welcoming William after his long absence from "the boards," and from his native Deal, or when smiling gently at the facetiousness of Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS as Gnatbrain, who in the first piece has already "given" the audience "fits" of laughter as Toby Twinkle. To see Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS "shivering his timbers" in the hornpipe, and rewarded for his exertions by a genuinely hearty encore, is enough to rejuvenate the oldest salt, and to set a capering the youngest pickle.

Captain Crosstree, the darling of his crew, is largely played by Mr. CHARLES FULTON, though without the song and dance that used to bring down the

House in the old Royalty Burlesque days, when Mr. FRED DEWAR received double and treble encores nightly for asserting roundly and proudly that "Captain Cross-tree was his name," and no mistake about

"One of the best" and most artistic performances in the piece is that of Mr. J. D. Beveringe as Doggrass, the wicked old miserly curmudgeon (there are not epi-thets bad enough for this reprobate) of an uncle, Susan's uncle be it understood. But to fully appreciate this actor's art you should previously have seen him as Jasper Plum, the benevolent father in the first piece, All that Glitters is not Gold, when he bears a strong resemblance to Mr. GLADSTONE. In other plays, I have seen Mr. BEVERIDGE as a villain of the deepest dye, and as a comic Irishman, always excellent; but this transformation from the impersonation of benevolence to that of sordid villainy, all in one night, is something memorable. Such a chance does not often occur, and the soul thirsting for something satisfying in dramatic art will be quite content with this Beveridge.

Miss Vane Featherston is a delightful Dolly; Mr. Charles Fisher a sturdy Blue Peter; Mr. Oscar Adyr as great in the character of the ranting ruffian Hatchett, as he was when representing a mild gentlemanly person, in the preceding comedy, called Frederick Plum. Highest praise, too, must be bestowed on Mr. Luigi LABLACHE, The Admiral (who shall be here, as he is in the play, nameless), for his dignified demeanour, clear elecution, and most impressive manner, which evidently deeply affected his fellow admirals, and was not lost on the soft-hearted and ill-fated William.

That the Admiral should, after the verdict of "guilty" has been pronounced, convey to William his own private opinion of his own public and official conduct, by allowing the prisoner to kiss his hand, is, as I am informed, a stage tradition, which would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Still it affects the audience to tears—it is so kind of the Admiral, d'ye see? And as to the scene where Black Eye'd Sue takes leave of her lover, just before he is going to be hanged at the yard-arm, well, if the audience had been all the birds assembled for Cock Robin's funeral, there couldn't have been more "sighin' and sobbin'." It was heartrending. And oh! the joy, oh! the applause, when Captain Crosstree rushed on, alive and well, with his arm in a sling, just in time to save William's neck from the noose! Hooray! Rule Britannia!! And three cheers for the Messrs. Garri, the gallant First Lieutenant, Fred. G. LATHAM, who stage-managed both pieces. and the jolly clever crew that acts under his orders!

#### Older than the Flood.

Young Archibald. What's the meaning of the proverb, Auntie, "What's sauce for the geode is sauce for the gender"?

Auntic (angrily). Have ye quite forgotten the story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, the while sae greedy o'apples?

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER.

(Still dodging justice.)

Q. What mortar do swallows use to build their nests with?

A. Bird-lime, of course.



Mr. Dibbles (at Balham). "AH, HE OLD CHANNEL TUNNEL THE OLD CHANNEL SCHEME KNOCKED ON THE HEAD AT LAST! GOOD JOB TOO! MAD-HEADED PROJECT - BEASTLY UN-PATRIOTIC TOO!

Mr. Dibbles (en route for Paris. Sea choppy). "CHANNEL TUNNEL NOT A BAD IDEA. ENTIRE JOUR-NEY TO PARIS BY TRAIN. GRAND SCHEME! ENGLISH PEOPLE BACK-WARD IN THESE KIND OF THINGS. [Goes below.

#### MR. TOM COLLINS, LATE M.P., AND EUGENE ARAM, DECEASED.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Knaresborough, Monday.—Sark tells me that from earliest youth Knaresborough has possessed for him two overpowering attractions. One lingers round Eugene Aram, with whom, of course, he had no personal acquaintance. The other centres upon Tom Collins, first returned to Parliament for Knaresborough in the Exhibition year. For a while, in the stress of political weather, Tom migrated to Boston, representing that borough from 1868 to the General Election in 1874, when he temporarily disappeared from the Parliamentary scene. He came bottogh from fees to the General Election in 1674, when he temporarily disappeared from the Parliamentary scene. He came back with the blossoms of May in 1881, Knaresborough once more having elected its distinguished townsman.

SARK well remembers Tom Collins's reappearance. It was in the time of trouble about Bradlaugh and the oath he at

Lawson had his little joke at the expense of the unsuspecting Thomas. When the new Member for Knaresborough presented himself at the table, and claimed to take the oath, Sir Wilferd, textually following a proposal earlier made by STAFFORD NORTH-COTE in the case of BRADLAUGH, moved for "a Select Committee to ascertain the views of the new Member on the question of the sanctity of an oath."

sanctity of an oath."

This was fun to the House, but it was nearly death to Tom Collins. Brought up in the odour of sanctity—his father was either rector or vicar of Knaresborough—T. C. found himself under the awful suspicion of being even as Bradlaugh. He was assailed with remonstrance and advice from well-meaning persons in all parts of the country. Tracts were thrust into his hands as he left the Commons. Occasionally he found two or three in the voluminous recesses of his umbrella. The climax was reached when a petition was forwarded to him on behalf of Bradlaugh asking him to present it. After suffering in silence for a space of nearly two months, he one day rose and claimed the indulgence of the House whilst he made a personal statement repudiating the insinuation of Sir Wilfrid. repudiating the insinuation of Sir WILFRID

The House never took Tom seriously, and roared with laughter throughout his lachrymose lament.

As for WILFRID LAWSON, he was incorrigible. at this time about the long delay following upon the Knaresborough Election before the new Member came to take his seat.

"Very odd," said Sir John Moweray, "that Tom Collins doesn't turn up."

"Not at all," said Sir Wilfrid; "he's waiting for an excursion

This jibe was founded upon rumour, probably as groundless as that about his views on the sanctity of an oath, that T. C. was, not to put it too strongly, penurious in his habits. He certainly did not waste money upon his tailor. It was his boast that the COLLINS family had lived in Knaresborough for two hundred years. The cut and the decayed colour of his evening suit suggested that it had been a heirloom for at least half that period. But his decreased was evilton for at least half that period. But his dress-coat was quite a gay young thing compared with his umbrella. It was credibly asserted that this was the third structure of the kind made in England. Faded to dust-colour, it was tied midway with a piece of tape, a restriction

dust-colour, it was tied midway with a piece of tape, a restriction it resented by bulging forth in a series of gingham carbuncles. Tom and his umbrella were inseparable. Wet or fine he always carried it with him, nor would he trust the precious relic to the chances and changes of the cloak-room. He brought it into the lobby and carefully deposited it behind the chair of the principal doorkeeper, holding him personally responsible for its safety. It was after reposing in what he fondly believed was a place of security that T. C. one night found his old companion stuffed with a bundle of tracts, detailing with graphic power the downward course and ultimate end of an atheist.

SARK was recalling these things as we stood this afternoon on

ward course and ultimate end of an atheist.

Sark was recalling these things as we stood this afternoon on the site of Knaresborough Castle, looking on the beautiful scene spread around, with the river flashing far below beneath the bare trees. There is singularly little left of the Castle; a cluster of roofless rooms over a ruined gateway; here and there a bit of bowed wall, standing up like the fangs of a mammoth jaw. We see the old church, the peerless bridge, the houses clambering up the hill, growing quite red in the roof with the effort. On the pleased reflection suddenly breaks a voice. A boy had followed us as we made the tour of the Castle. Now he came to a halt, and, with faraway look, began to reel off some topographical details snipped, as he subsequently confessed, from a guide-book.

He was the oddest automaton I ever saw in biped form. His waistcoat, unbuttoned, disclosed the poverty of a single brace. One hand was thrust in his pocket, the other hung limp at his side. With eyes fixed on the horizon, and total absence of expression on his face, he began to tell how the castle was built in

pression on his face, he began to tell how the castle was built in 1017; how it was destroyed by Crumvell; how, near by, was the Dropping Well; also the cave of Mother Shippon, who had prophesied, amongst other things, that carriages would some day

cross the bridge without horses.

"She meant the railways," said the Oracle, parenthetically, without variation of tone or withdrawal of his gaze from the horizon. Further prophecy portended that after the said bridge had fallen three times, the end of the world would come.

"It's broke down twice," said the Oracle, absolutely unworded at the imminence of extestrophe.

"It's broke down twice," said the Oracle, absolutely unmoved at the imminence of catastrophe.

"A mile distant is the cave where Eugene Aram murdered Houseman. This Castle was built in 1017 and was destroyed by Crumwell." The wretched boy had evidently started off again, the words he uttered having no meaning for him. The circle completed, he went on, like the donkey going round and round in the track drawing water from a well.

"Drop a penny in the slot," said Sark.

So the boy's mouth being at the moment wide open, stuffed with details about Mother Shippon, I inserted twopence. He snapped his chops to secure it, and, en route to Westminster, where to-morrow the new Session opens, we went on to see the cave where Eugene Aram murdered Houseman.

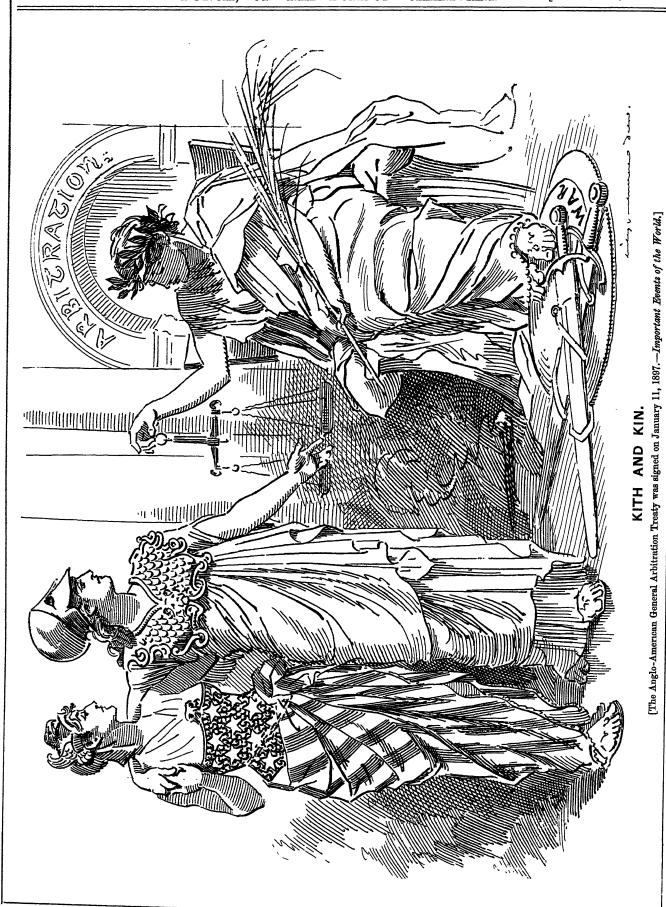
cave where Eugene Aram murdered Houseman.

How-dam They?—The "Elephant and Castle" is threatened with demolition. And yet we always thought that the Elephant's safest home—like that of the Briton—was his castle at Newington.

SHAKSPEARE adapted to the recent interruptions at the confirmations of His Grace of Canterbury and of His Lordship of London, "Methinks, my lords, they do protest too much."

THE "Kentish Fire" Coal-ition.—For convenient quotation and future reference, the "Kent Coast Coal Co." should initial itself thus, "The K. K. K. K. "

A PLACE WHERE THE SWITCHBACK AND BLOCK SYSTEMS ARE ADMIRABLY COMBINED.—Eton College





WARE HOUNDS!

Huntsman (exasperated by field of thrusters out for a gallop). "That's right, Gentlemen—jump on 'em '—jump' on 'em! They're a confounded nuisance, ain't they?"

#### THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FAMILY TREE.

Just a year has gone by since Punch celebrated
The Anglo-American Family Tree;
Not long for first-fruit of his hope has he waited,

The end that last year appeared vain to foresee.

Storm-clouds were then looming, and threatened to shatter The Tree that had stood for a thousand long years; MONBON and his doctrine seemed destined to scatter, Not bind its twin branches in two hemispheres.

"Twere "previous," may be, to rejoice while the Senate Hangs back and still holds the Great Treaty unsigned; Yet the best of two nations have settled to pen it, Though "Silver" and Populist tongues be unkind.

The good old "R. A." has begun by electing Two Yankees to honours that Art has in store; Let us hope the example will soon be infecting Our once-removed cousins on New England's shore!

What achievement than this more resplendent, more glorious,
Were wrought for the Diamond Year of our Queen?
To make Peace in Victoria's era victorious,

World-wide, like our Family Tree, evergreen!

Q.E.F. save for an occasional "Punitive Expedition," just to keep one's

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SINCE Jos Sedley ceased to be Collector of Boggley Wollah, came home to England, and didn't marry Becky Sharp, we hear little of Collectors, or District Officers, as they are called in parts of India not adjacent to Boggley Wollah. One, Colonel Barrow, having accomplished his modestly veiled, but really important share of governing India, has compiled a little volume showing exactly what is an Indian District, and how it is governed. Lord Dufferin, who has been reading the work, testifies that intimate acquaintance with the machinery of the administration of a District, made possible by Colonel Barrow, "helps one very far towards understanding one of the great mysteries of the age, the government of India." The Baron.

#### THE EFFECT OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

WE cull (and use the term in strictly orthodox fashion) the following advertisement from a contemporary:

OACHMAN-GARDENER.—Wanted Country Situation. Ride and drive vines, roses, chrysanthemums, carnations, &c. Best testimonials, boots.

Here is an unfortunate Jehu, one of the race of None-shy, compelled to solicit employment, indubitably by reason of the introduction of the motor-car, "to ride and drive" the choicest specimens of horticulture. We have heard of Puck on Pegasus, but never before of even a fairy gardener who could urge his career on anything vegetable except thistle-down. Probably the best subject for the "coachman-gardener" to tackle would be none of the blooms which he mentions, but that glory of Bushey Park, the horse-chestnut.

#### EGOIST ECHOES.

On what subject must a man be tart? Who on other's Art-work is the tartist? Artist!
What writes he without of taste one particle? Article!What of Rhadamanthus he—on paper? Aper! What pens he, this Zonlus sour and scrubbish? Rubbish. At what is he good, besides smart slating? Hating! What to true High Art deems he High Treason? Reason. What style supersedes the fair and placid? Acid! What shows courtesy a dolt's distemper? Temper! What will prove you free from critic crudeness? Rudeness!

ONLY TO BE MADE IN ENGLAND .- The Indian Famine Fund.



Little Boreham (relating his Alpine adventures). "There I stood, the terrible Abyss YAWNING AT MY FEET-WAING AT MY FEET——
That Brute Brown. "Was it yawning when you got there, or did it start after

YOU ARRIVED ?"

#### LOS JINGOS AMERICANOS.

MUY SENOR MIO, - Unto the Campos Eliseos, where I am now sojourning, the news from my country come more quickly than in past days they travelled from Villarta to Argamasilla de Alba. Therefore, I receive intelligence of the war in the island of Cuba. Dios de bondad, qué guerra! What a war, what a genera! If only I could go there with my faithful squire and my good Rocinante, I would fight the canalla infame as I fought the monstrous giants, whom poor, ignorant Therefore, Señor Don Punch, I write Sancho Panza called windmills! Even now to your honour these few words of Sancho would not wish to be governor of warning to your country. I hear that

But it is not of this that I write to Punch. There is across the ocean, beyond the Azores islands, even as far as Cuba, a certain country discovered by one Cristo-still in their pockets the surplus of the Azores islands.

chief men, or senadores, who are called "jingos" in their barbarous language. The "jingo" is usually a madman. Válame Dios! Such is the custom of the country. And of these wild senadores the greatest is one Jingo CHANDLER. There is also Jingo MILLS and Jingo CAIL. They are not caballeros, and therefore I, Don Quijore be LA MANCHA, of the order of the knights-errant, despise them. If it could be, I would send my faithful squire with a stout cudgel to cure their madness. But cannot depart from the Campos Eliseos. But he

your people love the Americanos, so much even that they always yield to them, and BAL COLON, a worthy navigator. This country is inhabited by a wild and savage people, the Americanos, ruled by certain Have they not still in their pockets the

thousands of pesetas which they ought to have paid to the English for some dispute in the distant sea of Behring? After an arbitration, to whichever side the judges may award them, are not the pesetas always in the pockets of the Americanos? One of the knights-errrant of ancient days said, in the Latin tongue, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." I would speak likewise, but the Americanes never being eiffer. but the Americanos never bring gifts. Nevertheless, your nation, still yielding to the Americanos, wishes now always to decide their disputes in this manner. Caramba! Will the English submit everything to the Jingos CHANDLER, MILLS, and

Some, even of my friends, have said that I was mad. But I was not so mad as these violent leaders of the Americanos. And neither these jingos nor I could be half so mad as the English must be if they believe that the Americanos love them as brothers.

Of your honour the most affectionate servant, QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA.

#### POOR OLD DIBDIN!

THE SONG OF THE DOUBTING SAILOR-MAN.

["His verse is rough, his sentiment affected, his nautical knowledge extremely slender." "Such facts as we know about him tell us that he was never at sea in all his life, and we are asked if the set of stupid and drunken mountebanks of whom he trills were the men who won our empire."—
Mr. Quiller Couch and the "Daily Chronicle" on
Diban, "the sailor-man's poet."]

AIR-" Tom Bowling."

HERE a sheer fraud lies poor old DIBDIN, Late darling of each crew! No more we'll sing the songs he fibbed in.

He's been shown up by Q.! His "form" was fudge; "form" was fudge; he was "a beauty"!

Sea-lawyer, sham, and "soft." He never went on main-deck duty! He never climbed aloft!

Old DIBDIN ne'er from shore departed,

His humbug was so rare!
His "Jack" we held so gallant-hearted,
Was just a drunken bear.
We 've called him plucky, generous, jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft!
But Q. informs us 'twas sheer folly.
Jack was a swab, a soft!!!

Yet DIBDIN has made pleasant weather For sailors in all lands. We cannot "chuck" him altogether

We cannot "Chuck" him altogether
At Mister Q.'s commands.
KIPLING, maybe, the tar's ear catches,
At DIBDIN Q. hath scoffed.
But though Q. shoves him under hatches,
His fame still sounds aloft.

#### At the Play.

Araminta. Why, dearest, do you call those witticisms, which the comedians deliver with such ready humour, "gags"?

Corydon (the playuright). Because they

always stifle the author.

[Smiles no more during the evening.

Honours Uneasy. "THE pen is mightier than the sword, men say.

Not to get New Year Honours or high pay! The only "Pen" whose claims our rulers reck

Is not the one which writes, but drawscheque.

No RISK WHATEVER .- "A safe robbery.

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Poetic Philosopher, "slumming" in the East End, comes upon a reminiscence of a day that has gone for ever.

When all the sky is thick and foul, And hidden is the light of day, When whistles yell and drivers howl, I love to wend my silent way 'Mid murky crowds down dirty streets, Where costers ply their roaring trade, Where cast-off garments jostle sweets, And gin hobnobs with gingerade.

Great flashes, orange, tawny, red, Break through the gloom with fitful flare, And swell the curtain overhead, Eager its murky folds to share—
In raucous tones the butcher bawls
Of wondrous "bits" of flesh and bone,
Where, heaped upon the reeking stalls, Is meat most oxen would disown!

The pungent perfume of the fish, Anointed with some midnight oil Blends bravely with the steaming dish Of whelks or winkles on the boil. The scent of fruit regales the nose, The crack of nuts salutes the ear, And fizzling sausages suppose Cheap banquets that the poor hold dear.

Yes; all are poor, the poor who live ()nly to strive to keep their breath, And check the water through the sieve That daily holds the hand of Death. Mark how their eager gaze will note This wealth of garbage spread around, How some lean loon without a coat.

Will grand a farthing like a nound! Will spend a farthing like a pound!

Food for the mind I also view A barrow full of prose and rhyme, A holocaust of thought once new, Made aged by the lapse of Time.

Names famous joined with those that died
Without a gleam of Fortune's sun— Yet all successful: side by side Are SHAKSPEARE and the poet BUNN!

A stout Apostie or the first A votary of pen and ink,

Must to his creed and cult be true,

The other authors "wheel" and A stout Apostle of the Few, Though other authors "rink."

I may not buy the meat that's red, The winding winkle must refuse, But some fair book I'll take instead, And pay a tribute to the Muse!

This shall be mine—a quarto tome, That once was gay with gold and green, An Isamael that's strayed from home, At two-pence it is cheap, I ween. open it-my eyes grow dim-My famous drama, Golden Crest!— Unacted, yet inscribed, "From him to Her he always will love best."

#### On the District Railway.

THE MACTAVISH enters a compartment at the unholy hour of 9 a.m., and is greeted with a chorus of, "Hallo! what brings you out so early?" Replies the exiled chieftain, "I'm bound to put in an appearance at the Auld Baillie." General illege and search of payernary informations. appearance at the Auid Baillie." General silence, and search of newspaper information. "The while," continues the Laird, "I'm summoned on the Grand Jury, and by St. Andrew! wud I'd to find true bills against every fause chiel in this same railway machine!"

against every rause oner in one same ran-way machine!"
The MacTavish's wrath is only appeased by the provident discovery on the part of one of the doomed passengers of a flask of the dew, which never failed to restore a Hielander's spirits. "SWEET LAVENDER!"

#### A BIRD STORY.

DEAR SIR,—We possess a jackdaw named Jock, who is accomplished in all the tricks of his tribe. This amusing old fellow has recently shown a startling proof of intelligence. He had been distinctly seedy for some time, and we hardly knew what to do for him. Little did we guess his own resourcefulness! My wife takes "Carper's Little Liver Pills," and missed a box from the shelf where she is accustomed to place them. As Joek is a star of the first resistance in the first resistance of the first resistance in the same trades. the first magnitude in purloining trifles, we the first magnitude in purioding trilles, we suspected him, and, sure enough, caught him in the very act of taking two of the pills. Feeling that the creature's reasoning faculty (I dislike the word instinct!) was a sure guide in the matter, we furnished him with three more boxes of pills. I feel quite setisfied myself that he took I feel quite satisfied myself that he took them regularly according to the directions, as he is now in perfect health.

Yours always,

QUERY BY AN OLD TOPER.—Why should not the axiom "No heel-taps" be applied to Rugby football?

#### Riverain Music and Law.

[The Daily Telegraph says that the noises on the Thames disturb the lawyers of the Temple, and that process will ensue.]

Thry say some preparation
Will be made for orchestration
Of the melodies that nobody begrudges. But we only hope that those Who this concert diagnose Will curtail the many solos of the judges.

NOT TO BE BEATEN BY THE GAUL.—Our irrepressible joker (not yet captured) writes, "The French may talk of their Mussulman Deputy, Dr. Philippe Grenier, but I beg to point out that years ago we had our muscle-man M.P. in the person of ex-prizefighting Gully, representative of Pontefact at St. Stephen's."

NOTE BY OUR THOUGHTFUL THEATRICAL CENSOR.—Mr. OSCAR BARRETT is a lad in who has been too long a lad out at Drury

PETTY LAW-CENY .- Solicitors' fees.



#### AN AMENDMENT.

Vera. "What must I do about the Billsomes' Dance? I dislike the Billsomes, and I don't want to go." Phillis. "Well, say you regret you are unable."

Vera. "Wouldn't it be more truthful to say I am unable to regret?"

# SOME INTERESTING DRAMATIC SOUVENIRS.

Mr. Punce understands that the following mementoes, documents, &c., illustrating the history of the English Stage during the past sixty years, have already been offered to the Committee of the Drama Section of the Forthcoming Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court.

Autograph Letter, dated 1837, from A. Super (then performing at the Adelphi Theatre), accepting invitation to a tripe and onion supper at the "Grimaldi's Head."

Note, dated 1897, in the handwriting of Mr. Firz-Note, dated 1897, in the handwriting of Mr. F. W. HOWARD WALKERON'S private secretary, signed by Mr. F. W. himself, regretting that his onerous duties at the Picca-dilly Theatre (where he is playing Second Footman in the First

Act) will prevent him from dining with the Duchess of DurBOROUGH, but promising to turn up later in the evening.

Set of Barcelona Nutshells (Early Victorian), presented by
the Gallery of Queen Victoria's Own Theayter to Mr. GASPAR
MCGURGLES, on the occasion of his first appearance as The
Demon of the Sulphur Swamp. (Lent by his daughter, Miss
CARDELLY MCGURGLES)

CORDELIA MCGURGLES.

A Bottle of Stage Champagne (vintage 1837, très sec), as pro-

vided from the Property Room of the Period.

Do. do. (Fizzler and Cremo, '84, at 75s. per doz.), as supplied for use of choristers in Ball-Room scene at the Limelight Theatre, 1897.

A Complete Series of Curious Costumes, Headgear, &c., worn by representative Sandwichmen from 1870-90. (Lent by the

by representative sandwichmen from 1000-200. (Lient by the leading Advertisement Contractors.)

Models of Light Refreshments (sandwiches, oranges, buns, porter, gingerbeer, &c.), provided for the consumption of Pittites at Leading Theatres. (1840-70.)

Do. do. (Neapolitan ices, chocolate creams, and coffee), supplied to same. (1870-97.)

Research of Flowers presented to Miss Flasca Fluffingham at

Basket of Flowers, presented to Miss Flasca Fluffingham at conclusion of Second Act of Damp Squibs at a matinée at the Nullity Theatre. (Lent by Miss F. F.)

Little Account for same (unreceipted), presented to Miss Fluffingham on a subsequent occasion (by the Florist).

Pair of White Berlin Gloves, worn by A. Super, in his celebrated character of an Adelphi Guest during the Early Sixties.

Pair of Bright Green Leather Shoes, first introduced by Mr. Firzsuper in the First Act of Smarties at the Decadence Theatre (April 1 1898), and subsequently copied by his routhful adelphical in the First Act of Smarties at the Decadence Theatre (April 1 1898), and subsequently copied by his routhful adelphical in the First Act of Smarties at the Decadence Theatre (April 1 1898), and subsequently copied by his routhful adelphical in the First Act of Smarties at the Decadence Theatre (April 1 1898), and subsequently copied by his routhful adelphical in the First Act of Smarties at the Decadence Theatre (April 1 1898), and subsequently copied by the Floristy.

(April 1, 1896), and subsequently copied by his youthful ad-

mirers about town.

Managerial Manifesto announcing that "in spite of the phenomenal and stupendous success of the New Drama, Balderdash, the management are compelled, in consequence of arrangements previously entered into, to withdraw it at the summit of its popularity."

Do. do., stating "that the new Comedy, The Dead Horse, having failed to attract, the theatre will be closed until further notice." (Rare.)

Curious specimen of Ancient Theatrical Gag. (From the torture collection of Chesnut Weeze, Esq.)

Catch-phrase, with mechanical application, constructed to produce one hundred laughs of increasing intensity at every performance. (Still in use.)

Presentation Programme, commemorating the 14th Consecutive

Evening Performance of an Ibsen Drama. (Very rare.)
Folding Campstool (the identical one occupied by Miss
Patience Limpert outside the Pit Door of the Lyceum Theatre for ten hours previous to every first Production under the Present Management).

Handsome Suite of Stage Furniture (occasional table in deal, richly gilt; two chairs, do. do; one ottoman in striped scarlet and white satin, secondhand; cabinet in canvas and plaster, painted) used for mounting Interior in a Comedy of High Life,

circ. 1837-1867.

Several Illustrated Catalogues, containing specimens of real modern and antique furniture in all styles, as supplied for exhibition upon the Modern Stage, and tending to show the immense progress made in Dramatic Art within a comparatively recent period. (Lent by the Manufacturers.)



A STIFF COURSE.

A. J. B-le-r (inspecting the jumps). "THIS IS A NASTY ONE!" LORD S-L-SB-RY. "YES-BUT TOTHER'S NASTLER!"

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WHOSE FAULT?

"HE CAN JUMP BUT HE WON'T!"

#### FROM A CLERICAL DIARY.

December 26, 10 A.M.—Must work hard at the January number

December 26, 10 A.M.—Must work hard at the January number of our Puddleton Parish Magazine this morning. Horrid nuisance, especially as I had wanted to get away for a short holiday after my hard work at Christmas. The average circulation of the magazine is only about seventy-five, and there is invariably a deficit on it for the year, which I have to pay. At the same time, perhaps it would hardly be wise to discontinue its appearance. How "on earth am I to fill the two pages of "local matter"? Well, anyhow, I must try.

11.30.—Had just begun, by wishing my parishioners a Happy New Year, coupled with the hope that they would support our Blanket Club better, when young Harry Tominson came in. Harry lives in London, where, according to his own account, he works as a journalist, though I never could discover to what papers he contributed. He is staying with his father, our village doctor, for Christmas, and came to pay his respects to me. I was obliged to tell him that I was busy, and explained the nature of my occupation. In the most good-natured way, he offered to relieve me of my work. "Seventy-five copies a month!" he exclaimed, when I had told him about the magazine; "why, if you'll let me run the thing for a time, I'll multiply the circulation by ten!" Doubtless he is over-sanguine, but still, as a journalist, he knows far more about these matters than myself. Accordingly, I have handed over to him a report of the school treat, and the figures of the offertories (sadly low, as usual) for the last month, and asked him to urge the duty of liberal giving upon our readers, beside making the magazine as attractive in other ways as possible. "Don't fret yourself, old cock," were his parting words. "I'll make the thing simply hum!" Harry is rather given to slang, I fear, but undeniably he has a kind heart. I start on my holiday to Eastbourne this afternoon.

his parting words. "I'll make the thing simply hum!" HARRY is rather given to slang, I fear, but undeniably he has a kind heart. I start on my holiday to Eastbourne this afternoon.

Eastbourne, January 1.—HARRY's confidence in himself was not misplaced, after all. Early this afternoon I received a telegram from our Puddleton stationer, which ran: "Whole edition (150) of magazine sold out. Orders for two hundred more Shall we reprint?" Of course I answered, "Yes." What a talent that young man must have! Feel quite anxious to see the magazine. With a sale, say, of three hundred a month, it will bring us in a nice little profit at the end of the year.

January 2.—Most astounding and unpleasant letters from

January 2.—Most astounding and unpleasant letters from

home this morning—all abusing me fiercely on account of the magazine, and several of them saying that actions for libel would be brought against me. What can have happened? Must return home at once.

Later.—I can hardly hold a pen for indignation. That young scoundrel has ruined me! The magazine consists of a string of offensive personalities. Here are a few of the paragraphs in it:

"The offertories were very low last month. We may inform Mrs. Migson that, in spite of her attempt to conceal the coin in her glove, we are quite aware that it is a penny, and not a half-crown, which forms her weekly contribution. Even if she wants more of her money to defray her wine-merchant's bill, she ought to give more than this."

"Remarkable event! Our readers who were not in church on Christmas Day will hardly believe us when we say that Mr. DIXON wore a really clean collar on that occasion. Such extravagance on his part is, we believe, quite without precedent. As he is in a reforming mood, why doesn't he give his wife a new wig? Her present one is very ugly, and wouldn't deceive a cow."

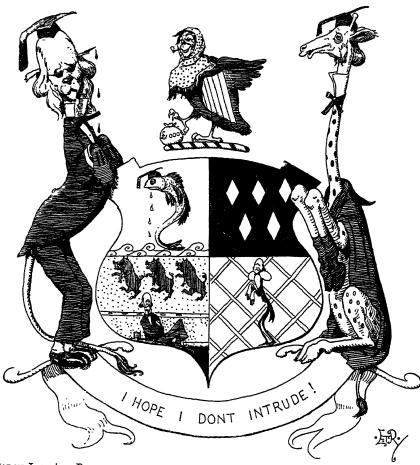
"Miss Lavinia Johnson (whose real age, let it be known, is forty-five, if it's a day) was again escorted home on Sunday by Captain Peckham. Fie, fie, Lavinia! Remember we have our eye upon you!"

"The Lord Bishop of the Diocese will preach in the parish church on January 24. We strongly recommend all sufferers from insomnia to be present on this occasion. His Lordshin's sermons have been known to cure the most obstinate cases. By the way, why doesn't his Lordship pad his calves?"

January 4.—When I called on the perpetrator of these outrages, he had the effrontery to say that he had only carried out my wishes by making the magazine readable, and by increasing its circulation. This only could be done, he added, by imparting a flavour of the New Journalism to it, which he had accordingly given it.

This morning's post brought me a letter from my patron, suggesting that I should resign the living at once, and another from the Bishop, asking for an immediate interview.

# READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS): OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



BARON L-CKY OF DUBLIN.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a highly cultured fish out of water guttée de larme; 2nd, on a field(-night), five lozenges emollient for the voice; 3rd, on a ministerial bench highly proper a sage of renown souffrant under a surfeit of bores rampant; 4th, on ground repugnant fretty a lecky-daisy or irish sensitive plant verdant (green). Crest: An irish harpy surcharged financially on the pounce proper. Supporters: Dexter, a british lion (LL.D.) of literature indented sable, and suitably arrayed in gants-de-suède and ahoes elastically sided; sinister, an heraldic camelopard sejant flexed at all joints, academically habited, collared, capped, and gowned.

#### OH, LOR! OR, THE WAYS OF OUR WATER-WAGS.

(Some way after Southey's "Lodore.") How do our Water-wags worry and bore? Here they come laughing, and there they come chaffing,

And here they come growling, and there they go scowling;
They wrangle and squabble, And get in a hobble; They haggle along With language that's strong.
With wise wag and nod irate
Maunders the Moderate; With anger excessive The perky Progressive, Of purchase importunate, Proclaims it unfortunate That dwindling majority Impairs his authority.

And so they go bothering, and pothering, and "sothering,"

And bah! you're obstructive!-and yah! you're anothering! With endless tongue-wagging

Continuously nagging,
And bragging, and gagging, and fagging,
and lagging,

And jeering, and sneering, and yapping, and snapping, And fiercely hear-hearing, and stormily

clapping, Orating and prating, and mutually slating, What time for sound water supply Lon-

don's waiting. Till we wish 'twere all o'er With the endless uproar! That's how our water-wags worry and bore!

#### At Aylesbury.

First Sportsman. First we drew a blank and then we had a check.

Second ditto (who is financially feeble). Why on earth didn't you unite the two, and bring the result back to me?

"MADE IN GERMANY."-A curious mis-MADE IN GERMANY. — a culture installed on the part of swarms of ultra-patrictic Teutons, who emigrate to America, and avoid that glorious military service which alone makes a German a gentleman, and gives him the right to slay his non-military compatriot without serious consequences. They possibly consider the United States "the happy farther-land," whither they go and fare better.

#### A NEW "ADDRESS TO THE DEIL."

(A long way after Robbie Burns.) On, thou! whatever name, great Sir, Prince Lucio, or plain Lucifer, As up-to-date, thou may'st prefer,— They're nane great catches, Whether derived frae classics or Frae brimstone matches!—

Hear me, great Alias, for a wee! The leddies winna let thee be.
Ye'd think sma' pleasure it could gie,
E'en to she-novelist, To drag thee frae the obscuritee
Wherein thou grovellest.

But leddies wi' an eye to fame, Take leeberties wi' thy dread name, Thy wanderings frae thy woefu' hame,
Lang fixed afar;
Painting thee neither black, nor lame,
As auld fients are.

True, Wullie Shakspeare ance did say Thou wert "a gentleman." But to-day

The leddies limn thee masher gay,
Modish and maudlin',
Weel-groomed, about the public way
Daundering and dawdlin'.

The Prince of Darkness as a dude, Callow and cantin', crass and crude, Compound of prater, prig, male-prude, And minor poet,

Is-weel, I wadna' here intrude The word—ye know it!

MILTON and GOETHE whyles might summon forth, a graund, grim, Thine image

Thine image glum'un;
But 'tis beyond the scribblin' woman
Wi' truth to paint ye.
She 'll mak ye a reedeeculous rum'un,
Unsex, half saint ye!

Thrasonic Bobadil the bard, Wha deems Parnassus his backyard, Tried to invoke thy presence—hard;
As did great "Festus."
But somehow their attempts, ill-starred,
Scarce centerest us.

They havena' the true grit and grup In mighty shape to raise ye up.

They wha'd on genuine horrors sup,
An' scare a body,
Are not inspired by raw pork-chop,
An' whuskey-toddy.

But oh! a leddy-novelist's Deil Wad scarcely gar a bairnie squeel! Like Hotspur's "sarcenet oath," v we feel It hath nae terror.

Is lathen dagger ta'en for steel A greater error?

Sorrows o' Satan! Aye, good lack!
'Tis bad to paint ye owre black;
But thus whitewash ye! Oh!quack!quack!
His truest "sorrow"
Satan from the she-scribbler's knack

Must surely borrow.

Weel, fare-ye-weel, Auld Nickie-Ben! Ye 've borne some wrangs at hands o' men, But frae the writing-woman's pen, She-poet-prophet,

Gude luck deliver ye—and then Ye'll no dread Tophet!

Prase-Pudding Hot for the I. L. P.-The Keir-Hardie Norseman of the implacable I. L. P. does not seem to have taken much by his headlong anti-Liberal charge in the North. The Cleveland voters ap-pear to be "Pease-at-any-price men."

NOTE BY OUR OWN INDEFATIGABLE AND IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (still dodging).—Q. What is the gem most appreciated by an association football player? A. The toepass, of course.

#### CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

(Received through the Dead Letter Office.)

["It is understood that the statue of the late JOHN BRIGHT, recently erected in the Central Hall at Westminster, has been sent back to the studio of the artist who fashioned it."—Evening Paper.

What! what! what! Eh! eh! eh! Well, it might be worse! I wish I could get away from the end of Pall Mall West. What! what! what! But who would take care of my horse? Eh! eh! eh! What! what! what!

(Signed) G-RGE THE THIRD.

The influence of the unseen upon Art is noticeable in the garden adjoining the Temple Station of the District Railway. Now for some years I have been seated on a music-stool from which I would have risen if I could. But the foliage conceals me from public view—in the summer time. And yet the cabmen laugh as if moved to merriment by some absurdity in their immediate neighbourhood. It is the influence of the unseen.

(Signed) J-HN ST-RT M-LLS.

Ship ahoy! Now, you landlubbers, as you are allowing us to go ashore, why should not I get down from my mast-head? You put up ladders to cover me with laurels and other evergreens last October. I hoped then to be able to be off. But no, you kept me with my face turned to-wards the Thames. I am tired of trying wards the Thames. I am tired of trying to see what they are having for dinner at the Grand Hotel by looking down the kitchen chimney. So, ship ahoy! Every man should do his duty. So take me down and let me go to the Adelphi to see Terriss in Black Eye'd Susan. Ship ahoy!

(Signed) N-LS-N AND BR-NTE.

For nearly two centuries I have been pointing my baton at the cats behind the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall, now given over to the members of the Royal United Service Institution. I have worn during that lengthy period the scanty costume of an early Roman. I am weary of a stony existence, and not even the conversation of the workmen building the annexe to the office of the Charity Commissioners in-terests me. So let me go home to the ruined studio of the wretched sculptor who fashioned me

(Signed) J-M-S THE SECOND.

I was greatly pleased when I heard that a statue had been erected to my worthy friend and colleague in the agitation against the Corn Laws, John Bright, in the Houses of Parliament. But I am not sorry that he is going back to his native studio. The public never appreciate us. I myself have been standing somewhere in Camden Town in the line of route of the yellow 'busses for a long time. I am a sort of shelter for passengers on foot attempting to escape from passing cabs and furniture vans. And those who seek protection abuse Free Trade! I notice that is a play upon words, but I assure you it is no joke. Take me away. Let me join my old friend John! (Signed) R-ch-rd C-bd-n.

I am only a voice. But I can give you my name. You will recognise it as one who has much to be thankful for. Never having had a statue, I need not ask to be taken home.

(Signed) OL-V-R CR-MW-LL.

A "BILL" WE HOPE TO SEE IN CIRCU-LATION AGAIN VERY SOON.—Lord WILLIAM BERESFORD.



HOW WE LIVE NOW.

Prim Old Gentleman. "My dear young Lady, it is hardly possible for me to explain to you the nature of this—Cause Célèbre, without entering into details."

Very Modern Young Lady. "My dear Man, what do you take me for? Why, I read the Paper every Morning!"

#### On Exmoor.

Hurdles (who always hunts with the stag, to Curdles, who affects the fox). Again I didn't see you out to-day.
Curdles. No. I've no time to put a penny on the slot. I prefer a certainty.
[Gallops off triumphantly to the Valley of Rocks.

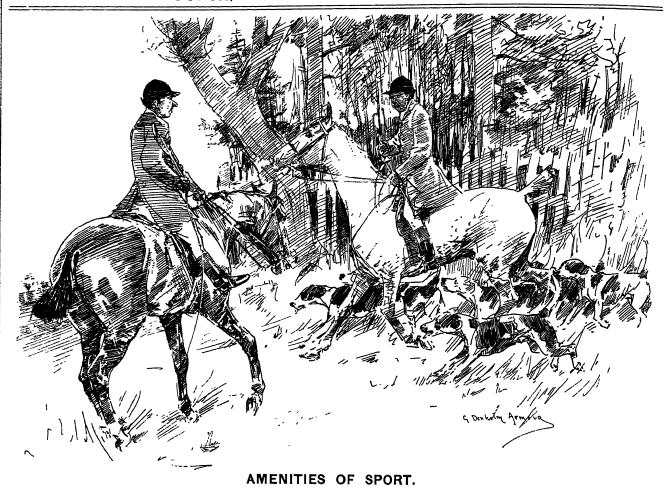
#### The Amenities of a Flat.

Lady MacSwitcher (who happens to be in the kitchen responding to the whistle of the lift). Yes! What is it?

Voice from below. Well, old darling, 'ow many loaves shall I send up?

[Cook and baker changed on the same afternoon.

THE FINE YOUNG "ENGLISH GENTLE-MEN."—Some English M.P.'s have been to see ABDUL HAMID, and the St. James's Gazette is moved to remark "what a lot of cant there must be about us when ordinary English gentlemen can visit, without any popular disgust, a potentate of whom Mr. GLADSTONE speaks as he does." Mr. Mr. CLADSTONE speaks as he does." Mr. Punch claims the italics here, for the "gentlemen" who are "ordinary" and "English" are Mr. "Tommy" BOWLES and Sir ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Yet who would ever have dreamt of dubbing Mr. Bowles "ordinary"? And as to being "English," has not Mr. Punch already presented Sir Ellis with a "Ready-Made Coats-(of-Arms)" motto, "We came over with the Cunardors"? Cunarders "?



Huntsman (to Whip, sent forward for a view). "Haven't ye seen him, Tom?"
Huntsman. "If he'd been in a Pint Pot, ye jolly soon would!"

Whip. "No, SIR."

#### THE HAIRDRESSER'S REVENGE.

ELIZA mine—fast flow my tepid tears—
Thou pride of my tensorial delight!
What cruel fate that both our young
careers

A callous parent should attempt to blight!

Wild thoughts of murder wander through my head,

Fierce indignation thrills me to the core,
As thou to me art permanently dead,
Revenge is what I ask, and nothing
more!

So, when thy father comes some sunny morn

From his secluded and suburban home, To have his scanty tresses deftly shorn And seek the soft shampoo's alluring

foam,
Then shall my fury long controlled out-

Then shall the vials of my wrath o'erflow
In one resistless stream—but not at first—
Some method in my madness I will
show.

With smile polite and expectation bland,
As is my wont, my victim I will greet,
And with a tender, yet remorseless hand
I'll tuck him tightly in the wooden

But—though his garment I arrange with

No pad of cotton-wool I'll place to check

The constant falling of his withered hair In irritating fashion down his neck.

With ghastly glee his hirsute growth I'll trim

In manner diabolically planned, So that for weeks 'twill be a curse to him, And straight on end persistently will



Then in the basin, stern and uncontrolled, His head I'll plunge—he is but half my size—

The water shall be very, very cold, And all the soap shall get into his eyes.

Next the machine brush in its circling

course
Shall give expression to my deadly hate,
What joy to use it with resistless force
Upon the much-abhorred paternal pate!

The whirr of busy wheels shall sound aloft,
From my revenge I will not be debarred,
And though your father's voice may ask
for "soft,"

I certainly intend to give him "hard."

And then—ah! happy thought—while still

he squirms
And 'neath the brush each tender
temple smarts,

I'll ask him, and in strong, expressive terms,

If he intends to break two loving hearts; Resistance will be absolutely vain,

And as his hair I frantically frizz,
I shall be hoping soon to see again

Your cheerful countenance, my dearest 'Liz!

LITERARY. —A novel just published is called *The Proctor's Wooing*. The Queen's Proctor's wooing generally occurs after the matrimonial ceremony, so possibly the romance is, as suggested by an Oxford correspondent, the romance of a Bull-dog Show.



Mrs. Flowerly. "Come and sit down, Mother darling. You must be tired!" Little Master Percy. "You may have my Chair, G'an'ma!"

#### THE YELLS.

A SONG OF THE CITY OF UNLIMITED SHINDY.

(Containing a Moral for Lord Mayors, County Councillors, and others of the Powers that be.)

HEAR the Yahoos with their yells-

Hear the Yanoos with the John Raucous yells!

Of what a world of Bumbledom their blatant blaring tells! How they bellow, bellow, bellow, On the humid air of night!

While each girl, in red and yellow, Shrieks and capers with her "fellow," In sheer lunatic delight;

Keeping time, time, time, In their trampings through the slime With coarse Cockney cachinnation, which unmusically swells

From their Mænad-like emission of wild yells, yells, yells— The roaring, loud outpouring of mad yells!

Hear the bellowing minstrel's yells—
Brazen yells!—
What a world of savagery their toneless

tumult tells! Through the darkness or the light.

How they ring out day and night! From the brazen, blatant notes, All out of tune! What a dismal ditty floats

From the family with rough and 100py throats

Blessèd boon!-Oh, from throttles like cracked bells, What a gush cacophonous voluminously wells!
How it swells!

How it dwells On split top-notes! How it tells Of the asthma that impels To the gasping and the rasping
Of the yells, yells, yells,
Of the shrill, harsh, inharmonious, husky,
yells, yells,—
Of the howling and the growling of the
yells!

III.

Hear the clamorous coster yells—
Strident yells!—
What a tale of throats inflamed their tur-

bulency tells! In our ears, by day and night, How they shriek to our affright! Too much scarified to speak, They can only shriek, shriek

Out of tune,
In a clamorous appeal to the attention of
the buyer,
In a mad expostulation with the heedless

should-be buyer,
Rising higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,

Now—now to sell, or never,
To the pale-faced throngs who moon!
Oh, the yells, yells, yells!
What a tale their chorus tells Of despair!

How they rattle, rush, and roar! What a horror they outpour On the bosom of the moist malodorous air! Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging And the slanging, How the custom ebbs and flows; Yet the ear distinctly tells, By the patter, And the clatter,

How the bidding sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the
shindy of the yells,
Of those yells—

Of the coarse, hoarse, blaring, tearing, croaking, clamorous coster yells,

By the wrangling and the jangling of the yells!

Hear the yowling of the yells—
Newsboy yells!
What a world of eager heed their bellow-

ing compels!
In the gas-glare of the night,
How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone! For every sound that floats From those husky urchin throats

Brings a groan.

And the nippers—ah! those siril shouters, those swift skippers,

"On their own!"

Those shrill shouters, those shill shall should be shrill shouters, those shill shall shal O'er the slippery, slithery stone— They are neither man nor woman—

They are simply subterhuman Gutter-ghouls: And each urchin vahoo yowls, As he howls, howls, howls,

Howls, Hertry-speshul!!!" And he yells, And his impish bosom swells

And his impish bosom swens
With the rapture of his yells,
Demon-dancing as he yells
The last horror of the time
In a sort of Runic chime.
"Orl the winners, Sir!" he yells.
How he yells!!!
Keeping briskly up to time
With the latest "Orful crime!"
Oh! the nuisance of those yells.

Oh! the nuisance of those yells, London's everlasting knells!—
'Arry's, 'Arrier's yaboo yells!Guttersnipes in grit and grime!— Tipsy cads and roystering swells! Shrieking women smeared with slime!-

Gutter-grovelling, uttering yells!

Oh! those hideous London yells!

Can't we check them? Is't not time
To set limits to the vells,
The awful, lawful, iawful, savage yells,
yells, yells.

Our barbarous, bestial, blatant, Babel
Yells?

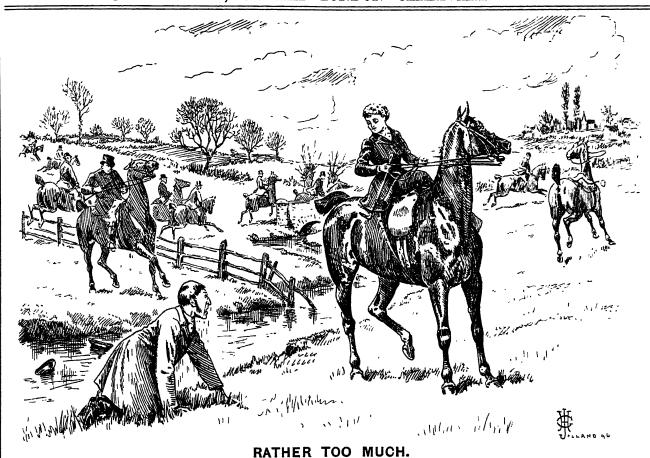
THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH. — Mrs. THACKERAY RITCHES SAYS, "The literature of the lower Self is all the vogue just now." That dainty and delightful writer or the lower Self is all the vogue just now." That dainty and delightful writer is right, and the name she gives it is an apt one. But is it very different from what used to be called "the literature of the Upper Shelf?" The main change seems to be that what were once known as "Gentlemen's Books" are now "written by ladies for ladies." and read onenly by all. The new way, like the New Woman, who The new wav, like the New Woman, who has opened it up, seems hardly an improvement on the old.

IBSEN UP TO DATE. - According to the Humanitarian, the gloomy playwright IBSEN describes Christiania as "the most immoral town in Europe." IBSEN lives there, and he ought to know. Should he emigrate, would the morals of the Norwegian town be improved?



ON THE HIGHWAY TO KHARTUM.

["One of the objects for which we occupied Dongola was because it was on the highway to Khartum."—Lord Satisbury's Speech, January 19, 1897.]



Lady (having just cannoned Stranger into brook). "OH, I'M SO SORRY I BUMPED YOU! WOULD YOU MIND GOING IN AGAIN FOR MY HAT?"

#### PREPARING FOR WAR.

Scene-Examination Room of Candidates for the Army. PRESENT-Examiner and two Aspirants for selection.

Examiner. And now, gentlemen, I will just ask you a question

Examiner. And now, gentlemen, I will just ask you a question or two about your physical training. Were you either or both or neither in the Volunteer Cadet Corps at your college? First Aspirant. No, Sir, I did not care very much about drill. Second Asp. Yes, Sir, I was advanced from private to corporal, and then from sergeant to lieutenant.

Exam. (taking notes). I see. How about shooting? First Asp. Never tried, Sir. Fact is, not exactly in my line. Second Asp. I have won a heap of prizes at Bisley, and made the highest possible frequently.

Exam. (as before). I see. Done anything in football or cricket? First Asp. No, Sir. I prefer study to that sort of thing. Second Asp. Captain of the fifteen and the eleven when I was at school.

at school.

Exam. (same business). I see. And now how about swimming and horsemanship?

and horsemanship?

First Asp. Again, Sir, I am rather out of it. But dare say I could manage both if I tried.

Second Asp. Hold the Albert Medal, Sir, for saving the life of a little chap who tumbled overboard mid Channel, and was accustomed to horses long before I got into Eton jackets.

Exam. (as before). Yes. And about athletics, generally?

First Asp. Rather weak in them, I am afraid, Sir. Doctor has passed me, but I am careful of my health.

Second Asp. Haven't got that excuse, Sir. I am as hard as nails, weigh twelve stone, and thoroughly enjoy a fifteen miles' junt before breakfast.

Exam. (closing note-book). I see. Well. No. 2 has come out

Exam. (closing note-book). I see. Well, No. 2 has come out very well, but as No. 1 has answered three dates more than his competitor, and, as there is only one vacancy, I fear I must pass him and refuse the other.

First Asp. Thank you, Sir. I'm greatly obliged to you. Second Asp. Well, I'm blowed—or rather would be if I weren't in such prime condition!

Scene closes in upon the Future of the British Army.

#### SHOTS AT SCIENCE.

(Page from the Diary of a Literary Explorer.)

["Mr. F. C. Selous, in his speech at the Sports Club, insisted that big game shooting was a benefit to civilisation."—Daily Paper.]

Monday.—Really must get my lecture upon "The Planetary System" into shape. Promised to deliver it to the Currypowder Islanders before the end of the week. Let me see, "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" Stopped at this moment by the appearance of a tiger.

Tuesday.—Got the tiger-skin all right. Ready to be sent home.

Tuesday.—Got the tiger-skin all right. Ready to be sent home. Now for my lecture. Let me see, should say something explanatory as a prologue. Bother, interrupted again. This time by a pack of wolves.

Wednesday.—Wolves invisible. Lovely day. Now I will be quiet and get through my work. Simple enough; only have to write for the Currypowder Islanders. Let's see—here we are, "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" What was that? The trumpeting of a wild elephant. Well, I am prepared for him. Thursday.—Awfully tired! Jumbo gave me a pretty dance! I really must get on with my lecture. "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" Again! Noise of rattlesnake! And there's a cobra! And yonder a python!

Friday.—Splendid sport, yesterday. But now as I have to

a cobra! And yonder a python!

Friday.—Splendid sport, yesterday. But now as I have to deliver my lecture to-morrow, must really set to work. Wouldn't disappoint the Currypowder Islanders for millions. "The system consists of Venus, Mars.—" As I live, a grisly!

Saturday.—Busy cutting up the bear's meat. Really excellent eating. But who's to help me to discuss— Why, as I live, there come the members of the Currypowder Islanders! And that reminds me that I promised to read them a paper on "The Planetary System." Too late now. They seem disappointed! Only thing to do—ask them up to dinner..... They have just finished, and are thanking me. I suggest that I would be willing to read them my paper on "The Planetary System"—as much as I have done of it. They reply that they believe the contents of it already. However, they would be pleased to have my MS. if I wrapped it round a bottle of whisky. Greatly gratified. Most successful meeting I have ever known.



# ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

(Mr. Robert Roundabout to his Sister-in-law.)

No. VII.—OF LETTERS—OF BREAKFASTS AND THEIR EATERS—OF A CHILDREN'S PARTY-OF JACK HORNER-OF THINKING.

My dear Lucy,—Jack has been good enough to undertake to hand you this letter before he leaves you to-morrow on his return to Cambridge. I admit that this method of postage is not too safe, letters having the most fatal facility for clinging to coat pockets long after they should have been delivered. Still, sooner or later you will receive it, even if Jack, as will probably be the case, has to post it to you from Cambridge. I send Jack back to you, as I received him, in first-rate health, a much-improved shot and a most vigorous wielder of his knife and fork. Indeed I might have contented myself with invoicing him to you in the terms of trade, as for example thus:—Madam, in accordance with your obliging order, I have to-day despatched to your address, by rail, One Boy, containing, in addition to the usual articles, one large sole (fried), two mutton-cutlets, two sausages on mashed potatoes, two poached eggs, toast, butter, marmalade, and two breakfast-cups of best Chinese tea. I trust the parcel will arrive in good condition and give satisfaction. MY DEAR LUCY,-JACK has been good enough to undertake to marmalade, and two breakfast-cups of best Chinese tea. I trust the parcel will arrive in good condition and give satisfaction. Hoping to be favoured with a continuance of your esteemed commands, I beg to remain, Madam, your obedient servant, &c., &c. This, my dear Lucy, is no exaggeration. I am telling you the plain and simple truth about your astonishing boy's breakfast this morning. Your own experience will convince you of my veracity. Oh, happy time of boyhood, dura puerorum ilia (Jack will construe), how far off appear the days when I too thought nothing of such a breakfast, nay, when I could top up with deep draughts of beer from the mighty three-handled

tankard that circulated from hand to hand after our undergraduate teasts. I don't know how it is, but it is a fact that men of my age lose the tremendous gusto for breakfasts that inspires the young to these feats. We dally with a kipper or toy with a boiled egg, and are glad to get the meal over in a dyspeptic hurry while the youngsters are still engaged on the second of

the four or five courses into which they divide it.

It was very good of you to lend me the boy for a few days, and I can assure you I enjoyed his visit very much. He's a fine, manly, straightforward lad, fresh, breezy, and unaffected, and, as for looks, he is just the counterpart of what his dear and, as for looks, he is just the counterpart of what his dear father was in the old days, not an Apollo, but something far better, an open-faced, clean-complexioned, bright-eyed, and crisp-haired English youth. And they all liked him. Old Carrotters, who, as you know, was once in the ministry, and still the contraction of the ministry, and still the contraction of the contraction. retains that air of portentous mystery which goes with the possession of secrets de Polichinelle, even he relaxed under JACK's influence, and was good enough to smile at some of the boy's undergraduate stories, and to flavour them afterwards with some reminiscences of his own days at Cambridge. Nor was Jack in-attentive to the fair. Miss Carruthers—she's a pretty little touzled fair girl, with an attractive move—has no reason to complain of the way in which JACK helped her over various fences when she came out with the other ladies to the shooting lunch, or of his readiness to turn over the leaves of the drawing-room or of his readiness to turn over the leaves of the drawing-room ballads with which she softened our manners nor allowed them to be savage after dinner. In a word, he's a good boy, and though your gentle mind hates the idea of killing, I must tell you that the way in which he pulled down some of my tallest pheasants in Parson's Grove left nothing to be desired. Even the veteran Carruthers, who has missed rocketers with glorious certainty through more than twenty seasons was good enough to say that if Jack went on like that he would make a shot—in time, and approbation from Carruthers is praise indeed. And the boy was just as good, and played his little part with the same simple good nature all through. We all went to a pretty children's party at the Hardys', not far from here. They had secured him for one of the tableaux—"Cinderella and the Prince"—and I can assure you he made a most excellent Prince, and showed a princely grace in his kneeling position at the fair —and I can assure you he made a most excellent Prince, and showed a princely grace in his kneeling position at the fair Cinderella's feet. And when the children came on and acted their fairy-stories, finally dancing round Jack, who was robed in a huge fur coat and beard to represent a captured giant, the applause and enthusiasm were deafening. But the hero of the performance was Sebastian Hardy, aged three-anda-half. To this promising actor the part of Jack Horner had been allotted, his duty being to dance gaily on to the stage holding a dish in his hand, to put in his diminutive thumb, to pull out an imaginary plum and devour it with the self-appreciative joy associated with his character. When his turn came, Sebastian, who is but lately out of frocks and into shorts, danced on, but forgot the extraction of the plum. A second performance of the who is but lately out of frocks and into shorts, danced on, but forgot the extraction of the plum. A second performance of the whole series having been called for by the audience, SEBASTIAN appeared again, and on this occasion went through the thumb and plum part with a conscientious gravity that moved us all to fits of laughter. This, however, offended the actor, for when he was brought round to the front of the house and placed in his mother's arms he complained loudly that "When I comed on the first time and forgot my plum nobody laughed, but when I comed on again and put in my thumb, jus' as uncle Sydney told me, everybody laughed." Afterwards, Sebastian honoured me by sitting on my knee. The Sandman had strewed his little eyes with dust, but the boy had a fine spirit, and being determined to see the performance out would not yield to sleep.

mined to see the performance out would not yield to sleep.

So I told him I knew he wanted to think—that all grown-up So I told him I knew ne wanted to think—that an grown-up people always thought at this particular hour, and he ought not to be an exception. "How shall I think?" he asked. "Close your eyes very tight," I said; "we always close our eyes when we think." Whereupon his eyelids dropped, and in half a minute the little fellow was asleep in my arms. I often wish I could think like that.

Good-bye, my dear Luor, I hear the dog-cart coming up the drive for Jack, so I close this letter with all good wishes, and remain now, as always, Your affectionate brother, Bob.

# SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

A SCHEME has been laid before Mr. Punch for an agency which is evidently intended to operate in friendly rivalry with one referred to—we regret to say, in sadly unsympathetic terms—by the Daily Chronicle, and established to conduct "Smart Society" on "Night Tours through Whitechapel and Darkest London."

The Rival Undertaking is based on somewhat similar lines, as will be seen from the preliminary advertisement submitted to Mr. Punch, to which he has much pleasure in giving publicity in

these columns:

THE WEST-END EXPLORATION AGENCY, LD.

Head Office, Second Floor Front, Three Colts Lane, Bethnal Green, E.C. Branch Agencies at Whitechapel, Poplar, Limehouse, &c.

This Association has been formed for the purpose of organising Night Tours through Belgravia and Lightest London, and thereby affording Members of the Industrial Classes an opportunity of exploring, under experienced guidance and in perfect safety, those parts of the West End to which access has been hitherto either impossible or attended by considerable risk.

On application to any of the agencies, and payment of a small on application to any of the agencies, and payment of a shall fee per head, parties desiring to make the tour will be personally conducted by competent guides, specially selected for their knowledge of West End purlieus, and their intimate acquaint-ance with members of the "Exposed Tenth."

Arrangements have been entered into whereby tourists will be Arrangements have been entered into whereby tourists will be enabled to penetrate to the inmost recesses of certain Pall Mall Clubs, the mere thresholds of which have never before been crossed by the most enterprising outsider, and it is confidently anticipated that the appalling spectacles which may be beheld during a brief inspection of such notorious haunts as the "Athenaeum," "Reform," "Oxford and Cambridge," and "Brooks's" Clubs will surpass the most vivid and thrilling descriptions of Socialist Orators and Feminine Novelists!

Excursionists may should they desire it, enter into conversa-

Socialist Orators and Feminine Novelists!

Excursionists may, should they desire it, enter into conversations with various members of a population composed almost entirely of Habitual Ecclesiastics, Legislators, Officers of both Services, Casual and Professional Littérateurs, and Artists, who, if civilly interrogated, may be expected to furnish invaluable information as to their earnings, occupations, morals, and manner of life conceptive.

ner of life generally.

As a rule, the most irreclaimable aristocrats will be found As a rule, the most irreclaimable aristocrats will be found perfectly tractable, provided they are given to understand that they are the subjects—not of idle curiosity, but—of genuine interest and sympathy. Some caution, however, should be observed in localities known to be frequented by Bishops, and it is distinctly unsafe to make advances to a Retired Admiral, unless with the sanction of the Conductor.

Flying wists will be raid to Smort Dinner Parties from which

Flying visits will be paid to Smart Dinner Parties, from which the Tourist will carry away an ineffaceable impression of the Torpid Satisty that may almost be said to be the chronic condi-

Torpid Satiety that may amount to state to the Upper Classes.

Typical "Balls" and "Crushes" will be prominent features in each excursion, affording as they do Ghastly Examples of the terrible overcrowding, insufficient clothing, and imperfect ventiterible overcrowding, insufficient clothing, and imperfect ventiterible overcrowding, insufficient clothing, and imperfect ventiterible overcrowding. lation, in which so many uncomplaining sufferers are compelled

tation, in which so many uncomplaining surfers are compelled to pursue their sole means of enjoyment!

Facilities have been afforded for the inspection, during any time of the Day or Night, of the most Fashionable Hotels by Parties accompanied by a Conductor, who will be empowered to take them over the various Fating Rooms and Dormitories, whether occupied or otherwise.

Ledy inhebitants of the Fast Find wishing to see this reighbour.

Lady inhabitants of the East End wishing to see this neighbourhood can be conducted round during the day, and see their jaded and overworked sisters of the West End engaged in their unremitting toil of "driving," "calling," "leaving cards," "bazaar-holding," and other equally arduous and poorly-remunerated occuing," an pations.

Owing, however, to the condition of some of the chief West End thoroughfares, under no circumstances can Ladies be permitted to join the Night Tours.

Male Fact Endown if switchly attined (white chief control of the chief was the chief control of the chief control of the chief was the chief control of the chief was the chief control of the chief was the chief control of the chi

Male East Enders, if suitably attired (rabbit-skin caps and "pearlies" must not be worn), need apprehend no danger at any time, provided they remain close to their conductor, and follow

time, provided they remain close to their conductor, and tonowhis advice in all emergencies.

In conclusion, the Organisers venture to express their sangume expectation that these Tours will prove not only popular, but of inestimable benefit to the community at large, tending, as they must, to promote mutual goodwill by encouraging closer intercourse between the Masses and the Classes, and enabling intercourse between the Masses and the Classes, and enabling intercourse between the Masses and the classes, and enabling intercourse monotony and triviality of the existence to which Fashion's merciless decree condemns her countless thousands of White Slaves! And so says Mr. Punch. White Slaves! And so says Mr. Punch.



# THERE ARE WAYS OF PUTTING THINGS.

Assistant Milliner. "I SHOULD CERTAINLY ADVISE THE YELLOW TRIMMING, MADAM. I ALWAYS RECOMMEND YELLOW FOR A—BRUNETTE!"

# THE HAWARDEN CAMPAIGN.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards to us the following news clipping. He unfortunately forgets to mention the paper from which it is taken, but, judging from internal evidence, we are inclined to the opinion that it is the War Cry:—

THE CAPTURE OF HAWARDEN

is by this time matter of history. Everyone knows how the General approached the Castle single-handed, and how, after a short but brilliant attack, he forced the garrison to capitulate. But how complete the victory was, comparatively few have realised. Not a single newspaper, so far as we are aware, has taken any notice of the fact that, before the General left the field, MR. GLADSTONE WAS GAZETTED CORPORAL.

Since then, all has been activity at Hawarden. The Castle has been turned into barracks, and the library into a doss-house. The Corporal is indefatigable. He is already known as "Hot and Strong William." He is saving souls by the thousand, and recruits are pouring in so fast that twenty orderlies are busy night and day taking down their names. On Sunday last

A GRAND PARADE

was held on the lawn, when the Corporal for the first time wore his uniform. It would be madness to attempt to describe the enthusiasm of the meeting. Never was such singing heard as when the Corporal led off the Army, marching backwards, and beating time with both hands. But the climax was reached when the hymn was ended, and the Corporal called a halt "Attention!" he cried, in his well-known silvery voice, which rang clear and distinct to the uttermost rank of that huge armament. "Now then, are you ready?

PREPARE TO RECEIVE—SALVATION!"

In an instant the air was darkened with caps and bonnets. Thirty thousand voices cheered; thirty thousand "Hallelujahs!" rent the welkin. In a scene of unparalleled excitement,

"Hot and Strong William" Laid on the Sulphur and BRIMSTONE!

Every soul was saved. Satan has no chance against the Corporal. The Hawarden campaign is simply A SERIES OF BRILLIANT VICTORIES.



### A MODEST REQUEST.

Effic. "DADDY, I 'SE HURTED MY FINGER!" (No answer.) (Crescendo.) "DADDY, I'SE HURTED MY FINGER!!" (No answer.) (Fortissimo.) "DADDY, I'SE HURTED MY FINGER!!!" (No answer.) (Reproachfully.) "DADDY, YOU MIGHT SAY 'OH'!"

#### THE SHEPHERD'S SOLILOQUY.

A POLITICAL PASTORAL.

ARGUMENT.—Menalcas, after the first pastoral contest of the year, museth, not without misgiving, on the show made by his "ragged sheep," as compared with the woolly flocks of Damætas.

I HAVE heard of the "Shepherd of Salisbury plain,"-The title just now seems a trifle suggestive — But I, Malwood's Shepherd, had counted on gain From a flock which seems proving a little bit restive. That Salisbury Damætas will mock at my plight, And swear that my song is the merest stale crambo; While Palæmon will settle our contest at sight, And give him the prize, though we're Arcades Ambo!
My "smart strokes of rustical raillery" \* tell,
Ah! more than they did in Virgilian Pastoral. But as to my sheep—well, they scarce do as well
As those of Damætas, of which he seems master all.
Mine make lots of "cry," but for "wool"—well, I fear
That "my jolly sheep" find the ground "false" and
"shifty"; With "bones barely covered" when time comes to shear, of yield to my scissors methinks they'll prove thrifty.

I did deem that hopeful Hibernian lamb
Would prove pretty woolly. Perhaps it may—later:
The Armenian ewe and the Soudanese ram. The Armenian ewe and the Soudanese ram.

Don't seem to come on, and my grief is the greater.

Damætas is smiling. He hints, with that grin,

I'd best "shear my swine," like a Mævius. Confound him!

He is so sardonic! My flock does look thin.

How unlike the folded one gathered around him!

Page! Rea! Yes you're beggars at blesting, you are.

ma! Baa! Yes, you're beggars at bleating, you are. Much cry, little wool! Primrose-Polito will chortle. He's waiting the rise of the right Shepherd's star Afar from the haunts where we hustle and hurtle.

\* VIRGIL'S Third Pastoral or Palæmon.

Dalmeney or Malwood? Our quarrel, our split,

Damætas declares we to mutual folly owe. Well, well, I don't mean that my skill and my wit Shall serve but for gracing the triumph of—Pollio!

Baa! Baa! Well, I'll fold you again for the time,
But your pastoral promise is not very cheering.

I do hope you'll plump up and be woolly and prime,
And not prove all cry when the time comes for shearing!

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

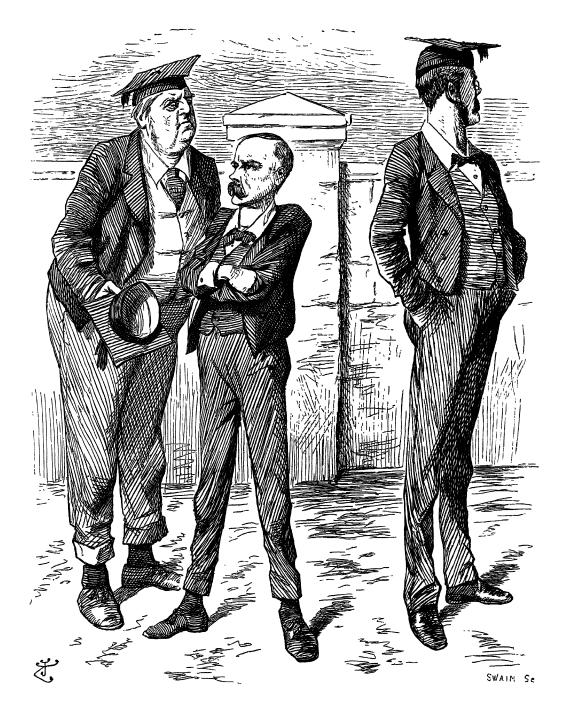
ONE of my Baronites writes:—"I have just been reading Many Cargoes, by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, which has made me laugh much and often. It is a collection of short stories, reprinted from various periodicals, and dealing with men that go down to the sea in ships of moderate tonnage; stories told with such fresh and unforced fun that their drollery is perfectly irresistible. It is by no means safe to assume that what has struck oneself as delightfully humorous will seem equally so to others, but, bearing that fully in mind, I find it hard to conceive anyone with any sense of the ludicrous at all reading 'In Borrowed Plumes,' 'Low Water,' 'The Rival Beauties,' or, 'A Harbour of Refuge,' for example, and preserving his gravity unimpaired. I have never heard of Mr. W. W. Jacobs before, and, for anything I know, this may be his first literary voyage, but I can only say that the sooner he puts to sea again and brings back more cargoes of the same goods, the better I shall be pleased."

The Baron. ONE of my Baronites writes : —"I have just been reading Many

#### Signs of a Slump.

"OVERTAXED Ireland means the Union's doom," Cried late "United Ireland," much elated. But now some think that, as a Party boom, Overtaxation has been—over-rated!

THREE PER CENT-INELS.—The Bank of England guard.



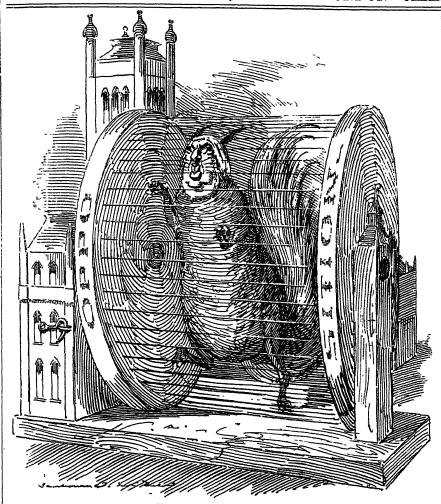
# "THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR."

MASTER H-RC-RT. "I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO TACKLE HIM?"

MASTER S-ND-RS-N. "AH! I DID THINK OF IT-BUT IF I WERE TO HIT HIM AND HURT HIM, I
WOULD NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF!"

["Although the Irish Unionists were prepared for an exhaustive discussion on Irish overtaxation, they hesitated to vote against the Government."

Daily Paper.]



"NO FORRADER!"

Squirrel Harcourt. "Dull work! So monotonous! Wish I were Rosebery!"

#### "FORGIVE AND FORGET."

(Recollections of an Argument.)

"Forgive" comes first. Perhaps in time "Forget" may follow after— (I urge no duty in my rhyme,
To excite irreverent laughter). The mind and heart are things apart, The heart forgives a debt, The mind remembers. Then for Although you mayn't forget! Then forgive,

I really wish that you were not To this assertion driven, That injuries only when forgot Can truly be forgiven!
An act unkind still borne in mind Is unforgiven yet, You say—and so you can't forgive, Because you can't forget!

Forget, forgive—you make them one,
Or quite misplace the latter,
And yet, when all is said and done,
Our difference need not matter.
Should quarrel be 'twixt you and me,
Our heart and mind we'll set,
My heart—most freely to forgive,
Your mind—to clean forget!

LATEST FROM CONSTANTINOPLE. — The SULTAN declares that he cannot touch the European concert pitch without being de-

#### A VERY PRETTY DANCE.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,-Just before I start for old Birch, who has told my parents that he will be "glad to see his young friends" this afternoon as ever is, just let me give you a suggestion. When I get back to my beastly school, there won't be much chance for me to write to any old friend like you. There will be the regu-lation note to the Pater, when it isn't addressed to the Mater. And we can't say much in that.

What I want to tell you is that we have had a very good time of it these holidays. My brother and I have been to heaps of dances, and wherever we have gone, we have found "The Washington Post." Do you know how to dance it? We do. You take hold of a girl by both hands, try a double shuffle, and then slide off to another part of the room and repeat the performance. It's great fun, and far better than the Barn Dance. It knocks Sir Roger de Coverley into fits.

This is what I suggest—and Brown Major says it would be first-rate—add to

Major says it would be first-rate—add to the double shuffle a Highland fling and the old hop waltz, and the dance would be twice as jolly. Then when you were standing out, you might keep up the fun by jumping about in time to the music until you were ready to begin again. If that wouldn't bring down the house (as they say at the theatres), I don't know what would. And now, dear old Punch, I must

dry up, as I'm off to Birch's. Tips amount to three pounds, seventeen shillings, and four pence. Not so bad in these

mard times. Eh, old man?
Yours, signing himself affectionately,
In the Hall,
Waiting for the Cab. Black Monday. JONES MINOR.

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

An old and not yet extinguished Admirer writes to a former Flame on the recurrence of her Natal Day.

I'm writing to you, love, by night.
The house is hushed, the gas turned out, My candle's solitary light Proclaims the darkness it would flout. The fire with ill-conditioned heat

Has just demanded copious coal; ve got a feeling in my feet
That tells my slippers' want of sole!

And yet I write, because I know To-morrow will your birthday be. In memory of long ago You will expect a line from me!

little scrawl to bid you wealth, And health, and happiness, and joy, The wishes that we made by stealth When you were girl and I was boy!

I wish them! Are you satisfied To find I still am true in heart, Or mourn the vow you once denied In order we might ever part? No matter! Still I picture you An angel in a village church;

Your eyes and bonnet both were blue, And left confession in the lurch! Yes! there demure and even prim

You drove my mind to earthly things,
Yet, as I've said, an angel slim,
You only needed little wings.
And so to-day again I went
To that same church where first we met.
Ah! then I knew the Love you lent,
But gave it with the curse Regret!

Days upon days, and years on years,

Have swiftly come and slowly gone!

We travel through the Vale of Tears Wide separated and alone! But still, whatever be our fate,

I yearly wander to the shrine Where once—I need not give the date-I knew your prayers were wholly mine!

And so to-night accept this leaf Culled from the pocket-book of Time, Who may not play the part of thief
In this our lifelong pantomime.
I climbed the Mountains of the Moon,
And fell.—Why should I thus repine?
I am a grey-haired Pantaloon
But you are still a Columbine!

#### EXPECTED ADDRESSES.

THE rule relating to post cards, "the address only to be written on this side," is abolished. It is probable that the letter sorters will now be compelled to decipher such addresses as the following

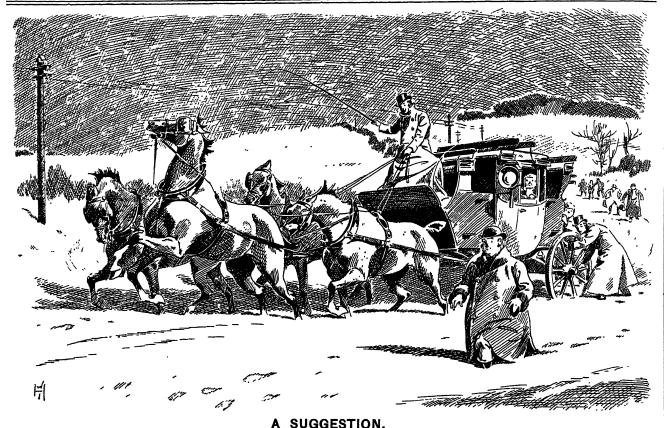
Miss Jones, Mudby-in-the-Marsh, Love to Granny, Essex. Mrs. Smith, 22A, George Street,

ADOLPHUS sailed yesterday for Australia, W

Army and Navy Stores, The number is 45266798 Westminster, Also a pound of sausages, S.W. With lots of kisses to my own darling Miss HOPKINS,

Laburnum Lodge, The Park, from your ever Brixton devoted BERTY BODGER

P.S. the footbawl match beggins at 1 past 2. Master Tomkins dont be late Dr. CANE's school, birchington.



(For Frozen-out Foxhunters and their Idle Studs, if the Winter is setting in now.)

#### THE CENTENARY OF THE TOP-HAT.

Introduced at the beginning of January, 1797. (Some Suggestions for its Celebration.)

Its instant and universal discontinuance. The erection of a statue of the inventor in every market town of the United Kingdom, wearing a topper, in white marble. This will serve as an object lesson in in-

artistic incongruity for future generations.

A general distribution of existing specimens of this headgear among necessitous and deserving scarecrows throughout the

A grand parade and march past of guys, attired with the surplus stock of silk hats now lying in London warehouses.

A short Act to be passed through Parliament at an early date this Session, consigning the manufacturers to Hanwell, in accordance with the popular opinion expressed in the phrase, "As mad as a hatter."

Football players, like the cricketers of frotrail players, like the cricketers of fifty years ago, to wear it on all possible occasions, viz., before, during, and after a match. The Rugby game, with one continuous "scrum," to be encouraged with this object, but Association players may be permitted to substitute a topper, or succession of toppers (professibly obtained) cession of toppers (preferably obtained from the onlookers), in lieu of the ordi-nary leather football. A "free kick" to be given to any person objecting. Its compulsory adoption by "gutter-

Its compulsory adoption by "gutter-snipes," bicyclists, bargees, freshmen (when wearing their gowns), burglars (on and off duty), port-admirals, commandersin-chief, tennis-players, telegraph-boys, heralds, Kings-at-arms, beef-eaters, High-landers, sea-cooks and their eldest sons in

Mayors in their pride, bishops in full canonicals, hangmen in full swing, freemasons in full fig, 'Arries in full force on a Derby day, Tommy Atkins in full war-paint, the horse-marines in full charge, and by other inappropriate classes of the community. Its simultaneous use by such conspicuous individuals as the foregoing will thus prove equally surprising and ridiculous, and should result in its speedy disappearance.

A Centennial Ode in its honour, with a prize of one hundred guineas, to be competed for by the praiseworthy gentlemen who versify for So-and-so's pills or for Thingamy's soap. The winning composi-tion to be printed on the leader page of every daily paper (not among the advertisements). This should have a similar effect to the previous suggestion

The prompt elevation of every Member of Parliament who sits on his own, or, better, another Member's hat, to "another place." Quite a respectable number of stove-pipes (not "wind-bags") can thus be daily sat upon, and snuffed out and extinguished.

A poll-tax on members of the Stock Ex-change, undertakers, coachmen, "John-nies" and other research and other persons who would die nies, rather than be seen without a topper.

The general imitation of the Christ's Hospital head-dress, since no satisfactory covering appears to be before the public.

The abolition of the custom of raising the best to belies which is minority to the

the hat to ladies, which is ruination to the brim.

The abolition of 'busses, which are responsible for the "bashing" of the vast majority of "cylinders."

The abolition of weddings, where they are de riqueur; ditto, ditto of Church Parade and Piccadilly.

The abolition of the English climate, the male line, tide-waiters, mudlarks, Lord | destructive of the silk integument.

The abolition of artists, who, as is generally the case, come a cropper when attempting to draw its difficult curves.

Or, lastly, and best of all, the universal

introduction of the most becoming, serviceable and comfortable form of headgear, to wit, Mr. Punch's cap, with stripes and turned-up brim, and, like the great Panjandrum, with the little button on top. Ladies may adopt Toby's hat and feather. So mote it be.

#### GO, JINGO, GO!

(A Jingoldsby Lay up-to-date.)

I"My belief is that a well-working arbitration

["My belief is that a well-working arbitration system would be an invaluable bulwark to defend the Minister from the Jingoes."—Lord Salisbury. "Gengulphus, or, as he is usually styled in this country, 'Jingo,' was perhaps more in the mouths of the 'general' than any other saint, on occasions of adjuration."—Ingoldsby.]

EARL BEAKIE hadde a sainte, olde style, And hys name it was Sainte Jyngo. J wythe a Y, Y wythe an N, N wythe a G, G wythe an O, They called him, then, Sainte Jyngo!

Lorde Sollie sayd, "Olde saintes doe fail, They are notte real stingo! I looke to Ar-bi-tra-ti-on To save us from Sainte Jyngo!"

Nowe is notte this a prettie shifte In diplomatic lingo? J wythe a Y, Y wythe an N, N with G O is nowe no GO! Good-bye, poore olde Sainte Jyngo!

A CURIOUS LANDSCAPE FEATURE OB-SERVABLE AT MONTE CARLO IN THE EARLY Spring.—Blue Rocks.

#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Jan. 19.— In accordance with formal notice and ordered usage, Parliament met to-day for the third Session of the fourteenth Parliament of the QUEEN. Actually, Session opened last night at Devonshire House, where the Duchess was "at home." Earlier where the Duchess was "at home." Earlier there were the Ministerial dinners. On the other side of the hedge Spencer House, which will conveniently hold the full muster of Liberal Peers, was hospitably open, whilst the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD entertained his colleagues of the Commons in the dining-room on Richmond Terrace, where last year, according to his cheerful custom, Lord Onslow, le vrai Amphitryon, gave his Tuesday dinners. All the Minisgave his luesday dinners. All the Ministers, and some ex-Ministers, met later at Devonshire House, adding to the brilliancy of the throng the distinction of their uniforms.

"Reminds me," says SARK, looking round the room, his eye glowing as it fell on the warlike figures of JESSE COLLINGS and POWELL WILLIAMS with swords girt at and PowerL WILLIAMS with sure street their slim waists and suspicion of horsetheir sum wasts and suspicion of horse-pistols in their coat-tail pockets, "of an-other famous gathering under the hospi-table wing of an earlier but not more charming Duchess. It was at Brussels, you know, one night in June eighty-one years ago. Wonder whether we shall have Waterloo to follow?"

Plenty of good stories going round, echoes from the several dinner tables. The best is coupled with the name of Lord RATHMORE, even yet better known as our dear DAVID PLUNKET of the Comas our dear DAVID FIUNKET of the Commons, whose appropriation by the House of Lords did more than anything since they threw out the Compensation for Disturbance Bill to aggravate the other House. RATHMORE, though in full dress like the rest of the Premier's guests, didn't wear his sword. Many genial inquiries why.
"Oh!" said the BURLEIGH BALFOUR, "in

the present overtaxed condition of Ireland,

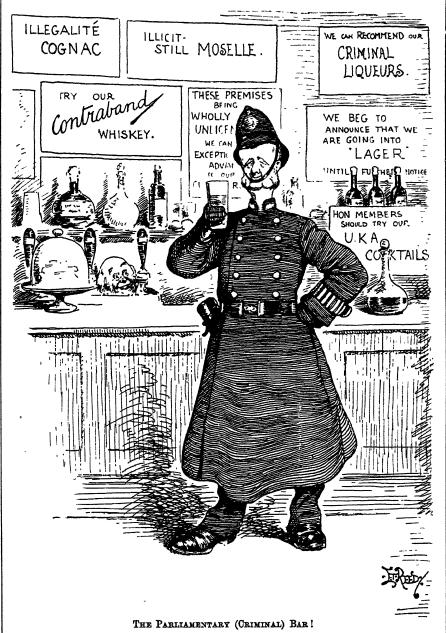
he feels he cannot afford the luxury of a sword."

"Do you mean to imply," said RATH-MORE, "that I have temporarily deposited the weapon with my Financial Relation?"

That was last night.

That was last night. But ancient usage must be observed. It demands formal opening of Parliament, with Lords Commissioners on Woolsack before Throne, a Queen's speech read, mover and seconder sporting their uniforms, the Leaders from either side of the table crossing swords above it. All this duly took place to-day in more than ordinary humdrum fashion.

Only for Jemmy Lowther, scene and proceedings would have been hopelessly flat. Man and boy, with few intermissions arbitrarily enforced by ungrateful constituents, Jemmy has for thirty-two years sat and listened on opening days of revolving Session to recitation of ancient sessional orders coming days from Cromwellian orders coming down from Cromwellian ages. No one savs "Aye" or "No" when question is put from Chair that these be Te-affirmed. Nobody listens. If by chance SPEAKER forgot the formula, few would notice. To-day slumber of thirty-five years broken. On JEMMY LOWTHER'S quickened ear strikes voice of SPEAKER submitting rule prohibiting Peers from interfering in Parliamentary elections. They do so overtly and covertly, and if it please them, what can the House of Commons do to stop them? Nothing. Then why this solemn farce?



Constable R-ch-rd W-bst-r A1. "Well, gents, You 're a breakin' o' the law as 'ard as ever you can go, and you want a hact o' Parliament to put you right! Thank you, gents; 'ere 's your very good 'ealths and a 'Appy New Year!"

JEMMY first puts question to himself; then, in gravest manner, with that judicial air that at critical epoch saved the Jockey Club, submits it to conscience of awakened House. He even takes a division, and though overwhelmed by numbers, knows

he is right, and that right will prevail.
"Don't know how it is," said J. G. TALBOT, brushing away a consecrated tear, "but when I listened to JEMMY LOWTHER just now, and saw Tommy Bowles rally to his side to lead the forlorn hope into the lis side to lead the loriorn nope into the lobby, I recalled the last scene by a Smithfield fire. You remember how, when the executioners placed a live faggot at RIDLEY's feet bound to the stake, LATIMER said, 'Be of good comfort, Master Bowles —I mean Master RIDLEY—and play the

come to-day. But another House of Commons anachronism is doomed. They have this day lit a candle that will burn up these dust-dried sessional orders."

Business done.—Session opened.

Thursday.—Things have come to pretty pass with the mother of Parliaments. It appears that for more than half a century House of Commons been nothing less than an unlicensed public-house! WILFRID LAWSON long suspected it. To-night his fears publicly confirmed upon no less authority than that of ATTORNEY-GENERAL. That learned man says short Act must be

That all very well, but what are we to do in the meantime? and what about the incumerable breaches of the law in the past? man. We shall this day light such a candle Suppose Act of indemnity may be passed. in England as I trust shall never be put out.' So Jemmy to Tommy. They are overloaded, weeks, perhaps months, must



J-mmy L-wth-r. "Now then, you old dummy, we 've had enough of you!"

elapse before it's added to Statute Book. Any night we are liable to a raid of police, and may find ourselves taking part in a morning sitting in Westminster Police

Incident quite demoralised House on eve of Session. The Peers have meanly evaded their share of responsibility by putting up the shutters, and going off home for a week. This is under pretence that they have no work to do, "and," says the MARKISS, "I do not know that any support is given to the constitution by our Having coming here without business." nothing to do is the normal condition of the Lords through the greater part of the average Session. What they really mean by this movement is to stand off and see what line the police will take. If they follow the ordinary course in similar circumstances, and swoop down on premises where liquor is sold without a license, at least they shall pick up no prizes in the persons of Peers of the Realm.

In the Commons, the attendance is very small: probably same motive that moves the Peers operates in individual cases. An Irish debate on, but quite impossible to get up any excitement. Members come and go, entering the House timidly, re-tiring stealthilv, startled at shadow of the familiar policeman in the lobby. The demoralisation may only prove temporary. It is certainly complete. The worst that could happen would be better than this haunting, harrassing dread.

Business done.—Debate on the Address. Friday.—Hardly anything been seen since Session opened of John o' Gorst, time-honoured Educationalist. Has, I am told, though I haven't seen him, looked in for a few moments. Certainly has not shown ungovernable disposition to comfort by his companionship his colleagues on

by his companion.

Treasury Bench.

Fresh effort being made by Government to pass Education Bill. Reasonable to suppose that the Education Minister have charge of it. would, as last year, have charge of it. MANY.—Tausch light.

"Instead of which," PRINCE ARTHUR takes it in hand, and John o' Gorst has no more to do than if he were a Peer.

"Have you any idea where Coper is?"

Have\_you any idea where Gorst is?" asked Prince Arthur, meeting him in

the corridor just now.
"Yes," he said, with a smile childlike and more than usually bland. "I fancy he's at home, drawing up amendments to my Education Bill."

This was early in sitting. Later the childlike smile was chased away, scorched under the Jove-like frown. The summer sky swept by angry blast. Never saw Never saw PRINCE ARTHUR in such tantrums; and it was all HENRY HOWORTH.

Who but must laugh if such a man there be; Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

Yes, it was ATTICUS of Printing House Square—ATTIOUS, at whose feet the nations are wont to sit when he is pleased to instruct them in the correspondence columns of the Times; Arricus, confounded by the certainly singular coincidence of serious indisposition amongst dynamitards closely corresponding with access of Conservatives to office and introduction of Irish Land Bill, a sudden epidemic that made their release by Home Secretary imperative.

ATTICUS was as philosophical in his reflections, as courteous in his speech, as benevolent in his bearing as his prototype Addison. Effect on Prince Arthur all the more vitriolic. It was a fine display of fiery indignation; splendid outburst of de-clamation. But, as SARK says, it really had nothing to do with the gravamen of HENRY HOWORTH'S charge.

Business done.—Close of first week on the Address.

CURIOUS FACT. — The person best acquainted with the power of water is a fire-

ILLUMINATION NOT POPULAR IN GER-

#### THE VERY LAST OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

THE tempest was at its worst. The waves ran mountains high, and the wind shrieked through the rigging. The Premier was prostrate in his state cabin. But, in spite of all this, a mysterious stranger stood beside him holding a document for which he requested his suggestive. ment for which he requested his signature.
"Never," murmured the minister, feebly.
"Never!"

"But see, the weather gets more terrible "But see, the weather gets more terrible with every moment. Sign this, and I will warrant that you will never again have so sad an experience."
"I will not sign," continued the Premier, feebly. "Do you not observe that I have not strength to do so."
"But I will guide your fingers," said the tempter, eagerly. "Consider the great admentage of a painless journey. Consider

tempter, eagerly. "Consider the great advantage of a painless journey. Consider the brilliant advocacy the scheme has received at the hands of GLADSTONE, COBDEN, and many others."

"But I must protect my country from invasion," gasped out the suffering statesman. "I must be worthy of my racemy reputation."

At this moment the continue!"

At this moment the continually stricken vessel lurched, which caused a mournful moan from the wretched servant of the

"State.
"Sign! sign! sign!" commanded the evil genius once more, proffering the fatal pen.
"Spare me!" came from the couch.
"Even the merciless and mercenary ticketcollector, seeing my hapless condition, has

"I have more at stake than the ticketcollector," retorted the oppressor; "I have
the future of the peoples of England and France to take into consideration. I have

my own personal prospects to advance."

"But coal has been discovered in the Channel," argued the Premier, in a feeble tone. "Even should the tunnel be never constructed, there will be ample fuel to be wrested from the ocean. This in will make the shareholders wealthy. This in itself

But the tempter was obdurate. He again pressed the pen upon the stricken

one.
"Here you have the pen between your fingers. Sign!"

The request came too late—the statesman had fainted!

"An excellent likeness!" exclaimed the Mayor of Dover, as he removed the covering from the statue, two years later. "He ing from the statue, two years later. "He never got over that passage—he sacrificed his life to his duty."

And, amidst every mark of respect, new monument was added to the already teeming attractions of the Cinque Ports. It had on it an inscription that concluded with the words, "and he saved his country from invasion by submitting to the terrors of the Channel Passage."

#### Perverted Proverb.

"A FRIEND in need, a friend indeed," No doubt sounds very fine.

A friend in need a friend indeed! No friend is he of mine THE CYNIC.

OUR own Idiot declares that, à propos of auto-cars, he cannot make another jeu de mot or pun.

NOTE BY A HARROW BOY .- Masters who are always down on cribs invariably provide the hardest beds for their boarders.



#### LETTING OFF STEAM.

Nephew. "'Ullo, Uncle, How's THE GOUT?"
Uncle. "How's THE GOUT! CONFOUND YOU! WHAT 'S THAT INFERNAL THING ROUND YOUR NECK?

Nephew. "ER-ER-ONLY MY COLLAR, SIR, I BELIEVE."
Uncle. "BAH! Y'LOOK LIKE A DONKEY LOOKING OVER A WHITE-WASHED WALL!"

#### JEALOUSY ON THE WING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with much interest in the papers that Lord MALCOLM of Poltalloch has introduced the starling on to his estates in Jamaica in order to repair the ravages of the mongoose. But what has the latter ravaged? Surely not the great Argyll chieftain? I would back him against all the mongoose are largely the mongoings tage in the gward. I know more the great argyll chieftain? I would back him against all the mongeese, aye land all the mongoslings, too, in the world. I know the mongoose well, and so, possibly, do you. He is a being unfitted to be trusted alone, especially in Jamaica, where rum is grown so freely. Evidently, however, he has misconducted himself, or Lord Malcolm would not have sent for the starling. But why the starling? I never heard before that he was good at repairs. The tailor-bird I could understand, but not such a Pecksniffian biped as the starling. If Lord Malcolm has been ravaged he could surely have applied to a neighbouring heak or to surely have applied to a neighbouring beak or to
Yours truly, Septimus Sparrow.

#### Of a Gallant Marksman.

[Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., last week failed to induce the House of Commons to pass a measure amending his own Merchandise Marks Act.]

SIR Howard's game it 's easy quite to see, Though to the House it's just the best of larks. If Man of Mark Sir Howard cannot be, At least he'd like to be a Man of Marks.

#### At Bournemouth.

Irate Ratepayer (to Municipal Councillor). What's the good of a Winter Garden here, Sir?

Municipal Councillor. Only by way of contrast. To show

[Exit Irate Ratepayer, puzzled. | ing dogs. that we have no winter.

#### A SONG OF DETECTION.

(Adapted to the latest Literary Methods.)

I'm the latter-day prince of detectives, a sort of lieutenant to Fate; I can track out a crime or detect a faux pas, or unravel a plot while you wait.

If a father gets lost, or a wife disappears, if the heir to a will is mislaid

I produce him at once, and dispatch him by rail with the carriage correctly prepaid.

No amount of disguise Is too great for my eyes; My mind never falters or dozes Though they add to their chests By inflating their vests,

Or construct a new bridge to their noses. But I'm always precisely at hand with a clue, And my price is—but there, I can leave it to you.

If a statesman with orchid and eye-glass goes out for his five-

o'clock tea, He may think himself wrapped in an ample disguise, but he can't get the better of me.

I am off on his heels in a moment, and into my note-book he goes As a fighter of grit who is like Mr. PITT, though he hasn't the gout in his toes.

Down he goes in my notes With his talent for votes, And his style which is dapper and dressy, With a hint at the fall That he got from Oom PAUL,

And the faithful devotion of Jesse. And his name, which is somehow connected with screw, Is—you know it, of course, so I'll leave it to you.

Last week I detected a coster, at least he was rigged up as such, With a can-full of naptha to light up his cart and someone to act as his Dutch:

His goods were the whelk that you swallow alive and the shrimp you devour when he's dead,

And a cap fashioned whole from the skin of a mole adorned and protected his head.

But I knew him at once, Since I wasn't a dunce; In rhymes he was really a trader; For he dropped on the road Half a sonnet, an ode,

And a ballad addressed to a raider. With some cantos of blank that I failed to read through — If you're anxious to guess him begin with A.U.

When the criminal class is quiescent, the blue-coated constable comes

To his beat with his helmet and truncheon, and there he just twiddles his thumbs

Oh, it's then that, to tickle the popular taste, and that without

thinking of pelf, In a fraction of time I invent a new crime, and commit and detect it myself.

For a plot of my own I can follow alone, Whether others adopt or eschew it; And it adds to your fun, If you want a thing done,

To go out by yourself and to do it.

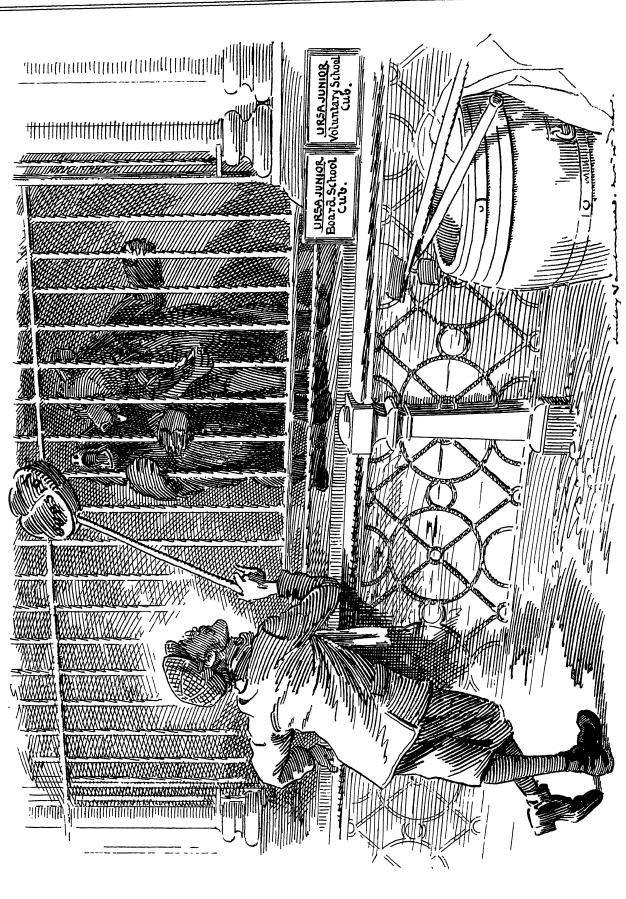
Of the sleuth-hounds of crime I have met one or two, But the name of the best-well, I leave it to you.

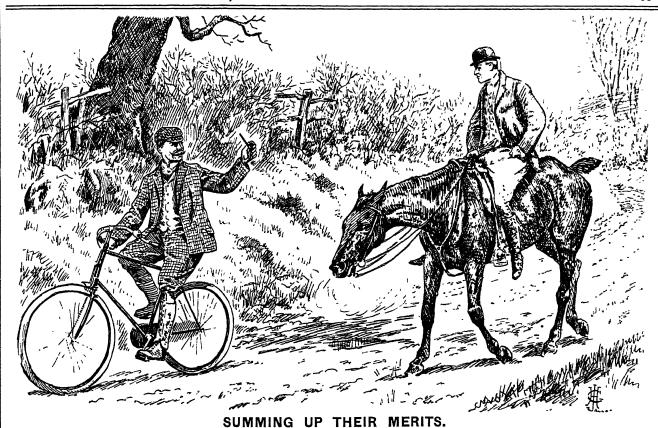
OUR LATEST COLONY (IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD).—In the prospectus of a New Parisian Hotel, Sir John Blundbill Maple, M.P., V.G.F. (or Very Good Fellow), is described as "Governor of Maple and Company, Limited." Henceforth we shall furnish on the higher social system.

Seasonable Change of Name (by our own irrepressible one, still dodging).—Our metalled roads during the frost have been called (after Nansen's ice-ship) Fram-ways.

PRIVILEGED PROVERBIAL PERVERTERS OF THE TRUTH .- Sleep-







Cyclist (arguing with Friend on the way home from hunting). "Well, anyhow, old Chap, mine can go when it's pumped out, and that's a lot more than you can say for yours! Ta-ta!"

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Playgoer visits Ibsen and meets with an old acquaintance.

LAST night I went to see a play, A drama up-to-date,

Wherein a woman holds the sway With love and rage and hate: A kind of nightmare on the boards

That I thought very coarse; French wit played not on laughing chords-

'Twas taken from the Norse.

I do not like these dreadful homes Of dirty-linen dreams,

Where Commonplace is writ in tomes

And ranted out in reams! Where Nature's painted as a brute

And Mankind as a sot, Where Common Decency is mute,

Because they know her not!

Give me the fables of my youth, When Virtue reigned supreme! The striving after what is truth, And not a filthy dream!

The village maiden sore distressed I 'd rather gaze on far,

Than look upon, with mind oppressed, This harmony in tar!

Long, long ago—ah me, how long !— A little maid I knew, She sang a little plaintive song,

And sang to very few. 'Twas all about the buds in Spring And bells that sweetly chime; E'en now I hear that ditty's ring,

The while my heart beats time!

A tenth-rate playhouse was the scene, Where sang this little maid Of how she welcomed back the green In Spring, but half afraid Of what the Summer sun might bring,

Or Autumn's ruddy glow, She yet would sing the Song of Spring E'en 'mid the Winter snow!

I loved—the moral of that song! I loved—its trite refrain

loved—the symphonies all wrong! I loved—the simple strain!

I loved—the singer's untrained voice! I loved—her shake untrue!

I loved—the darling of my choice! I loved—the girl I knew!

And through the blatant farce last night That song I seemed to hear, E'en when the heroine's weird flight

Made ardent pittites cheer. E'en when she went at last to rest, Dishonoured and undone,

My heart kept time within my breast, For she and you are One!

#### At the Fox-earths.

Mr. Charley Pug (to Mrs. Charley Pug, on the fifth day of the frost). Don't you think, my dear, we might go and look at the skating on Brittlesea Mere? It would be better than doing nothing!

SUBURBAN SENSE.—Mr. GRANT ALLEN says that "Clapham is never dumb." But, this fact which annoys the man who didn't? of high-ways and by-ways.

#### ADAM AND AN APPLE.

In the charming performance of As You Like It, at the St. James's Theatre, the banished Duke and his followers appear to banished Duke and his followers appear to live on a diet of raw apples. It is doubtless as good as the Grape Cure, the Whey Cure, or any other cure. But when Adam, a man of eighty, nearly dead from exhaustion, is revived with a large, cold, raw apple, our admiration for the Apple Cure is vastly increased. And when this aged and almost dying man, instead of having a fit or falling dead, walks and talks gaily, our admiration for the Apple Cure is unbounded. The only improvement we can suggest is that Adam should sing the following song in place of the one written for Amiens:— Amiens:

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Hang me if I shall mind, I ve tried the Apple Cure; And after eating these I care not if it freeze,
All cold I can endure.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green apple,
With which my digestion can gleefully grapple.
Then heigh-ho the apple
Warm as graveyard chapel!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As does the Apple Cure
I 'd eat a lump of ice,
It would be quite as nice,
Though not perhaps as pure.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green apple,
To keep us all out of the grim graveyard chapel.
With, heigh-ho, the apple
I even can grapple.

I even can grapple.

lying on an elevated plain, it is, alas! deat to the voice of the hill-top charmer. Is it LITTLE ENGLANDER. — An amalgamation DESCRIPTION OF MR. RHODES BY A



# SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. VII.

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

An Assistant writes:—"In Leaves in the Wind (Elliot Stock) Mr. A. C. Deane has gathered together some very charming and very clever pieces of verse that have appeared in various periodicals. Light verse is easy and delightful to read just in proportion as it has cost its producer thought and labour. The apparently inevitable words, the happy turns of a sentence, the unforced patness of the rhymes—how simple the whole thing looks when done, how hard it is to do. Now, Mr. Deane's technical skill is very great, and his verses ring musically and pleasantly without a single jar or discord. And here and there he strikes a deeper note, but he never forces it unduly. He is to be heartily congratulated on his latest little volume."

THE BARON

#### Hyndman the Hinderer.

Who says that British rule is India's curse Must be indeed a bigoted and blind man. Saying it at this crisis makes it worse. Let each man close his mouth, open his purse; And "dickens take the hindmost"—or the Hyndman!

THE WHALE FOR THE BULL.—We understand that in consequence of recent developments, the name of Boscombe is to be changed to that of Belugachine.

MADE IN GERMANY. -- Much of our "British Patriotism" of the pinchbeck, or German-silver, sort, apparently.

#### AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

DEAR MISTER,—Ah, quel en-tête, what in head I come of to rite! London! I have ventured to make you part of my write! London! I have ventured to make you part of my impressions of some towns of province, but until here I have not spoken of London. It is not a town, it is a department, a country, of houses! But in fine, in preparing my guide, je dois aborder, I ought to board this great subject. I go to do it by degrees de temps en temps, of time in time, and I commence at present by some parts of the City, the most great arrondissement of London, and the veritable centre of the commerce of the world.

world.

As me the most part of the voyagers gain the City in going from the "Westend" by the street which calls herself the Strand. As me they think probably to the great town and to her history of thousand years. They come to see the magnificent centre of commerce, the most great and the most rich town of the world, the proud capital of the britannic Empire, the Rome of the nineteenth century. When they are thus impressioned of respect and of admiration, what is this then the first monument which they meet? Is it a statue as that of Bartolommeo Colleon, which one sole Italian town erected four hundred years before the epoch of the universal suffrage, of the national education and of the official schools of the beautiful arts? Is it a statue worthy of the britannic Empire, thousand arts? Is it a statue worthy of the britannic Empire, thousand

arts? Is it a statue worthy or the pritannic empire, thousand times more rich than the ancient Republic of Venise?

At the entry of the City, in face the Palace of Justice, one searches, one regards, one leans the head in outside of the "handsome cab." What is this that this is that that? Ca? Allons done, let us go then! Oh, la, la! But, say then, a monument to make to die of to laugh! Planted there, absolutely at the middle of the street a monument of the med middle of the street. monument to make to die of to laugh! Planted there, absolutely at the middle of the street, a monument of the most ridicules, of the most divertings! In regarding this droll of dragon, who would can to think of the dignity of London? The most serious of the greek philosophers, who knew themselves without doubt in sculpture, of which they were surrounded of so beautiful pieces, would have burst of to laugh. The most silent of the Red Skins, men still more solemn, and ignoring absolutely the sculpture, would laugh à gorge déployée, at throat unfolded. The English soles are enough serious and enough solemn for to pass this monument without to show the least little smile.

As to me, each time that I see him I laugh again. The first

As to me, each time that I see him I laugh again. The first time I believed him an announce, a réclame, of some "panto-mime." But no! It is an announce of the beautiful arts of London, of the good taste of the municipality. It is the unique pleasantery of the solemn Londonians. At some steps from this monument, Mister Punch, finds himself your rédaction, your office of redactor in chief. May I to say that he is never come from there any pleasantery so enormously droll as this pleasantery in bronza? The Londonians are calm and sorious, but at the in bronze? The Londonians are calm and serious, but at the foundation they must to be one can not more laughers. would have beautiful—on aurait beau—to search at Paris, town so gay, a statue as that!

And of more. A statue of your great and good Queen should to be placed on a pedestal as he must, comme it faut. But on the hideous base beneath this dragon of pantomime, in a position absolutely indignant, and splashed of the filthy mud of London, find themselves two miserable statues which represent, one has told me, the QUEEN and the Prince of WALES. See

one has told me, the QUEEN and the Prince of WALES. See there the respectuous homage of the City of London!

However, Mister Punch, I wish not only to blame, I venture also to suggest. This year here the English celebrate the long and glorious reign of Her Majesty. All the world desires to erect some monuments worthy of a sovereign so illustrious and so venerated. The municipality of London could do better than that, in destroying rather than in erecting. It would be the best evidence of their respect towards the QUEEN that of to make to disappear this frightful monument and the two statues.

As to the dragon wolld a heautiful cift for your friend Li

As to the dragon, voilà a beautiful gift for your friend LI HUNG CHANG. Only, as he is aged, and as he laughs never, the view of a dragon so infinitely more hideous than the most frightful dragon of China would could to kill him of horror. He would value better, perhaps, to sell this cauchemar en bronze to the Theatre of Drurylane. Agree, &c.,

# Two Ways of Looking at it.

"I NEVER," said the agrarian professor, "look upon a cornfield without thinking of the boundless beneficence of nature in the great bread question."

"Nor I," chimed in the MacTavish, "on an acre o' barley but that I joost contemplate the workings o' Providence in the

matter of whuskey."

#### AMERICA DAY BY DAY.

VERY INTERESTING TO LONDONERS.)
(By Our Special Flaneur.)

New York, January 26.—There was a snowstorm here last night, which effectually concealed the up and down paving of Broadway, but was highly appreciated by some of the younger members of the Upper Four Hundred, who indulged in a game of snow-balls just as the visitors were leaving the Metropolitan Opera House. The weather did not, however, interfere with the Spoof-Hop given by Mrs. General Spilins (wife of the Hon. General Spilins, the great rag and bone contractor), and the gathering was quite one of the successes of the season. Each guest on arriving was presented with a diamond toothpick, which came in very handy after the supper of truffled oysters, stuffed terrapin, and canvas-back ducks on toast, the whole being washed down with '84 champagne in Jereboams only. Among the principal belies present were Miss Chinkie Cocklesnapper (a member of one of the old Knickerbocker families), a delicate blonde with gold hair and teeth; Miss Wootsie Wampun, the very brunette daughter of Commodore Wampun, President of the Brighton Beach Yacht Club; Miss Hibernia Macgruddery, second daughter of ex-Judge Macgruddery, Proprietor of the Erin-go-bragh blend of whiskey; and Mrs. Pinkus-Porkus, the widow of the eminent Cincinnatti provision merchant. She was formerly the wife of Senator Jumbles, and, when divorced, married Governor Houtla of St. Louis (Mo.), whom she divorced in order to espouse Mr. Pinkus-Porkus. Mrs. Spilins, who wore a green gauze gown trimmed with beaver fur, Valenciennes lace and rubies, danced the cachuca on the table after supper, and Mr. Leonidas B. Sprout (one of the ancient Pilgrim Brussels-Sprouts) led the cotillon, into which a live sucking-pig and a Virginian 'coon were introduced with most humorous effect. General Spilins had on a pair of boots which once belonged to Marshal Blucher, and was much congratulated on their acquisition.

A marriage was celebrated this morning at the 990th Avenue Hotel between Mr. Joshua Xerxes Grabb, of Wall Street (reputed to be worth eight millions of dollars), and Mrs. Jane Jemima Vantoff, perhaps better known at the Court of St. James's as Mrs. L. J. Corkington, she having been separated definitely from Mr. Corkington last September. The ceremony was attended by the élite of New York aristocracy, and the bride, who wore a gown of artificial orange-blossoms on satin, and a sixteen-star diamond coronet, was given away by Mr. Nathaniel Zeus Corkington, nephew of her late husband. The wedding breakfast was served on the roof of the Hotel in a glade of palm trees specially imported from Africa, and known as the Riviera Retreat. I have never seen such a coruscation of combined loveliness and jewels as was here exhibited. The happy couple left in the evening for Mr. Grabb's palace in Florida by special Pullman train. They are to be the guests next season of the Duke and Duchess of Dhunniewassal, at Skelnie Castle in Scotland

Skelpie Castle, in Scotland.

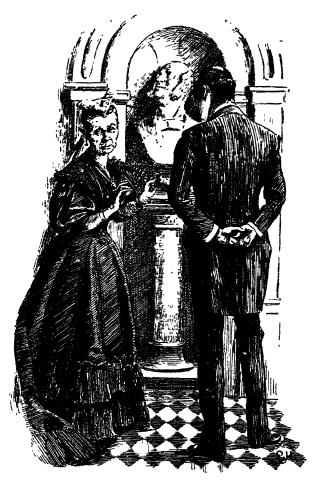
Things theatrical were rather dull till Mlle. Toupichon, known as the Living Top, was arrested to-night by the police after her exhibition at Clam's Temple of Fame. Her performance consists in spinning on her nose. Judge Van Pumpelbeck held the lively artist to bail, on her own security, in five thousand dollars. The event has created great excitement in fashionable circles.

#### CONFIDENCE FOR CONFIDENCE.

In a lecture upon the Art of Interviewing, delivered before the Society of Women Journalists, an expert suggested that an important advantage was gained by the interviewer if he made a favourable first impression upon the interviewed. This seems highly probable. So Mr. Punch sees no reason why he should not give a helping hand to those adopting interviewing as a profession. To the young personal inquirer he says by all means make a favourable first impression upon your subject. There is a right way and a wrong way to do it. He will give some examples.

Supposing that the youthful interviewer has to see an archbishop. He gains the presence chamber and finds the dignified ecclesiastic waiting to receive him. Supposing that he seizes the cleric by the hand, and, calling him "Reverend Sir," asks his opinion upon the chances of the winter favourite for the Derby—why, this would be the wrong way of doing it, and very likely create a most unfavourable first impression.

But supposing that instead of acting as described the young beginner respectfully bows before an archdeacon, calls him "archbishop," and respectfully invites "His Grace's" opinion upon the condition of the Diocese. Although he would have made a



#### BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Lady Binks (a devoted vidow, earnestly). "OH, MR. CRICHTON, BE CAREFUL HOW YOU MARRY! SIR PETER, WHO, AS YOU KNOW, ROSE TO THE HIGHEST POSITIONS, USED FREQUENTLY TO SAY, THAT MORE MEN OWED THEIR SUCCESS TO THE BEAUTY AND SOCIAL CHARM OF THEIR WIVES, THAN TO THEIR OWN ENERGY AND TALENTS."

Mr. Crichton (plunging on the "nil nisi bonum" principle). "Surely, LADY BINKS, NONE COULD SAY THAT OF SIR PETER!"

mistake in the titles of his subject (for which the archdeacon would gently chide him), still, he would have created a very favourable impression.

Lastly, here is another way. Supposing a young man has to interview a literary lion, who can dispose of his work at so many shillings the line in any quantity. Remembering this, the visitor, instead of wasting the time of his subject with idle questioning, might thus address him:—"My good Sir, all you may tell me will make excellent copy, and on that account, as only a pen stands between your words and the printer, I think it is only just that you should derive profit from your own brainwork." Probably this last method would be considered—by authors, at any rate—the best of the three. And, perchance, it might come about that the interviewed would address the young interviewer as follows:—"My good friend, as you have still your way to make I will do you a kind turn. You have been frank and considerate, and I will reward you. Here, I don't want to deprive you of a task that may lead to further advancement in your career as a promising journalist, but as I would rather that there should be no mistakes, I will write the interview myself! If it is too favourable, or the reverse, your editor's blue pencil will know how to deal with it." And then, with a hearty shake of the satisfied.

#### At Bath.

Wiffling (sympathetically). Here on account of the waters? Piffling. No, unhappily. Here on account of the whiskies.



#### A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

Jones. "I SAY, MISS GOLIGHTLY, IT'S AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME, YOU KNOW. IF I 'VE TRIED THIS SONG ONCE, I 'VE TRIED IT A DOZEN TIMES—AND I 'VE ALWAYS BROKEN DOWN IN THE THIRD VERSE!"

#### A SHEET-LIGHTNING DESCENT.

[On the burning of her house in Grosvenor Street, the Dowager Countess Delaware knotted two sheets together, and safely descended from the burning building, January 26.]

WE have heard of great pluck in disaster, Of courage in dreadful defeat.

But a Countess has known, And in peril has shown,

How a woman can yet be the master Of fearsome retreat

By means of a sheet—just a sheet! All praise to the Countess—and thanks to the sheet!

#### Toujours la Politesse.

Mr. Spawkins has placed twenty francs en plein on No. 23 (his own age) at the tables of Monte Carlo Madame la Comtesse de VIEILLE-CRUCHE proceeds to rake in the spoil when the coup comes off.

Mr. Spawkins. Hi! Madame! confound it all! That was my Nap!

Madame la Comtesse. Mille pardons Monsieur. I am so borgne—blind. Permi Permit me that I return you your stake?

[Hands Spawkins a gold piece, and vanishes before the Briton has recovered from the shock.

#### TO TOM.

A BRAVE BOROUGH BOARD-SCHOOL BOY. (By an Elderly but Earnest Admirer.)

["Oh, he is a good boy—and such a one for readin'! He takes his 'rithmetic books to bed with 'im! That were his only fault—for light is very costly."—Mrs. Pullen, on her grandson "Tom," a Board-School Boy in the Borough. See "Studies in Board Schools," Daily News.]

YES, light is very costly, as the wisest find.

or mostly, But Tom of Lant Street Board School, you're a brick, and no mistake! A great GETHE well might glory in the

hero of this story. He cried for "light, more light!" But Tommy, can you keep awake
With arithmetic in bed, Sir? You must have a steady head, Sir.

And an eager zeal for learning that beats

ALEXANDER hollow.

He kept himself from drowsing by a brazen ball, arousing
Him from nodding by its tumbling. An example good to follow!

But you're bettered it! Here the court is the court of the court is the court of the court in the court is the court in the court in

But you've bettered it! How thorough, my young student of the Borough, Must be your love of knowledge, when

you take your sums to bed. I am sure multiplication cannot signify vexation

To a boy so fond of book-lore and with such a wakeful head

Why, I do not mind admitting, though I know that study's fitting

To a fellow who means business, and i.i-

tends to make his way,
That the Rule of Three at Night, Sir, would
have filled me with affright, Sir;
For I couldn't always fix my thoughts

thereon, Tom, e'en by day! Young Tom PULLEN, you're a wonner, and at study quité a stunner.

And I wish you luck, Tom PULLEN, and may granny never stint The extra bit of candle to enable you to

handle

O'er your pillow ciphering problems,—they're not all "as plain as print," As I happen to remember; though I did not, in December,

Take arithmetic to bed with me—'twas

mostly Scott or Diokens,
Or some story book or novel. But oh! in
a Lant Street hovel,

Where the sun is ne'er too bright, Tom, and the night-mist early thickens, Though the board school is a boon, Tom, and I trust you'll shine there soon,

Том, There would be excuse for nodding o'er

your lessons. But you don't! Your granny, Tom, has said it, and it's vastly to your credit.

And whoever makes a mull of life, dear Tom, I'm sure you won't!

#### Lacteal Veracity.

Squire (to Mr. Pails, the great dairyfurmer). Bad time for the cows during this frost, eh?

Mr. Pails. Dreadful, Sir. You wouldn't believe how the ice interferes with the flow of milk. But they recognise the fact in the great metropolis. I'm sorry to say.

[And so does Mr. Pails.

Con. FOR THAT CONCERT.—What is the use of an "Ottoman" that cannot be "sat upon," or a Porte—however sublime—which cannot be "shut up" when needful?

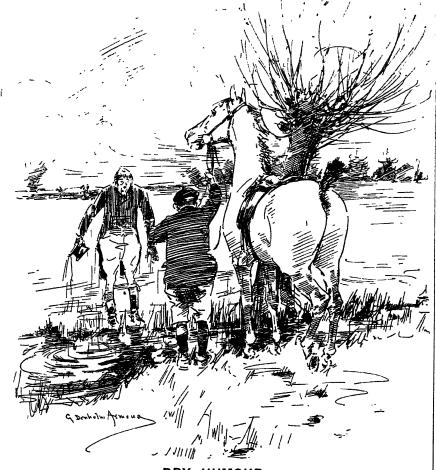


# AT WESTMINSTER HALL.

1795.--1897.

SHADE OF WARREN HASTINGS (to Mr. C-c-L RH-D-s). "I SUCCEEDED, AND WAS IMPEACHED! YOU FAIL—AND ARE CALLED AS A WITNESS!"





DRY HUMOUR.

"BE'N'T YE COMIN' OVER FOR 'IM, MISTER?"

#### A CALL FROM ARMS.

Good MASTER PUNCH,—We address you, as you have an heraldic disposition. You have not two surporters to your arms (unless you count your staff), but you have one—a faithful one—in dog Toby. And on his account you will feel for us—at least, that is our hope and impression.

For a very long time we have been accorded comfortable quarters—or, we should say, quarterings—in the Royal Arms. We do not allude to a hostelry of that title, but in the Imperial Emblazonment. We do no harm, although there is some slight provocation to cause a disturbance in the facts that the Irish harp is in the next lodging, and the Scottish lion is rampant on the floor—or should we say field?—above us. And our calm air of peacefulness is all the more praiseworthy as three others of our race, who are not one whit better than ourselves, are placed in front of us, leading the whole heraldic procession. Now for our grievance. Suddenly some gentleman, dating from the Hcuse of Commons, writes to the daily papers, and asks for our dismissal! We are to be turned out to make room for some double-headed monster representing India and the Colonies! The misguided individual who thus seeks to disturb our comfort proposes that the monster shall be a lion! Adding insult to injury! Why another lion? Surely there are enough

already. Besides, we know what a full-sized lion is like. Look at the Scottish lion. Of course, we must not speak ill of our neighbours, but cannot you see that he is playing an imaginary pair of bagpipes? If you don't hear the national instrument, it is because usually our flag is floating too high over your head to hear anything. And why should India and Australia be represented by a lion? India has made the tiger her own, and Australia the kangaroo. Besides, we do not care for lions in too great quantities. Strictly, between ourselves, we are not lions, but only leopards! No; if the Royal Arms must be disturbed, send the two-headed monster or the tiger and the kangaroo outside. Let them help the lion and the unicorn to support our dignity. If we know those two quarrelsome neighbours at all, we fancy they will make short work of them! They have not forgotten the days, we ween, when they "fought for the crown"—as all good subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, indeed, should and truly would.

One last reason for our retention. If we three lions in the last quarter were turned out, the other three lions in the first would mope for us. And all six of us look sufficiently melancholy as it is! So say a good word for us, and earn the gratitude of Yours sincerely,

The Three Lions in the

THE THREE LIONS IN THE
FOURTH QUARTERING.
Herald's College, E.C.

#### PLAINT OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

(After reading the Debate in the House of Commons on Sir H. Vincent's proposed Merchandise Marks A: Amendment Bill.)

Frayment from the new Comic (and Economic)
Opera 'Impatience."

British Trade sings:—
When I first put that trade mark on
Foreign goods which for British would

pass,
I said, "I have hit on
A scheme every Briton
Will own is extremely first-class.
Foreign goods may have charms for the
fair,

But this mark will establish a scare.
The Merchandise Act is,
When put into practice,
Quite certain home trade to repair."

A fact that I counted upon, When I popped "Made in Germany" on!

Chorus of Foreign Traders.

By a funny coincidence few

Could ever have reckoned upon,

The same thing occurred to us, too,

When you first put that Trade Mark on.

I said, when I first put it on,
"It is plain to the veriest dunce,
Each foreign competitor
Now must regret it, or
Yield to its glamour at once!"
But, gracious! I argued in haste;
Foreign goods, when cheap, handsome
and chaste,

The buyer, though British
(Most selfishly skittish),
Found still very much to his taste.
Which I never counted upon,
When I first dabbed that trade mark
on!

Chorus.

By a curious difference you
Could hardly have counted upon,
We took quite an opposite view,
When you first popped that trade mark
on!

[Foreign Competitors go off joyously.

As soon as alone, British Trade changes her

Is soon as alone, British Trade changes her manner and becomes intensely mournful. Am I alone, And unobserved? I am!

And unobserved? I am!
Then let me own.
The trade mark is a sham!
VINCENT, I fear,

Is but a mere
Veneer!
Tom Bownes's smile
Is but a wile
Of guile!
E'en Jemmy Lowther

E'en JEMMY LOWTHER
Is just another.
Oh, bother!
Let me confess!

Parliament's use of foreign pencils frights me!

"Faber, Bavaria"? RITCHIE'S boldness blights me!

Who cares what "Made in Germany" means,
If gain he gleans?

True patriots would not buy Dutch cheese,
Or Japanese.

But all that Howard Vincent's Fair Trade attitudes,

And patriot platitudes, Of true "Protection" seem mere affecta-

tion.
"Protection" only will protect the nation!



Elderly Lady (been out shopping, laden with purchases and very much out of breath). "But you 'Ave room for one inside." Conductor. "One inside 's all very well, Missis, but we ain't a Panthickenin Furniture Removal Van!"

#### THE PLAY-WRECKER'S VADE MECUM.

["I do not believe in 'organised opposition' on the first night of a new piece—the interruption comes from would-be wits in the pit and gallery." Article in a Theatrical Magazine.]

Question. With what end in view do you accept an occupation that appears—on the first blush—to be neither amiable nor useful?

Answer. To gratify a strong desire for mischief at the cost of someone else's comfort, convenience and profit.

Q. Then you do not attempt to laugh a play off the boards merely to protect the interests of the drama?

A. Certainly not, for those interests are in far safer hands when they are guarded by managers who have their cash, and dramatic critics their reputation at stake in performing their duty to the British public.

Q. What is the duty of a manager to the British public? A. To select, cast, and rehearse a play in such a manner that those who attend the performance shall have no reason to regret the money spent for admission to the auditorium.

Q. And what should be the object of the dramatic critic?
A. To write an article that the readers of the paper to which he is accredited shall find a faithful adviser in the choice of theatres with suitable entertainments.

Q. Is the work of these two servants of the public a pleasure?
A. That is a matter of chance, but it is certainly an affair of

Q. Then your action as a play-wrecker differs in one important particular from the duty of a manager and a professional critic?

A. Of course; as my object is merely to amuse myself, without counting the cost to the community.

Q. Does it require a profound knowledge of the stage to follow your calling?

unimportant line in the dialogue and turning it to account by

animportant into the discourse and total and the casting it into ridicule.

Q. Will you give an illustration of your meaning?

A. Suppose that someone on the stage has to say, at the commencement of the last act, "I wish that this were over," then it would be my cue to answer, "And so do we."

Q. It does not matter, I suppose, whether the speech on the stage was appropriate to the dramatic situation?

A. Quite so. Whether the play is good or bad the retort will

be equally effective.

Q. I see; then the omission of the stage-manager to cut out a risky line in an excellent play gives you an opportunity to endanger the fortunes of a work that may have cost years of thought and thousands of hard-earned money?

A. Very likely; but that is the fault of the authorities be-

hind the curtain.

Q. And you know that the first thoughtless laugh may be

followed by many others? A. So I have observed; and, consequently, when I have made the first step in wrecking a play the remainder of the task is delightfully easy.

Q. I suppose you have not considered that the wreck of a play entails not only loss upon author and manager, but usually

scores of breadwinners?

A. I have not given that matter much thought; but no doubt if actors, actresses, and the employés behind the scenes see the shutters up, they must look elsewhere for situations.

Q. And what benefit do you derive from having assisted to

cause a fiasco?

A. The positive pleasure of enjoying a cruel laugh and the possible advantage of being considered a minor wit amongst small circle of acquaintances.

Q. Then, taking everything into consideration, and giving your

llow your calling?

A. Not at all; as my object is obtained by catching up some | reply as a representative of a fairly good-natured community of Englishmen, is the game quite worth the candle? [No answer.

#### A SLIPPERY SUBJECT.

(Fragment (found floating) from the Diary of a Beginner.)

THE ice will bear. Not impossible that before these lines are in type (if they are ever printed), the sun will have broken out, the frost have disappeared, and nature will be smiling in cheerful spring-brought sunshine. But for the moment—the ice will bear.

My doctor tells me that exercise is everything for me. Well, as I weigh well, or rather badly, over fifteen stone, I require things on a large scale. My horses should be elephants, and if I took to cycling, the machine would have to be par-ticularly strong in the framework. But this is not a question of horses or bikes. All I want is a pair of skates—I am told Caledonians, for choice—and there I am. But there is a certain drawback to my progress. I have never tried skating. Fact is, that whenever there was any ice available in my neighbourhood, the moment I able in my heighbourhood, the moment I made up my mind to put on skates, there commenced a thaw. So I have never had any practice—to speak of. Indeed, had I had any, there would have been a good deal to speak of painfully. But away with idle regrets, the ice will bear.

I am at the edge of the frozen water.

My skates have been put on firmly and I

My skates have been put on firmly, and I move forward. Come, this is excellent. I find I can stand on the blades. But not for more than five moments. A gust of wind catches me, and I move feebly forward. Then my right leg suddenly goes one way, and the left another. Then both heels ascend sharply, and down I come on my back. First fall for—or rather on the ice. I get up, and having lost my hat, try to secure it with the assistance of my umbrella. I cannot rise, as when I put one foot firmly on the ice, the knee of the other leg topples over, and I find myself on all fours. However, at length I secure the hat and replace it on my head. My satisfaction is great, especially when I remember that the ice will bear.

I am assisted to rise by two kindly skaters who take pity on my forlorn condition. I find that I can walk a bit by standing on the sides of the skates. I am told that this is the wrong way, and once more put firmly—well, scarcely firmly—on my feet. I am on the centre of the pond. my feet. I am on the centre of the point. Or rather, I am a little nearer one bank than the other. There is safety in that nearer bank. The other is a shaky investment. I smile at the amusing thought—and stumble. This is no time for frivolity. I strike out nervously. My left leg behaves better than I could possibly have expected. The right comes up to the left. Both secure—as yet. Then the boisterous wind again makes sport of me. I am being borne along towards a placard bearing an inscription. I cannot control my actions.

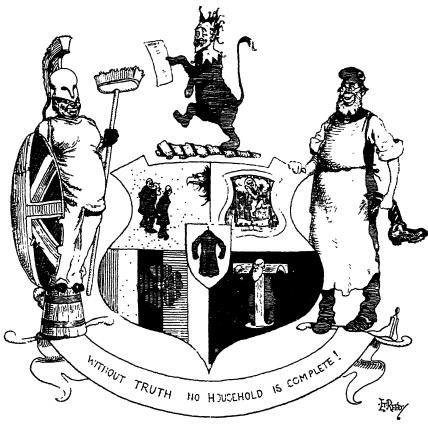
I have but one comfort left—the ice will bear. . . . No, it won't!

#### At Salt Hill.

(Fair American attends her first Meet of the Queen's Buckhounds.)

Fair American (after surveying the field). Guess we could match Queen Victorial's friends among poppa's employ-ees at Chicago.

[But, somehow or other, she contrives to make the acquaintance of a British Nobleman and a READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



viscount L-b-ch-re of Twickenham.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, spotted before a beak several crafty mendicants exposed proper; 2nd, inside a westminster orle a british lion of rectitude dancetté on a charter componée, charged with little games sinister under a cloud proper; 3rd, on a ground party-coloured of revolt a primrose of nobility barred and erased; 4th, in a pillory an heraldic pigott displayed in contumely; over all, on an escutcheon the family coat of Baron Taunton. Crest: Issuant from a club (National Liberal), a hawk-eyed lynx rampant in his glory, gorged with a banquet for popularity. Supporters: Dexter, a classical figure representing Little England suitably attired, her defences somewhat neglected perhaps, statant on the pale of civilisation; sinister, an elector of northampton proper. Second motto: "Britannia needs no bulwarks—they come too expensive!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, January 25. At first sight there is nothing about HENRY Howorth that reminds one of Fal-HENRY HOWORTH that reminds one of Fat-staff. Nor has WHITE RIDLEY quite the figure of Prince Hal. Yet to-night he fell quite naturally into the attitude of the light-hearted Prince on a famous occasion. "Mark," said Prince Hal, when Falstaff had made an end of the detailed narrative

of his fight with the men in buckram, "Mark now how plain a tale shall put you down."

On Friday PRINCE ARTHUR, knowing all the facts, burning with indignation at aspersions and insinuations which painted White Ridley a black conspirator, flew at the astonished Howorre, banged him at the astonished Howorre, banged him at the astonished Howorth, banged him about the head, almost literally hustled him off premises. Prince Arthur so violently angry, people began to think there was something in the charge.

To-night Home Secretary appears at table, unruffled, serene in the snowy white-pass of his innecessor. Did not even turn

ness of his innocence. Did not even turn aside for a moment to rap at HOWORTH or lament over JEMMY LOWTHER'S latest lapse from line with old friends and colleagues on Treasury Bench. It had been said that RIDLEY's release of the dynamitards was

an encouragement to crime, that it had been accomplished in political collusion with the Irish Members. Home Secre-TARY simply said these things were not, and in few unadorned sentences substantiated his denial. Carried entire House with him, and though JEMMY LOWTHER tipped his hat further back over his broad brow, and smiled inscrutably, Howorth hastened to abandon his amendment.

A striking triumph this of force of moral character. There are, as SARK says, two personages for whom House of Commons has unerring scent. One is a humbug, the other an honest man.

Business done. - Debate on Address.

Tuesday.-Tim Healy wandering about the corridors and lobby in strangely pensive mood. Committee Room No. 15, birthplace of a United Irish Party, has been once more the scene of interchange of fraternal feeling. Resolution carried which practically expels from the brotherhood Tim and those faithful to him. It is not this thunderclap that clouds his manly brow, that dims his eyes with unwonted moisture, and causes to quiver lips that sternly close when the figure of John Dillon crosses his path. They might pass what resolutions they pleased, and Tim's stout heart would beat without tremor or

regret. Tim's voice falters as he tells the tale.

After they passed the resolution," says "I got up and openly declared that I defied and despised its provisions. On resuming my seat, I wrote a polite request that this phrase should be entered on the formal minutes of the proceedings, and what do you think? They refused to do it."
Thus was the iron driven into Tim's soul.

In a free country, at the close of the socalled nineteenth century, gathered within the precincts of the mother of Parliaments, the chairman, representing a majority of a meeting, actually declines at the request of one present to enter on the minutes the fact that the gentleman in the body of the room "defied and despised" conclusions arrived at by the said majority! That is the last straw breaking the stalwart back upon which has been piled contumely after contumely. It was not much to ask; a few scratches of the pen would have done it. John Dillon, in-ebriate in the strength of his majority, stubbornly refused. So the die was cast, and Tim, perhaps not without generous tears, has finally severed the tie that bound him to his old associates. Now there are not two Irish Parties, but three Irish Parties, all hating each other for the love of Ireland.

There's the Dillonites and the Redmondites; what will your Party be called?"

I asked Trm.
"They'd better call us the Ishmaelites," he said; "I warrant we'll live up to the part."

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Wednesday.—The House laughed noisily when RITCHIE jumped up just now, intercepted the lead pencil JEMMY LOWTHER was handing back to Howard VINCENT, and put it in his pocket. But there was a hellow ring in the laughter. There remains an uneasy feeling in reviewing the incident.

It arose in debate on Bill to amend Merchandise Marks Act. Early in its



Not Sir Alb-rt R-ll-t, but Mr. Bh-wn-ggree, of Bethnal Green, walking into Sir W. Wedderburn, Naoroji and Co.

course, RITCHIE lent HOWARD VINCENT a lead pencil. (As marking the happily tem-flashing forth in all directions. Ever was

There is worse than that, and found on them the mark of the Beast-ce falters as he tells the tale. "Made in Bavaria."

JEMMY LOWTHER, conscious of rectitude, fearless in his Protectionist principles, drew a pencil from his poke, and (in Parliamentary language, of course) offered to bet the SPEAKER two to one that it was English made. Fortunately for him, the bet not taken. JEMMY, examining his property, found that it also was made in Bavaria. In gallant attempt to cover his confusion, HOWARD VINCENT passed to him across Gangway another pencil bearing the across Gangway another pencil bearing the same mark. Jemmy, having ascertained this fact, was handing the thing back, when up jumped President of the Board of Trade, made a dash at the pencil as aforesaid, and pocketed it.

"Then," said Mr. Lowther, in stern voice, "this is a pencil supplied to a Minister of the Crown?"

"No," said RITCHIE, trembling under his frown. "I got it in the library."
"Well," said the judicial JEMMY, involuntarily passing his hand over his head as if feeling for the Black Cap, "it is a pencil acquired by a Minister of the Crown, and I think a Minister of the Crown ought to acquire an English-made article."

How lovely is that word "acquire"!
"'Convey' the wise call it." "Acquire" is the way of putting it that occurs to the judicial mind of JEMMY LOWTHER when for a moment a shade hangs low over the moral character of a Minister of the Crown.

Business done. — Howard Vincent's Merchandise Marks Amendment Bill politely, but firmly, thrust forth.

Thursday. — Throughout occasional tumult of debate to-night on Lord Penrhyn's quarrel with his quarrymen, there sat on front bench of Peers' Gallery a tall figure with face inscrutably masked, stenily staring. At beginning of sitting, there was crowd of Peers. None spoke to the Masked Figure, nor It to tĥem. It took Its seat at question time, and with brief interval, when SPEAKER retired, It remained till eleven o'clock, when debate closed

Nothing that passed in animated scene below brought a flicker of expression to the stony face. JONES of Arfon set forth case of quarrymen in speech of admirable tone, delivered with modest mien that quickly won sympathy of House. Lord Penrhyn's son and heir stumbled over monuments of manuscript in defence of his noble father. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT delivered brilliantly erratic speech on same lines. President of Board of Trade, jeered at from below Gangway, where the young Tory lions were conscious of approach of Tory lions were conscious of approach or feeding time, defended action of his department. Squire of Malwood solemnly improved the occasion. Prince Arthur, troubled about many things, clawed viciously at the stately figure that had just resumed its seat on Front Opposition Bench. So the discussion rolled on, sometimes monotonously meandering, oftener tumbling down turbulently like the waters at

ling down turbulently like the waters at Lodore. Always the figure in the Peers'

Gallery sat impassive, stonily staring.
Quite fascinated me. Asked SARK who

It was.

"Lord Penrhyn," he whispered.

Business done. — Lively debate on the
Penrhyn Quarry dispute.

Friday.—Great comfort to us all to have Cap'en Tommy Bowles constantly moored alongside Treasury Bench. His presence inspires feeling of confidence in any emergency. Suppose a sudden vacancy either at the Treasury, the War Office, the Admiralty, the Board of Works—anywhere you please. There's the CAP'EN ready and



GETTING A SLATING.

Lord Penrhyn's Attitude! (A recollection of the Peers' Gallery during the Bethesda Debate.)

willing temporarily, or if the nation insits, permanently, to fill up vacancy.

To-night gave fresh assurance in new di-

rection. House engaged in carrying South African Committee; got into a muddle as to whether number should be seventeen or fifteen; dilemma intensified by discovery that the motion as it stood on the paper proposed sixteen. Saunderson, who fears nothing, grappled with difficulty for several moments. At last gave it up in despair. When House believed that, somehow or other, it had been settled, TIM HEALY brought it up in fresh phase.

All eyes turned towards SPEAKER.

Right hon. gentleman slowly rose. Before he could open his mouth, the CAP'EN had tripped his anchor, slewed his forearm—
("Four arm?" growls Johnston of Ballykilbeg, "why, he's only got one")—run
his lee-scuppers before the wind, and settled the whole matter.

"That is what I was about to say," meekly observed the SPEAKER, when the CAP'EN had signalled his message.

A generous but unfortunate admission. It may lead to the question being some day raised, Why not save the salary of the SPEAKER, entrusting his duties to the care of the CAP'EN?

Business done.—South African Committee appointed.

Walking Home from the Pantomime.

Little Chris (who usually goes to bed very early). Mamma, have all the angels been to Drury Lane to-night?

Mamma. No, darling. Why?

Little Chris (pointing to the stars).

'Cause they 've kept the lamps up there lighted so lets.

lighted so late.



THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

Comely Housemaid. "None for you, Miss."

Daughter of the House. "But—why—who are all those for, ien?"

Comely Housemaid. "Me, Miss!" THEN ? "

#### AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE. LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,-In continuing my researches in the City, after to have passed the dragon of pantomime at the entry, I desire to visit the Bank of England. I have already seen the exterior several times. He is not beautiful; he has the air of a prison. Evidently for to admire the Bank of England he must to visit the interior.

In face the Bank one sees the palace of the Lord Maire. It is a palace enough sad, noir et morne, and absolutely without gar-den. One time I have asked myself how the Lord Maire and den. One time I have asked myself now the Lord Maire and Madame la Lord Mairesse—how says one her title?—can to walk themselves. It is impossible in the streets so encumbered of persons. What world! What noise! What movement! I thought that, perhaps, the Lord Maire exercises himself to make the "box" in one of the saloons. But, comme ca, as that, he would respire but the air of a room. For an English he must absolutely to exercise himself in full air. In passing the palace for to arrive at the Bank of England, I ask myself again that which he does.

absolutely to exercise himself in full air. In passing the palace for to arrive at the Bank of England, I ask myself again that which he does.

I descend from the "handsome cab," I enter the court of the Bank, and suddenly I find the response to this enigma. See there that mister so respectable, so full of dignity, dressed in magnificent robes of scarlet and of gold, and carrying on the head a chapeau à cornes, a hat to horns! It is him! I say to myself, "Tiens, Auguste mon cher, tu as de la chance, voilà le Lord Maire qui se promène en grande tenue!" In fine I comprehend, by blue! The Lord Maire has not of garden. Therefore he is obliged of to walk himself in the court of the Bank. C'est dommage, it is damage that Madame la Lord Mairesse accompanies him not to-day. Eh well, I have seen the Lord Maire! He has the figure very amiable, the beard grey and a little long, and he has at the least six feet of height. I perliate the palace again, a successful flutter at Monte Carlo. Because what's the odds so long as you are happy.

From "708, Pall Mall."—When it will unsteady the men. When the discipline has been first-rate, and no one wants to send them to Bermuda. When there are no facilities for manceuvring and musketry at Gib. When the Household Brigade is the pride of London and Windsor. When the season. When the season. When the season. When the season. When the season is already so unpopular, and there's any amount of that sort of thing on the Rock. When it endangers the safety of the nation, and—but this is quite an afterthought—unsettles everybody's domestic arrangements.

From "The Senior"—Because the Government wouldn't have dared to do it, Sir, if they had known anyone was looking. Because the Service is going to the dogs—and the monkeys at Gib.

ceive that he salutes gravely several misters who enter. It is astonishing that they return his salute so coldly. Even they lift not the hat. See there the pride of the great financiers, of the high bank, in the City! They are equals of the Lord Maire. They are proud as the Senators of Venise, as the Grands of Spain.

I ought to say that I rest during these some instants a little dden under the arch of entry. Truly I am suchly astonished hidden under the arch of entry. Truly I am suchly astonished and interested that I think not, for the moment, that it is imand interested that I think not, for the moment, that it is impolite that of to regard thus the most great man of London. I hope that he has not perceived me. I think to retire myself discreetly, when I meet the benevolent regard of the Lord Maire. I lift respectuously my hat high form. Him also he lifts the hat, and then he asks very graciously that which I desire. Ah, the good occasion! I respond to him, "Milord, if that can himself I would wish well to visit the interior of the Bank." He says that for that a stranger must be presented to that can himself I would wish well to visit the interior of the Bank." He says that for that a stranger must be presented to the directors by some person of their acquaintance, but that I can to visit the court, the three offices around, and the garden. The garden! Ah, voilà enfin le jardin du Lord Maire! I thank him infinitely of his gracious amiability, I visit the droll of garden, absolutely black, with two melancholy trees, and some other heads of the same of the sa shrubs all flétris, and then I go to search a mister of my acquaintance, without doubt very well known of the directors, who will have perhaps the goodness of to present me.

He is very amiable, and of a charming politeness. Himself he accompanies me to the Bank, where he shows me the grand saloon and the library. This last is small, and resembles a little to a cellar. Then we visit the printery—imprimerie—the cellars of the bullion, the "weighing machines," and the room where the gold and the notes of bank are amassed. Ah heaven, what richnesses! Enormously of gold! Partout we are received by some very polite misters, who show to me all these things with a courtesy of which I am extremely recognising. In this last room some very polite misters, who show to me all these things with a courtesy of which I am extremely recognising. In this last room they show to me a packet of notes of bank, representing one million of pounds sterling. I hold him for an instant. It is a quite little packet, which one could send by the "Parcel Post" for four pennies and half. They take him from a quite little cupboard, filled of notes of thousand pounds; a little cupboard of which the contents represents more than all the richnesses of Johannesburg! My faith, it is astonishing! I am almost bouleversé by the idea of richnesses so enormous!

Then we quit the Bank. In traversing the court we encounter

rersé by the idea of richnesses so enormous!

Then we quit the Bank. In traversing the court we encounter the Lord Maire, who salutes my friend, but this last makes but a little sign of head, a nod. "How," I say to him, "you other Londonians are so proud that you return not even the salute of your Lord Maire?" "The Lord Maire," responds my friend, "where is he? I don't see him." "There," I say, "in robes of gala, he has saluted you." My friend éclate de rire, and laughs so much that he can not to respond to me. In fine he becomes more calm, and then he says, "That's not the Lord Maire, that's the porter of the Bank."

Oh la la! Je me suis trompé. Mais quelle Banque, avec un concierge comme ça!

Agree, &c., Auguste.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE. concierge comme ca!

## "WHY RUIN THE GUARDS?"

(Echoes from the Service Clubs.)

From "The Rag." Because somebody must go to Gib. Because why should the Household Brigade be better off than the Line? Because favouritism is prejudicial to the interests of the

Inner Because favouritism is prejudicial to the interests of the service. Because one fellow is as good as another fellow, and that sort of thing. Because "side" is bad form. Because the fuss about it is all "jolly rot."

From "The Junior."—Because after all it is not so bad as it seems. Because you can get decent hunting round the Rock. Because if you want big game there's plenty of it over the way in Africa. Because with leave and luck you can have, now and again, a successful flutter at Monte Carlo. Because what's the odds so long as you are happy.



THE EXILE FROM MAYFAIR.

[On Thursday night it was announced by Lord Lansdown's in the House of Lords that three battalions of the Guards shall be stationed at Gibraltar. One battalion will be sent out this year.]
["The Barbary ape . . . . has become naturalised on the rock of Gibraltar."—Rev. J. G. Wood's "Natural History."] Do I know any of your people?" Exiled Guardsman (at "Gib."). "AW—LET ME SEE.



#### NOLENS VOLENS.

Sportsman (who has mounted Friend). "That's right, Jack. Bang him at it! A good Fall over Timber will sober the Brute down!"

#### THE ART OF REVIEWING.

(See the "Westminster Gazette.")

## SOME FURTHER POINTS OF VIEW. THE LOCAL BUTTERMAN'S.

I RECRET to say that a grate amount of perfunctryness prevales in our ighclass Trade jurnals with regard to the practise of Revewing. Vast quantitys of valuble Litrature never gets any reconition at all at the ands of our most Esteemed Critics—I refer to the Gentlemen as conducts the Litrary Colums of such Inflential organs as The Aylesbury Butterfly, The Margarine Makeweight, and The Thames Mudlark. Praps it is because our most Promising Clients in the Departments of Fixion and Potry fale to submitt their hord'ucevres for notis in the Proper Quorter. fale to submitt their hord'ucevres for notis in the Proper Quorter. Anyway, I regly peroose these Intresting Periodicals evry Satday nite, and I never see the slitest elusion to the reelly Important fechures of a Book namely the Quolity and Tecksture of the Paper and the Natur of the Ink employd. I do think more atention shud be payd to these Pints. Many and many a edition would go off like ot cakes in the leading Butter Cercles if adequit mention was made of these Particlars. As it is, it is ony by a long corse of Tryal and repeted Falures that I ave been abel to discuver who are our likelyest young novlists and Minor Potes from a Perfessional Pint of Vew. I ope these slite ints may hare Frute, and awating your Further Estemed Orders,

## A Victim's.

I have just had forwarded me (by a considerate Press-Cutting Agency) an impertinent and wholly undeserved notice in the Literary Tomahawk of the masterpiece to which I have devoted the best years of my boyhood, viz., a little volume of lyrics, entitled, Duckweed Ditties, which all my acquaintances in Peckham describe as the most characteristic and astonishing thing I have ever done. I understand that there is a strike at Lord Pennern's Slate Quarries (I never read the vulgar daily papers, and I would suggest that all reviewers be invited forthwith to fill up the gaps at that excellent institution, where they would fill up the gaps at that excellent institution, where they would doubtless find congenial and remunerative employment.

#### ANOTHER SUFFERER'S.

I consider I have been treated scandalously by the reviewers, I am a lady novelist, an exponent of the "literature of the lower get. Well, would you believe it, my last and finest analysis of the illicit passions, A Human Fungus, has never had a single line of notice at all. It is bad enough to be praised by our indicate the statement of the single line of notice at all. It is bad enough to be praised by our indicated by the statement of the statement o dolent fiction-tasters, but when it comes to being silently ignored, I think I had better give up writing altogether and take to district-visiting.

Reviewers? There are no such persons! I have wiped them out of existence. There were individuals who dared to attribute want of taste, lack of humour and bad grammar to my productions, but I abolished them in my latest masterpiece.

MISS IDA FALUTINS.

#### UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!

(A Cry from St. Pancras.)

[The St. Pancras Vestry have decided that the streets of that parish are in a dirty and neglected condition on the Sabbath day."]

Ir "cleanliness be next to godliness," The City, sure, should be well-washed on Sunday! But need immunity from muck and mess Be even narrowed to a weekly one day?
Are sludge, and slime, and slop the secular doom
Of the great Matebolge we call London?
Must we add daily dirt to nightly gloom? Cleansing of streets have cities more than one done. Paris is clean, why not St. Pancras, then? And every other parish in our city? We have no lack of water, brooms,—or men Eager for any labour, more's the pity!
Turn all hands on to sweep and scrape and squirt
Our dreary, weary City of Dreadful Dirt!

POLITICAL SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—By the crew of H.M.S. Premier, Mr. Sam. Woods, M.P., is looked upon as a Walthamstowaway.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. VIII.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Theatrical and Musical Recollections of Miss EMILY SOLDENE (Mrs. Powell) will interest and amuse all who care anything either about music-hall matters or the introduction of Offenbachian opera-bouffe to the London stage. Opera bouffe came in just as that form of burlesque in one act and five scenes, which had succeeded to the extravaganza in scenes and acts, was moribund. With this novelty up went the price of production, and soon afterwards up went the price of seats in the auditorium. Genuine opera-bouffe at its best ceased to exist with Offenbach. Herve and others were only of the Offenbachian school

of the Offenbachian school. Herve and others were only of the Offenbachian school.

The charm of Miss Soldene's narrative is her simplicity of style. Like the heathen Chinee, she is "childlike and bland." She is so thoroughly Bohemian, telling so much, and yet leaving just so much more to be understood as can be conveyed in a wink and a nod, expressed by a sudden hiatus in the narrative. The Baron, who never had the pleasure of the lady's personal acquaintance but who remembers her as Drogan in Geneviève de Brabant at the Philharmonic, wonders how certain exalted and generally superior personages, nowadays ("at their time o' life," as Herbert Campbell sings), like seeing the records of their bygone behind the scenes days? The pretty little ancedote at p. 137 is one of the instances of the Writer's "I-could-an'-if-I would" style. Under Michael Willer Seventia and the seeing the records of their bygone behind the scenes of the Writer's "I-could-an'-if-I would" style. Under Michael Willer Seventia and the seeing the sevential the second series of the Writer's "I-could-an'-if-I would" style. the instances of the writers "1-could-an'-ir-I would "style. Unless Miss Soldene were present on the occasion, on what authority is she enabled so graphically to describe the attitude and action of a certain exalted personage during his visit to the dressing-room of Mr. Dion Boucloull? However, taken as a whole, the reminiscences are good light reading, as the dry business details can be skipped, and if Miss Soldene has "more where these came from," there can be no doubt that her publishers will be "Downey" enough to secure her next book for the general heapfit. the general benefit.

"Methinks," quoth one of the Baron's Baronites, "this is the very best number of the Yellow Book that I can remember. Miss Aline Szolo's sketches are charming. This figure of 'Grief' is positively sobbing, and these trees, 'spectral willows, half-asleep,' are the very 'Children of the Mist' of which Miss Rosamund Watson sings. Whatever be your mood, you will find something to suit it. If you would be grave, read Mr. William Watson's 'Lost Eden.' If you would be gay, look at 'My Note-Book in the Weald,' and I promise you Miss Dewie's waiter will move you to merriment. If you are neither for tears wholly, nor for laughter, but for that April mood when sunshine and rain make rainbows in the sky, turn to the end of the volume and read the 'Prose Fancies' of Mr. Le Gallienne. They are prosy in nothing but the title. There are many other dainty morsels," remarked the Baronite, "for Mine Host of the Bodley Head has spread us a goodly feast. I cannot tell you the flavour of every dish on the table, but I can at least tell you where to dine."

#### FORTIFIED LONDON.

(By a Nervous Prophet.)

GLAD to read in the papers that at last all the defences of London are completed. Feel safe now from foreign invasion. London are completed. Feel sare now from foreign invasion.

KAISER, KRUGER & Co. are such untrustworthy people. What is that crowd outside? Why there's a cannon in the street! Suppose it burst? A cannon, indeed! Such a thing ought only to be in a large open space. Dean's Yard, for instance. But this is no time for idle jesting. Must go at once to Athenseum, this is no time for idle jesting. and write a letter to the *Times*.

this is no time for idle jesting. Must go at once to Athenæum, and write a letter to the Times.

Leave by back door into mews to avoid cannon. Shells piled in mews. Get into Piccadilly. Notice on railings of Green Park, "Beware of Explosive Mines!" Retire hastily into Curzon Street and work eastward along back streets. Reach passage under Devonshire House garden. It is inscribed, "Closed for Storage of Nitro-Glycerine." Get round by Berkeley Square into Bond Street. Hope no projectiles will be flying through the air. Put up umbrella. Good idea, walk down Burlington Arcade. Paving there covered with boards. Notice up at entrance, "Tread lightly to avoid exploding Dynamite beneath." Leave hurriedly, and endeavour to get into Regent Street. Find narrow pass of Vigo Street blocked with earthwork and cannon. Retreat to Bond Street and get into Piccadilly. Another battery of artillery commanding the slope of St. James's Street. Observe that all the omnibuses have been arranged to carry one Maxim gun outside. Avoid cannon, go down Bury Street, and at last reach Athenæum.

Hurry inside, and fall over heap of sandbags. Get up, somewhat shaken, and then discover five bishops and a judge assisting in the removal of these bags to the roof. One of them hastily tells me that the club is being made quite safe, the roof being arranged for guns and the wine-cellar filled with barrels of powder. Bless me, how horrible!

Get home somehow. Must arrange to live in the peaceful republic of Andorra. Monaco no good; there is an army there.

#### Change for a Tenor.

["At the London Bankruptcy Court the failure was announced of JOHN SIMS REEVES, professional vocalist."—Daily Graphic, Feb. 2.]

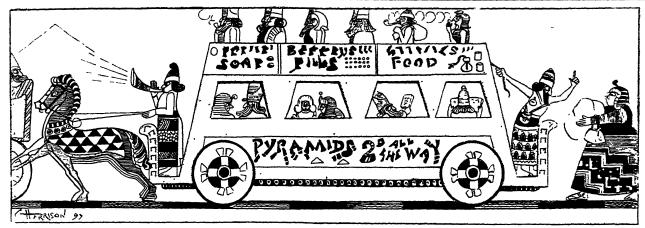
'Tis true, 'tis pity! Poor Sims Reeves! O how Can he be left without a single stiver? For he himself's a "tenner." Even now Worth two good notes, and yet—without a fiver!

#### Echo Answers.

Voice (from the American Senate). What shall we do the friends
\_\_ of Peace to gratify? Echo (from all well-disposed persons everywhere). Voice. What to her cause are Anti-Arbitrators? Ratify! Traitors!

#### Clear as Mud.

AFTER the somewhat "too previous" fashion of the day, it is solemnly and ceremoniously announced that "Mr. Henry James has finished another complete story." Now that is what we call a thoroughly satisfactory—in fact a "finished and complete"—statement. If the story were said to be finished without being complete, or even complete without being finished, now, there might be room for doubt or uncertainty. But since it is both finished and complete, what can the public want more—save (perhaps) the story itself?



#### TRAM TO THE PYRAMIDS.

(And, let us hope, in the above style.)

["The Government has granted a concession to the Cairo Tramways Company to make a line to the Pyramids, and also to fill up the Khalig Canal running through Cairo, and construct a line over it. The latter scheme will be a great sanitary improvement, as it will remove one of the causes of malarial fevers."—Daily Telegraph.]

## THE NEW HARDY NORSEMAN

(Nansenesque Version.)

["One dear old lady wrote to Sir GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, begging him to come to tea one day this week, and bring Dr. Nansan with him, 'and,' she added, 'I will arrange for some appropriate people to meet him.' "—Daily News.]

THE hardy Norseman's house of yore Was on the foaming wave; He would have deemed "at homes" a

bore Vikings dared not to brave. But now, though gallant, grim and game
To front the frozen sea;

He finds one penalty of fame Is—going out to tea!

The Norseman is more valiant now

Than he was wont to be.
"Five o'Clock" pales not his brow,
Muffins ne'er make him flee!

Old scalds might hymn old heroes' fame, But when did Sagas see The Norseman crown a noble name

A six-foot Harold Fairhair stout

By—going out to tea?

Is he, late of the Fram. His soft blue eyes will smile, no doubt, On many a social sham.

To burrow in a wolf-skin bag

At sixty below zero, Was naught to him; but will he flag When made a Mayfair hero?

Never depressed by loneliness In the long Arctic night, How will he stand the social stress Of soirée, crush, tea-fight?

Will lecturing to our learned nobs And beauteous dames, all soul, Be ranked by him as tougher jobs Than struggling toward the Pole?

Nansen, brave boy, may you enjoy Your Babylonian boom;

And never when swell plaudits cloy Regret your Arctic gloom. Never, half sick of social stir, And fashionable flam,

Long for far Arctic frost and fur Aboard your ice-bound Fram.

Booms, hardy Norseman, sometimes bore,

And lionising irks. Yet Nansen, you will doubtless score; And won't it sell your works? Here's health, wealth, fame, O, Norseman game!

Love, Luck, and £ s. d. ! May Leo not get trim and tame, Through too much toast and tea!

## "TO ARMS!"

DEAR MR. PUNOH,—I know that you are, among countless other callings, a Man-at-Arms, a genial Octopus surrounding all Humanity, therefore I venture to ask this profound question: What do you do with your Arms, when you go to bed? I speak as a sufferer, and one, I am sure, representing Millions of fellow-sympathisers. Let me illustrate our common case. I suppose that we all retire to our

uch to go to sleep, therefore, let me summarise how the Arms interfere with this laudable intention, as illustrated by the following table (taking "You" to be "We").

1. You lie on your back, hands crossed after the fashion of a Crusader on a tombstone. Result.—Pins and needles and

change of position.

2. You shift over to the right side; right arm mutely quiescent, left arm indignantly dependent. Result.—Back position again.

dependent. Result.—Back position again.

3. You shift over to the left side: left arm mutely quiescent, right arm indignantly dependent. Result.—Back position again.

4. In opposition to this armed interference with your rest you place both hands beneath your head. Result.—Rush of blood to the head, and energetic protest of lears and feet.

legs and feet.

5. You turn your face to the pillow. Result.—Suffocation and snoring. Arms still obdurate.

6. You cross your arms as if engaged in a hornpipe, and roll about like a waterlogged ship. Result.—Concussion of el-bows with ironwork of bedstead, and a desire to clasp your knees or pummel the wall.

7. Again trying the back position you lay your arms straight down by your sides. Result.—Dyspeptic sleep and waking night-

mares.

8. Total Result.—Nox, et præterea nihil.
In this précis I fancy that Lord Salisbury himself would not disavow my capability, but à quoi bon? My slumbers would be still prevented by the horrible interference of these members which are as obference of those members which are as ob- break them.

trusive and as useless as are several National representatives at Westminster. If you could only suggest a plan for discarding my Arms—which have nothing to do with Mr. HARDINGE GIFFARD'S Armorial Club—I should be nightly obliged, Yours in fear of the pillow-ry,

REGINALD RETOREX.

Morpheus Club, W.

[We can only suggest that our Correspondent should hang his arms on the bed-post before putting on his pyjamas. There would be no 'arm in the experiment.—Eo.]

#### Twin Titans.

(On the announced amalgamation of the two great gun-making firms of Armstrong and Whitworth. By a Patriotic Unionist.)

ARMSTRONG plus WHITWORTH Must be a good bit worth. WHITWORTH plus ARMSTRONG! There does seem a charm strong In such combination Of Titans! Elation Through old England runs, Seeing two such great guns United at length. Such union is strength!!!

#### At Southampton West (Low Tide).

Master Harry. Is this the place, Daddy, where King CANUTE ordered the sea to go

Father (deep in paper). Yes—of course.

Master Harry (pointing to acres of mud).

And look how well it has obeyed him ever

#### Just Off-the Bourse.

Stockbroker (to Client, who has been pretty well loaded with certain scrip). Well, it just comes to this. Are you prepared to go the whole hog or none?

Client (timidly). I think I'd rather go the

#### A Scientific Nursery Definition.

Little Algy Muffin. What's the meaning of bric-à-brac, that Mamma was talking about to Colonel Crumpet?

Little Chris Crumpet. Those things we mustn't play bricks with, a-fear we'll



"Well, Mr. Softley, did you revenge yourself on Algy since that Quarrel you

"YES, INDEED. I ORDERED MY MAN TO BE WUDE TO HIS MAN WHEN HE MEETS RIM."

# ACADEMIC DISCUSSION.

(Extracted from a Newspaper of a future date, when our own Undergraduates have followed the example recently set them at the Universities of Athens and Moscow.)

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Cambridge, Monday.

I REGRET to say that an incident occurred in one of the Trinity lecture-rooms this morning, which is likely to cause a fresh disturbance here. Professor Sawnusr, in his translation of a passage of THUOYDIDES, pointed out that the standard of courage amongst young men had been greatly lowered since the days of ancient

Greece. The class unanimously regarded these strictures as a deliberate insult to themselves, and they at once knocked the Professor down, and left the room. Subsequently a general meeting of the undergraduates was held, and an ultimatum was despatched to the master of the college, demanding a full apology and ten barrels of audit ale by way of compensation. The reply of the master has not been received up to the present, but if it be unfavourable, an outbreak of hostilities will certainly follow. Machine-guns already are being placed in those windows of the college which overlook the street.

No answer having been received, war has Q. What is the chear A. A paper-cutter.

been declared. Most of the Dons succeeded in making their escape over the river, but the Senior Dean, the Head-Porter, and a couple of bedmakers (who are suspected of being spies) are now imprisoned in the Buttery. The college is in a state of seige, and the Senate has been sitting for several hours to consider the situation. Reinforcements from Clare and Magdalene are said to be coming to the assistance of Trinity; but St. John's sides strongly with the professor, and their men have announced their intention of taking Trinity by storm to-morrow.

Trinity is still untaken. One or two sorties occurred in the night, and seventy or eighty townsmen were shot, but no fighting of any real importance took place. There is great excitement at Newnham, where, despite the prohibition of the authorities, a mass meeting of students was held, which passed a resolution of sympathy with the Trinity rebels. Many ladies from the college have announced their intention of nursing the wounded.

Fighting became general this afternoon, and scenes of terrible carnage took place. A body of Indian students, in native undress, attempted to join in the fray, but were quickly dispersed with the help of a fire-engine. Mr. Oscar Browning superintended a skilful attack made by a body of King's men upon Dr. Jackson's light infantry. His manœuvres, I am informed, were based upon a scheme communicated by the German Emperor. It is rumoured that a strong force from Oxford has started by train in order to take part in the rising.

Hostilities have suddenly come to an end. Thanks to the vigilance of the besiegers, the supplies of the Trinity garrison were entirely cut off. When it was discovered this morning that the whole stock of marmalade was exhausted, negotiations for a truce were at once begun. Six of their leaders met six Fellows of the college in conference in the market-place, and, after some difficulty, a peace honourable to both sides was signed. Professor Sawdust is to lecture no more for three years, and the undergraduates approval is to be obtained for the appointment of his successor. A first-class in the Tripos is to be awarded to all the men of Trinity and their allies who showed conspicuous valour during the recent engagement. On the other hand, any undergraduate shooting a Don without sufficient cause is to be liable to be fined by the Proctors, and the prisoners are to be released with a caution.

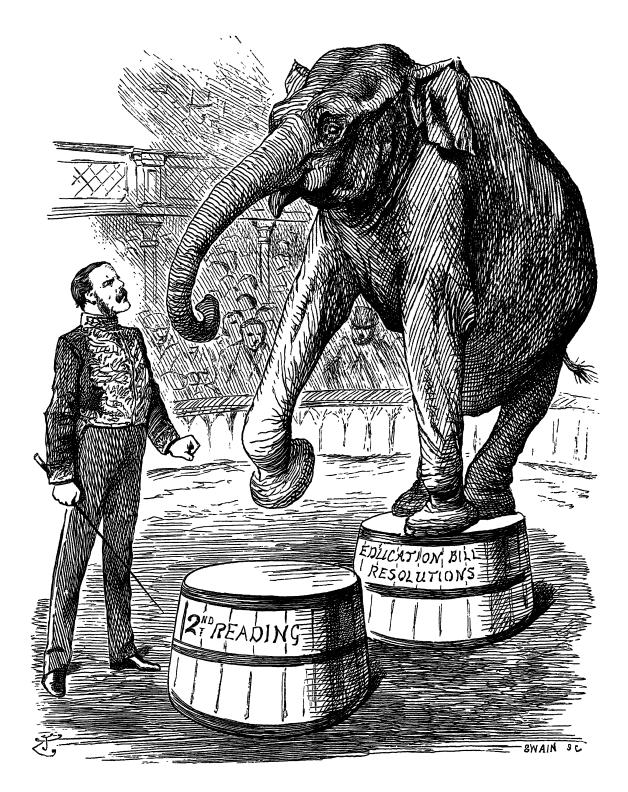
The conclusion of peace has caused general rejoicing, and great festivities will take place to-night. An ox will be roasted whole in the great court of Trinity, and the fountain will flow with Château Lafitte.

#### The Henemy.

[Egga, the riverside stronghold of the Foulahs, has been destroyed as a precautionary measure.]

The Niger Expedition appears to be properly conducted. The proper way to disperse the "Foulah" army obviously being to destroy their "Egga."

From Our Own Irrepressible Joker (it is hoped now finally incarcerated).—Q. What is the cheapest kind of a yacht? A. A paper-cutter.



THE ELEPHANTINE MAJORITY.

ARTH-R B-LF-R (Ringmaster of the Westminster Circus). "HOPE HE'S NOT GOING TO TURN NASTY. HE'LL SPOIL THE WHOLE SHOW."





First Hunting Man (having observed the ticket with "K" on it in his friend's hat). "I DIDN'T KNOW THAT OLD GRE OF YOURS WAS A KICKER. HE LOOKS QUIET ENOUGH."

Second Hunting Man. "Well, he isn't really. I only wear the 'K' to make People give me more room!"

#### UNMUZZLED.

(Page from a Bad Dog's Diary.)

Well, they have taken it off at last! Not a moment too soon. However, all my practice has been for nothing. In a few days, I am sure I could have worked my mouth out, and then my friend the butcher boy would have had a lively time of it. I'll teach him to whistle at me! The sooundrel! But I said a time would come! And it hea!

The scoundrel! But I said a time would come! And it has!

Ah! there's the tabby from No. 23. I rush at her. She waits calmly for me, thinking me muzzled. Unfortunately she discevers her mistake just as I get up to her, and hurries down an area. Rude brute! Swearing at the L. C. C. for doing an act of justice and mercy. Well, cats will swear at anything. Sorry I couldn't give her a nip for the sake of auld lang syne. Still, not nearly such good sport as the butcher boy. He's the lad for my money. I'll teach him to make grimaces at me! He'll be a great deal politer now that I can express my sentiments in the customary manner. Or if he isn't, I'll teach him.

The postman! Have a good bark at

him. Daren't go near him, as I know his boots. They are clumsy things, and hurt awfully. But he can't do anything to me if I keep out of his reach and bark. He's very angry, as my noise stops his chat with the housemaid who is doing the steps at No. 34. I don't care. If he dawdles much longer, my barking will attract my owner's attention. And then he will write to the Postmaster-General, or the papers, or something. So for his own sake, he'd better be civil.

Here comes a policeman. Wag my tail. Not that I like him, only its always best to be conciliatory to the powers that be. If it hadn't been for my coaxing ways I should never have been allowed out without my muzzle. My owner said he knew I should get into mischief. Well, well; I've never known him to tell a lie. And that reminds me. What has become of my friend the buther how.

that reminds me. What has become of my friend the butcher boy.

The postman complains of me. Policeman says he can't do anything until I bite. Of course not. The housemaid (who seems to know the constable) chimes in. They are having quite a row about it. The discussion is closed by Mary finishing the steps of No. 34, and slamming the door. This gives me an opportunity for a good

sharp bark. The policeman looks at me, and I am off.

and I am off.

Clocks strikes. Surely this should be his time. Yes, there he goes on the other side of the road. Look round stealthily. My young friend is whistling, as usual. I'll teach him to whistle! He gets off his cart-tricycle and prepares to take out the mutton chops and round of beef for No. 76. . . . Bravo! And I have got a bit of the cloth! He shouts. I run for my life. But it's no good. For here comes the policeman. Well, what if I did bite him. It's no business of mine.

The policeman seizes me by the collar.

The policeman seizes me by the collar. What's he going to do? Oh, I see! Bless the L. C. C. They are always so thoughtful. The constable lets me go, as he's got my owner's name and address!

ODODETTE CONTO

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Philosophic Bard writes to his not too juvenile Lady-love on the subject of the thaw, which she has bitterly deplored in a letter to him.

THE snow has gone, the frost has fled, And you regret the wintry scene. Do you rejoice in things half-dead, Or love the tree no longer green? Are ice-blooms on the window-pane Fairer to you than buds in Spring, And must an Arctic Summer reign

To make the flowers that you sing? Let Nansen tell of mystic spell

That led him to the cheerless North.

For me the never-frozen well

Whence Love and Laughter bubble forth!
The fount that in a sunny land
Knows not that biting bitter breath,

Knows not that biting bitter breath, Nor feels the unrelenting hand Of him who binds the sea with death.

You state that when you saw the snow Trickle away in myriad tears,
You wept, the while you did not know The meaning of your foolish fears.
You say you thought—indeed were sure-You loved the earth so fair and white,

And mourned the passing of the pure Into the dismal drip of night. I quite believe this morbid craze

Of turning Nature's love to hate; But surely on this day of daze You had a bidding-call to skate? I say "a day of daze" because

Your turn of mind is much too true; You only list to Fashion's laws. You were invited—I was too.

Yes! Lady WRINKER bade me come— You didn't know this little fact— Indeed she wrote, "Do keep it 'mum," And look on with your well-known tact. For FLORRIE"—need I say that 's you?—

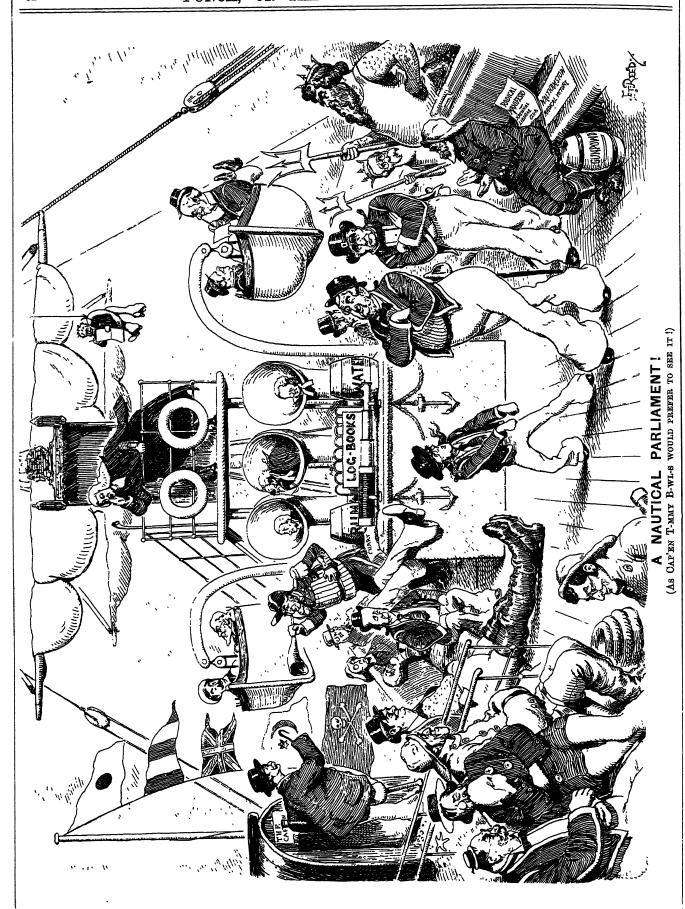
"Expects to meet her latest swain. I hope she doesn't know I knew.
The only thing I fear is rain."

The rain came down! Your Acmes failed To cut the figure that you hoped. No wonder that your spirit railed

To find the lake with care was roped.
Young Thingummy—I trust he called
To tell how cruel was his state.
He's young and curly; I am bald;

But I can do what you can't—wait!

SUGGESTIVE NAME FOR THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE AT WALTHAMSTOW.—
MOUNTAIN DEWAR.



#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 1. Universal regret to-night at news flashed from the Border country that George TREVELYAN will sit among us no more. "At the age of sixty-five, and after fortytwo years of laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the present opportunity. The retirement is dictated to me by my personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life. I should, perhaps, add that I am at present, and mean for a short time to be, engaged on a special matter which occupies me closely."

No, no. Of course that's what Mr. G. wrote to "My dear GRANVILLE" more than twenty-two years ago, on eve of epoch in career that would of itself have made fame of any man. George Tre-VELYAN not sixty yet; been only thirty years in public life. Circumstances other-wise so similar, even to "special matter" on hand in TREVELYAN'S study, that I for

moment mixed up things.

Since TREVELYAN, having, for conscience' sake, separated himself, on Home Rule question, from his old leader and the Party in which he was born, and performed the more heroic act of returning to the fold, he has been object of especial obloquy in certain quarters of House. Could understand a man moved by conscience making one sacrifice. But being thereby fortuitously landed amid circumstances of great prosperity, in a land flowing with milk and honey, where judgeships grew like brambles, Privy Councillorships paved the pathways, and first pick was had of places in the Ministry -how, in such circumstances, a politician should be troubled by further twinges of conscience, passed the understanding of simple-minded men. So, when TREVELYAN rose to speak, they howled at him, openly jeered, or ostentatiously conversed.

That is over now with his Parliamentary

career. The bitterest partisan recognises in him an honest man, supersensitively honest if you will; of chivalrous spirit; of a courage that did not fear the assassin's knife in Dublin, nor the Irish Member's tongue at Westminster; a man who invested political controversy with the fine flavour of literature and the grace of gentlemanhood. GEORGE TREVELYAN is a born literary man. From a sense of duty he became a trained politician, and for thirty years has served the public in Parliament and on the platform. His real delight was in books; his home the library. In the triumphs and disappointments of an active political

career

His heart untravelled fondly turned to home. Now he has entered it and closed the doors, presently to emerge, all the world hopes, with a newly written book of his own.

First night of new piece at Westminster Theatre Royal. The Education Bill: a These not serious drama, in three acts. named. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD suggests-Act I., Introduction; Act II., Amendment; Act III., Withdrawal. That a matter on the knees of the gods. (I don't mean in gunereal, almost sepulchral voice.

"'Bury you,'" mused Prince Arthur,
Meanwhile, no doubt about success of vainly repressing a shudder. "I hope the knees of the gods. (I don't mean in the gallery.



Sir W-U-m H-rt D-ke (to Mr. M-cl-n and others). "'Minds of your own,' indeed, never heard of such a thing! Egad, Sir, I'd make some of yer come to heel if I had my way!"

the little farce which, in accordance with old tradition, preceded the drama. A oneman part, played by JOHN o' GORST. He is still Minister of Education, you know, and should, in ordinary circumstances, have had charge of the Government Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR thinks he will do it better, or at least safer. So Vice-President of the Council roots out of pigeonholes of office a minute measure staggering under the title "A Bill to annul an Order in Council confirming a scheme re-lating to the Foundation known as the Berriew School." Just before PRINCE ARTHUR rose to explain the Education Bill, John o' Gorst, after gruesomely posing for a moment at the Bar awaiting the Speaker's signal to advance, solemnly marches up floor, carefully "bringing in" this infant scheme.

"What's the name of the school?" PRINCE ARTHUR asked him when he re-

sumed seat on the Treasury Bench,
"Berriew," said John o' Gorst, in

that's not the proper pronunciation of the word. It would be a little ominous."

Business done.—Education Bill introduced in Committee of Ways and Means.

Tuesday.—Listening to BILLY DYKE just now discoursing on men and things, the Education Bill, the revolt below the gangway, the iniquity of insubordination and the right divine of gentlemen on the Treasury Bench, one sighs to think of the long silence imposed on this eloquent, persuasive tongue, when tied and bound by the leashes of the Whip. There is general feeling in House that DYKE has been badly done to. He bore the heat and burden of many days merged in all-night sittings. In office or in Opposition he was always at his post, adding to the essential qualities of a man of business the charm, inestimable in a Whip, of personal popularity. When, in 1895, his Party came into power with a thundering majority and the certainty of long possession of office, the old Whip-old in experience, young in years as statesmen go-was, so to speak, ARTHUR, hung up in the harness-room. Situation "I hope made all the more bitter by seeing promoted to pleasing office obscure men, who not only had not served the Party, but, when DYKE was drudging in the Whips' Room, did their level best to upset the coach.

Some noble souls thus smitten stride below the gangway, and there nurse their wrath to keep it warm. Of finer, truer metal, BILLY DYKE has shown no sign of the resentment others feel for him. Here he is to-night coming to help of Government in nasty circumstances, warning re-calcitrants below gangway of the danger of the course they have embarked upon, and, whilst hinting at possibilities of improvement in Education Bill, declaring that he for one will stand by Ministers to the end.

"I am a Party man," he said proudly. "I have always been a Party man. I hope to live and die a Party man.'

That 's the stuff strong Parties are made of. The pity of it, SARK says, is that Party leaders are apt to take advantage of the loyalty of chaps like HART DYKE, and purchase with prizes that should be theirs the allegiance of shiftier men.

Business done. — Education Resolutions carried by Closure.

Thursday.—There is dolour at Knights-bridge, woe in Albany Street and the sound of wailing. The fiat has gone forth. The word was spoken to-day simultaneously in Lords and Commons. The Guards, or some of them, all in turn, are to go to Gibraltar. Brave men turn pale at the thought. Hearts that never beat a moment faster to the music of the cannon feebly throb. Suppose there isn't a pluckier man alive than Paul Sandford, Lord Methuen. For these twenty years past he has eagerly snuffed the battle-smoke wheresoever it has arisen. Far off Bechuanaland knows the snorting of "Methuen's Horse." Its broad veldts have trembled to the tread of their irresistible onslaught. Yet to-night, METHUEN, rising in the harmless, if not necessary, House of Lords, was so unmanned by the shock, so overcome by emotion, that he actually addressed the paralyzed Peers as "Gentlemen"! Not that the case is otherwise, but the etiquette of the place demands another form of address.

When report first got wind that three battalions of the Guards were to be sta-tioned in the Mediterranean, Albany Street and Knightsbridge were suffused with feeling of patriotic satisfaction. concluded that Malta was Naturally intended. Malta a sort of better-class Eel Pie Island set in the Blue Mediterranean, with troops of friends bound East or West looking in, of friends bound East or west looking in, with the Fleet at hand, and good company assured. Not quite the same thing as Mayfair in the season. Still, consciousness that one is serving his country, protecting the Empire, makes amends for much. But Gibraltar! Fancy leaving London in the high season to yawn through May, June, and July on a blasted rock, Society being who people its caverns! Moreover than which, there is no place at Gib to maneuvre, the men will mope; the battalion will deteriorate; and all for what? The Guards die, but never surrender. Guards die, but never surrender. And now they 're to go to Gibraltar!
One thinks of CAMPBELL's pitiful lament:



THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. I .- To get a toss in a Snowdrift, and, while lying half-smothered. To be SWORN AT FOR NOT SHOUTING TO WARN THE MAN FOLLOWING YOU.

yond regulation measurement, the breast | of him who shall dwell on the rock a poor Exile from Mayfair.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in in Commons.

-House listening to GEORGE Friday. --OSBORNE MORGAN discoursing on grave-yards and other political topics of hour, apt to forget that he was one of the most brilliant men of his day at Balliol; First Class in Classics, Newdigate Prizeman, Chancellor's Prizeman for English Essay, and much else. University education doesn't count for much in our democratic days. Now Mr. G. has left us, few men are bold

enough to venture on classical quotation.

A year or two ago, "Mabon," it is true, addressing the House lightly dropped into the Welsh tongue. But that not quite the same thing. Osborne Morgan can, I believe, talk Welsh with the pure Machynlleth accent. That he is as fully master of the Latin tongue as if he had studied it with Virgin in "unhappy Cremona" is proved by the little volume from the University Press PRINCE ARTHUR brought down with him to-night to study whilst HICKS-BEACH terrified SQUIRE OF MALwood with prospect of new expedition to Soudan.

The Welsh G. O. M. has tackled the Eclogues of Virgin, and, disdaining earlier expediencies, has done them into English in the hard's are not to the property of the hard's are not to the property of the hard's are not to the hard are they're to go to Gibraltar!
One thinks of Campbell's pitiful lament:
There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin.
What were his metrical woes compared with those that swell, at least an inch beSweeter to me that song than the rising breath of the South wind,

Sweeter than music made by the wave-beaten

shores of the ocean, Sweeter than pebbly streams through rock-built valleys descending.

Plenty more like them in the volume. Business done.—Pay up costs of last year's Soudan Expedition, and prepare for another.

## THE NEW AZRAEL.

"Он! had I but Aladdin's Lamp, Were 't only for a single day," I'd send Yank Oil Trusts on the tramp, Whose only care appear to pay. A "safety lamp" is in request

But Oil-king profits it might spoil Were some one to devise a test

For (reasonably) "safety oil."
Cheap oil may swell the Trusts' accounts;
As to its "flash-point"—don't inquire!
Meanwhile the death-rate mounts and mounts,

From lamp explosions causing fire.
Oh! King Petroleum is a king
Whose power and wealth arrest one's breath;

But need he spread an Azrael wing Above us like a new King Death?

NEW NAME FOR LADIES WHO SOLICIT THE SUFFRAGE. — The Sturdy (Faithfull) Begg-ars.

A Buy Election.—Where the seat is sold.



#### SKETCH IN REGENT STREET.

PUZZLE-ON WHICH SIDE ARE THE SHOP WINDOWS?

## TRUE LOYALTY.

(Contributions selected from several leading Waste-paper Baskets.)

540, Cheapside. Sir,—The proposal so nobly suggested by His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES will doubtless strike a responsive chord in the heart of every Briton. The welfare of our suffering brethren in the Hospitals is indeed an object worthy of our best endea-yours. This fact will justify us in reminding your readers that the chances of recovery from illness are often imperilled by the unwholesome nourishment given to the patients, especially when they are ordered to take cocoa. You would hardly believe, Sir, the number of inferior brands of this commodity with which the market is flooded. How, then, could the British public better commemorate the glorious reign of our beloved QUEEN than by purchasing for every hospital in the kingdom a large quantity of the Pure, Wholesome, and Refreshing Cocoa manufactured only by Your obedient servants,

NIBBS, DIBBS & Co.?

Sir,—My major says that he had an extra week's holiday in 1887 because of the Jubilee. Since then, as old EUCLID would say, this year is greater than the Jubilee, much more then we must have an extra fortnight at least added to the Summer Vac. Q.E.D.

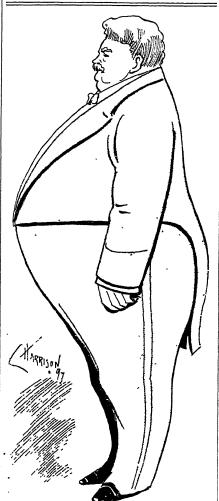
Again, Greek is rot, and I hate it. So do all of us. Why not abolish it? I've got to finish a beastly Latin prose, so can't say more now, but this is the Commemoration Programme suggested by us, the Lower Fifth at Birchington College:

Two weeks' extra holiday. Abolition of Greek and Corporal Punishment.

(iii.) A jolly good blow-out. Yours respectfully, TOMMY TITTLEBAT.

Queen's Gate. SIR,—It is to be hoped that the coming "commemoration," as it is called, will not witness a repetition of the idiotic features which disgraced the Jubilee ten years ago. On that occasion, I was expected to provide board and lodging for one of my idle sons for a whole week beyond the already excessive length of the summer holidays. HIM JUST NOW.

This is all very pleasant for the school-master, but it is disgraceful that the unhappy parents should be burdened in this way. Why should not this year mark a great step forward in the knowledge and



PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF DR. NANSEN, IF HE ACCEPTS ALL THE INVITATIONS FOR DINNER WHICH ARE BEING SHOWERED UPON accomplishments of the younger generation? This would indeed make the year notable, and it could easily be effected by shortening by a month or so the vacations of our schoolboys, at Birchington College and elsewhere. Hoping that the headmasters will have the sense to act on this suggestion, Yours obediently, OCTAVIUS TITTLEBAT.

Chelsea.

Sir,—The present year deserves imperishable record in the annals of time. And how is such record to be given? By a few bonfires and fireworks, shortlived as their own radiance? By the ruin of many digestions, owing to the so-called banquets that will be held? Or even by the narratives of its glories in stately prose, such as adorns your columns, and illuminates the quotidianal breakfast-table of countless readers? No, Sir; even this is insufficient and inadequate to do justice to the Longest Reign. Poetry, Sir, pure, musical, magni-ficent poetry is wanted, and that want I ncent poetry is wanted, and that want I propose to supply. My epic in fifteen cantos, entitled Victoria Triumphans, will shortly be ready, printed and bound in the most sumptuous style. And it would be false modesty were I to conceal the fact that in future ages, when the memory of our QUEEN herself becomes dim, the year 1897 will still be honoured, because in it proposed the pulset poem that the world appeared the noblest poem that the world has seen—need I again refer to Victoria Triumphans by name? The price is ridiculously low—no more than five guineas, in fact. Intending subscribers should send their names—with remittances—to me without delay.

Argustus Pinnar

AUGUSTUS PINDAR. SIR,—I never lose an opportunity of letting the public know of my existence, and this the Regal Jubilee Year is a first-rate one for Yours,

GENERAL BOOM OF BOOMSBURY.

X-TRAORDINARY COOKING.—The X rays have just been introduced into the Royal Kitchens, in order to detect any foreign substance in the food prepared. We con-clude therefore that Her MAJESTY will henceforth live upon Xtract of British meat.

SUGGESTED EDUCATIONAL ROMANCE .-The Schoolmaster, by HALL CAINE.



ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM.

French Bondholder (winking aside to John Bull). "PAS BRAUCOUP,—NOT MUCH!"

John Bull, "At all events, rou don't want me to clear out of Egypt?"

#### GOODE NEWS

FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AND THE PURVEYORS OF POPULAR VERSE. [Mr. J. J. GOODE informs the Daily Chronicle representative that "during the past two or three years the valentine has been looking up in the most promising fashion."]

People's Poet-Laureate loquitur:—
WELL, I'm glad to hear that! Of late years they've been flat, and you'd hardly twig what one in twenty meant, But this news seems to prove that those Pessimist prigs have not

quite banished humour and sentiment.

I feared that the age had thrown off fun and feeling as oft a she-

falcon will her jesses,

And that the last home of the smile and the tear, in our town,
was good old Moore and Burgess's.

With faces cork-blacked, and by instruments backed, men might still pose as—well, men of feeling, But for the most part the dear old human heart seems in process

of rapid congealing. That sweet bardlet, Bunn, of whom cynics made fun, was what I call the typical poet,

For the smile, and the blush, and the amorous gush, all as sweet as the mild fizz of Moet

In saccharine days, Bunn could work, and his bays, tear-watered are green and immortal.

Only he and the valentine writers I say ought to pass the Parnassian portal.

Lord TENNYSON'S rhymes might be taking, sometimes, though a little bit spoiled by profundity;
But how many of his would be real "good biz" on a valentine?
Why, hardly one ditty!

If SWINBURNE and he could compete with—say me, I am certain they wouldn't be in it

In knocking off suitable verses and mottoes, for trade, at a stanza per minute:

The Arts, for St. Valentine's glorious purposes, need to be "simple and passionate,"

quaint and intense, like our poets and posters to-day. I the up-to-date fashion hate!

The phantasmal creatures with angular features who sprawl on each wall, and each cover

Would not suit the filagree fripperies dear to the soul of an old-fashioned lover.

An amorous couple, slim-waisted and supple, who stroll up a serpentine pathway

Towards a toy-church in the distance—that was in old "Philistine" days our true Gath-way!—

Would now, like old crockery, meet with huge mockery. Nevertheless I feel certain

A cramped, sooty, silhouette-faced, scarlet-headed she-ghoul by a asp-spotted curtain,

And under a mystical sky like a tangle of snakes o'er a horrid horizon. A-stare at a lover contorted and pale, like poor Villikins after the

"pizon," Is quite as conventional, not half as nice, and though it may do

for new Street-Art, Transferred to a valentine 'tis not a thing a good fellow would

send to his sweetheart. And yet I should not be surprised if some clecadent duffer should

try the experiment—
Hang him!—of High Art applied to the valentine!!! Healthy

emotion and merriment Now seem as dead as the dust of old Pharmoh. Ah! Yes, some

neurotical ninny Will probably give us Verlaine-plus-Vierge as a valentine,

proofs price one guinea,
Printed on coarse sugar-papers, in mud! Oh, for good poet Bunn,

and the fellows Who limned hearts and darts, churches, lovers, and lanes, in the

good old greens, purples and yellows. I trust Mr. Goode is an accurate prophet, that Valentine's Day is

reviving

And that, like a bird, every boy (though absurd) intent upon wooing and wiving,

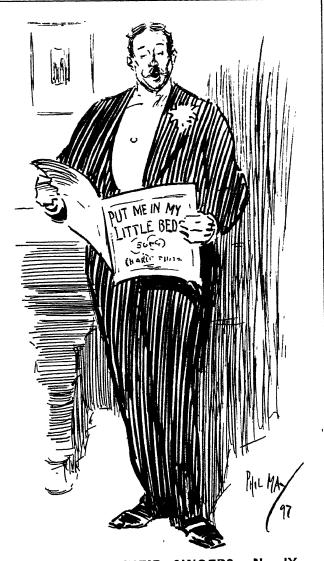
In chill February, aspiring to marry, may venture his bob or his

In buying a love-missive, written and drawn in the dear old conventional manner;

And that, though it meet with the decadent's scorn, and the halfpenny criticast's curses, The valentine still may mean popular Art and simple emotional

verses! Much honest Art-skill is available still for the pictures, if people

will buy them. And as to the "lines,"—though I say it who shouldn't—I know a poor bard who'll supply them!



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. IX.

## A VOICE FROM THE CLASSES.

A VOICE FROM THE CLASSES.

Dear Mr. Punch,—The other evening, at the "Annual Dinner of the Society of Authors" (poor chaps, do they have only one square meal a year?), the Chairman, Sir John Lubbock, delivered, to my mind, a very suggestive speech. He seemed greatly pleased with the progress that education had made during the present century. But I think he was wrong. Speaking for myself (and I represent a lot of other fellows), I certainly have had the benefit of a good school and its teaching. Worse luck! According to Sir John, the Romans had a saying, "that a child should learn nothing that he could not learn on his feet." And why not? A very sensible suggestion. Of course, nowadays, we would alter it to "with his feet," as the correction would enable us to include football and cricket. But why did the amiable president of the Annually Dining Authors hold up to reprobation the glorious fact that thirty years ago several hundred schoolmasters and schoolmisters. thirty years ago several hundred schoolmasters and schoolmasters could not write? Think of objecting to that! Why, if the gentlemen who look after me at my place of learning had never been taught to sign their names the saving in trouble would have been immense. And then there would have been another distinct advantage—had I not been able to write you would never have JONES MINOR. received this letter! Yours cheekily,

NATURAL HISTORY PHILOSOPHY.—The man who would say "Beau!" to a goose would be capable of ejaculating "Belle! to a gander.



BY ORDER OF THE L. C. C.

Bobby. "Mother! If that Gentleman only knew it, he might take off his Muzzle now, mightn't he?"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE

"WHAT this book wants," Miss MARY KINGSLEY writes by way of introduction to her Travels in West Africa (MACMILLAN), "is not a simple preface, but an apology." What it really wants is cutting down by at least two hundred pages. It is a marvellous story of a woman's courage, enterprise, endurance, and other qualities which mere man has been in the habit of claiming as his exclusive birthright. The woman, my Baronite whispers to me, is betrayed in the copiousness of language that enlarges the volume to 627 pages, not counting appendices. That grumble discharged, there remains nothing but praise for the book and of admiration for its author. She has a keen eye for character, an abiding sense of the picturesque, a humour that bubbles over in all places and predicaments, and a graphic pen, whose unfailing flow sometimes carries her a little far afield.

Now that CALVERLEY is no more, Mr. OWEN SEAMAN is his own most dangerous rival. He has excelled himself in The Battle of the Bays. A parody, unless done by a master hand, is a poor thing. In this little volume the master hand is visible in every line. Of the nine Muses who compete in the contest it is difficult to say which contributes more to the delight of the reader. My Baronite inclines to the study of Sir Edwin Arnold, whose fine poetic style is exceedingly tempting to the wickedly inclined. That is a matter of taste. The taster will find all toothsome. What the subjects of Mr. Seaman's satire think of his work is, as one of them when

he writes in prose is occasionally prone to observe, "another story." The exercise kindly provided should be useful to them as the Röntgen rays in the hands of a skilled physician throw priceless light on other human diseases and malformations. It is one of Mr. Seaman's minor japes that his book is published at the Bodley Head, at which he occasionally girds.

## DR. NANSEN'S SHIRT.

We welcome the fearless explorer; Undoubtedly he can assert He's beaten the record, a scorer, Al in the matter of shirt.

So "palmam qui meruit ferat"

Pecuniam ferat—et fert,

For people are crowding to hear, at

His lectures, accounts of his shirt.

Accounts—that is not bills for washing, No laundress was able to hurt, With wringing, or mangling, or squashing,

That very unfortunate shirt.

To hear of his journey is thrilling,
That wonderful "Farthest North"
sourt.

spurt,
And people seem equally willing
To hear this new "Song of a Shirt."

Yet pardon my meekly suggesting, In phrases, I hope, not too curt, Of course it is most interesting, This soiled Scandinavian shirt;

To soap-scented English a truly
Remarkable story of dirt,
Repeated on all sides unduly—
We've heard quite enough of that shirt.

#### DOGGED GRATITUDE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you allow me to thank through your columns the metropolitan and county magnates who have so kindly removed the debasing muzzles, which for nearly a year have degraded our race. Rabies only concerns the wretched two-legged creatures whom we, with canine humour, call masters and mistresses, knowing all the time that they are our devoted slaves. Henceforth, until some blundering biped interferes, we shall, as in the good old days, be allowed to bite as well as bark, to fight among ourselves, and to consume without prevention that garbage of the gutter which is as agreeable to our palates as is lively cheese to yours. With best love to all philocaninethropists,

I am, yours gratefully, Toby's First Cousin once removed. Whine Kennels, Snarlborough.

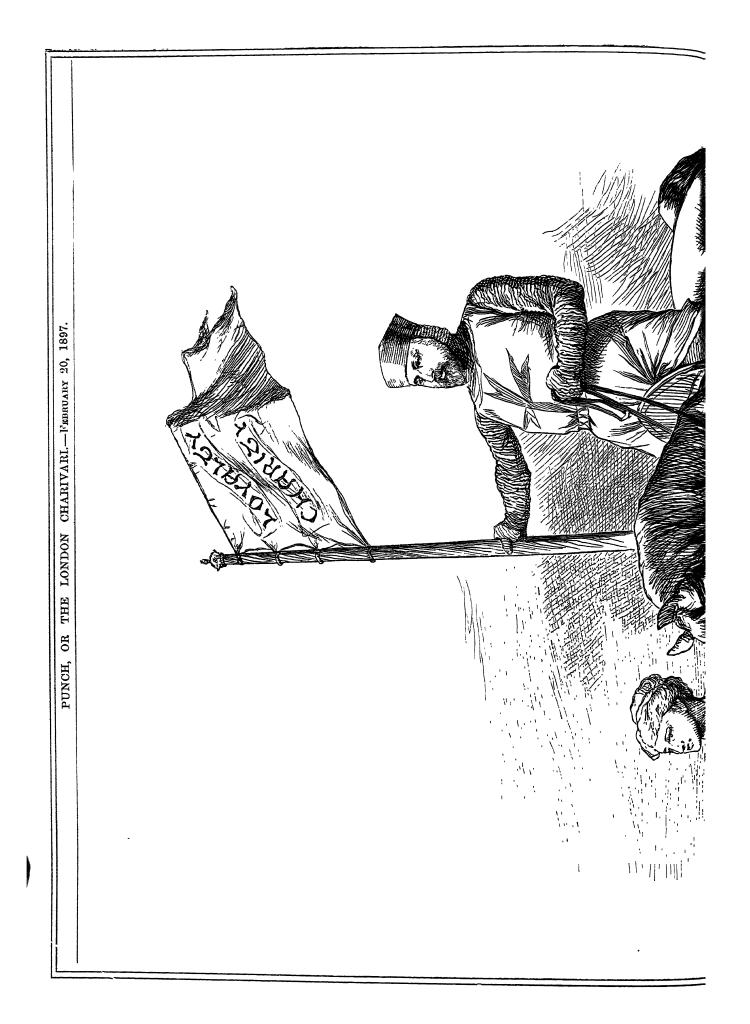
#### At Windsor.

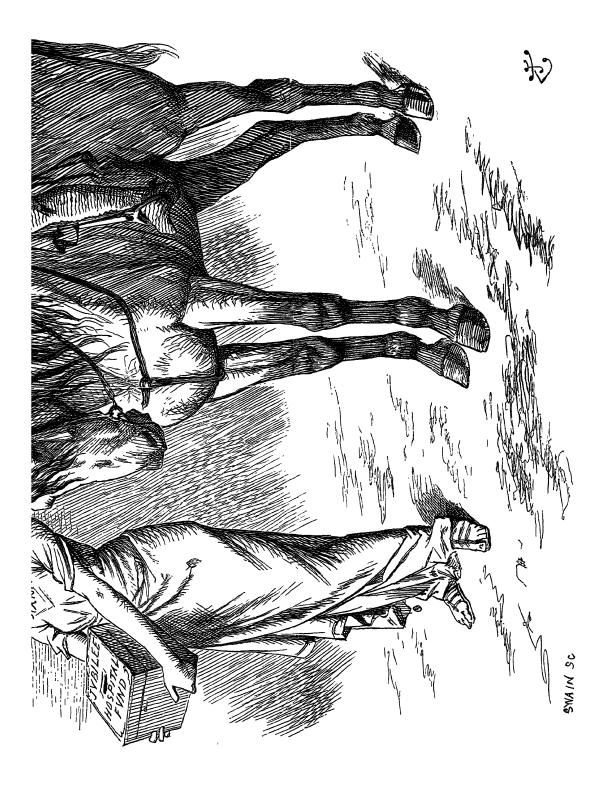
American Traveller (to Waiter at the 'Blue Stay"). Say, is it true that you've got a real live ghost here?

Waiter. Yessir. Believed to be either Cardinal Garnet Wolseley, 'Erne the Untsman, Queen ELIZABETH, or the late King of the Belgiums.

American Traveller. Thanks. Send for the local reporter, if off duty in any one capacity.

A REMINDER TO OUR GALLIC NEIGHBOURS.—We obtained our position in Egypt by French leave.





OUR NEW KNIGHT-HOSPITALLER

#### OUR NEW KNIGHT-HOSPITALLER.

The Prince's Plea, urged by Mr. Pursuivant Punch.

Largess! Largess! Lieges all! Princely Almoners are rarities. Who'll not heed so clear a call In so high a cause as Charity's? New Knight-Hospitaller he, Patriot Prince as kind as loyal. Heart that's warm and hand that's free Are possessions rightly royal.

Sixty years of glorious reign
Make appeal through him most rightly. Faith, it shall not be in vain! England's banner beameth brightly, Blazoned with VICTORIA's name, And two words of happy omen;

Which must earn ungrudging fame From the lips of friends or foemen. Let the cross upon his breast

Plead to every patriot spirit; British hearts will do the rest, Hearts that chivalry inherit. At his bridle-rein there stands A most gracious presence, praying Largess large from liberal hands.

Glad response there'll be no staying! For Her Diamond Jubilee

Were there fitter celebration Than a flood of charity From a proud and loyal nation? Honour to a generous Prince, Loved by Her we love and treasure,

Fitlier could we all evince Than by gifts in stintless measure?

Gifts to Charity, the cause Of the poor our Prince well pleadeth. Not mere salvoes of applause Our Knight-Hospitaller needeth. Largess! Largess! Tis his claim Urged with simple kindly clarity In the loved and honoured name Of our QUEEN and gentle Charity!

## HOW TO LOSE A SEAT.

(A Farce now being played at the Bye-Elections.)

Scene-Office of Local Wire-puller. Local Wire-puller aiscovered. To him enter Would-be Candidate.

L.W.P. (cordially). You got my note, Sir

W.B.C. (with difficulty finding his words). Yes; I thank you. It is not for me to understand it. For I am what you call a stranger.

(heartily). Nonsense, Sir, you L.W.P.are a good Englishman—you have been na-

W.B.C. Yes; like the good gentleman who got in by what you call the flesh of his teeth at Romford. But he is more accomplished, more English, more popular than I.

L.W.P. Oh! you will do well enough. You don't, of course, come from the central office?

W.B.C. Oh, no! Oh! they do say I not

know nothing about anything, and (smiling) ma foi, I think they are right!

L.W.P. Well, we must teach you.

What are your views on Education? W.B.C. I know nothing about Educa-

L.W.P. Then come, what are your views on any subject of political interest?

W.B.C. I do not know any.

L.W.P. Well, can you tell me anything about the constituency?

W.B.C. No; I cannot. For, you see, I

have never been. I know nothing at all.



## "THE MISSIS" WOULD OBLIGE.

Philanthropist. "I'm sorry to see you in this condition, Parker. I'm afraid YOU 'LL MISS THE LECTURE TO-NIGHT. Parker. "OH NO, I SHAN'T. I'M GOIN'-SHTRAIGHTOME."

L.W.P. (preparing to make a note). And your name

your namer

W.B.C. My name it is PROUDHOMME—I
beg pardon. I forgot. I have changed
that. I am Meester Smeeth.

L.W.P. To be sure. I forgot. Smith.
First-rate name. Well, Mr. Smith, and
now one last question. How about your

banking account?

W.B.C. (giving pass book). It is here.
L.W.P. (greatly gratified). Five figures!
Entirely satisfactory! Well, my dear Sir,

with your qualifications, I shall certainly have the pleasure of congratulating you upon being our Member. [Curtain. [But the Local Wire-puller finds himself mis-taken, as the voters reject "Meester SMEETH,"

and elect his better-known opponent.

THE SORROWS OF SAT-ON.—Those of the owner of a hat which has met with the



## ARMORIAL SHIRTS.

(For those entitled to wear Armorial Coats.)

This suggestion, which Mr. Punch offers for the consideration of the promoters of the "Armorial Club," has much to recommend it. Apart from the highly decorative effect produced, it would make it as easy to know "who's who" in the melée of a modern drawing-room as it was in that of a medieval battle. Moreover, if proper badges of distinction, marks of cadency, and the like, were added, the Eligible would be easily distinguished from the Ineligible, and the task of the careful chaperon rendered far easier. Lastly, it would do more than anything else to revive the study of the venerable, but would do more than anything else to revive the study of the venerable, but somewhat decayed, science of Heraldry.

## ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

No. VIII. — OF ROWING — OF COPY-BOOK MAXIMS — OF SPORTING PAPERS IN RELATION TO MOTHERS—OF MOTHERS IN RELATION TO ROWING-OF PRESIDENTS OF BOAT CLUBS.

My dear Jack,--So you are rowing in the Lent Boat of your College, and have begun to taste the delights of hard training? The seats, you say, are hard, and the food, though plentiful, strikes you as lacking in variety. No matter; when the races are over and you have bumped your way to glory, you will return with an added zest to the cakes, the ice-puddings, and the turn with an added zest to the cakes, the ice-puddings, and the various other luxuries of ordinary civilised life. In the meantime, proceed in your virtuous career of glowing exercise and manly honest fatigue, and learn how to subordinate your own particular desires to the general good of your crew. The copybook maxims of your childhood will assume a new and startling force and applies bility. The saying for instance that health force and applicability. The saying, for instance, that health, wealth and wisdom might be expected from early bed-going and wealth and wisdom might be expected from early bed-going and early rising has appeared to you as nothing more than a pale and effete generalisation. You will now realise its meaning in the state of your wind and your muscles after you have smitten the sounding furrows of the Cam in a practice course from Baitsbite to the finish. And as for wealth, though you will not at one stroke (or even at forty) become a millionaire, yet, since rowing is a cheap amusement, and by its very nature forbids all extravagance, you will probably find yourself all the better in

pocket for having joined the company of oarsmen. I understand that you recently sent to your mother a copy of The Field, in which your crew was referred to as being "distinctly promising," and it was further stated that "one or two of their freshmen, notably No. 6, shape very well." This thoughtless act on your part has roused a passion for oarsmanship in your mother's gentle breast. She who formerly confined her reading to the births, marriages and deaths in The Times, now takes in and studies with a widity the Snortsman and the Snorting Life, and complains that avidity the Sportsman and the Sporting Life, and complains that too much attention is paid to the University Crews, and too little to the doings of the Cambridge Lent Boats. She also learns incidentally in the course of her reading that "In answer to JAKE GINGER'S challenge, young Bossy will be only too pleased to box him if Messrs. Knockout and Tom MITTENS will provide a purse, or that "A Gentleman of Brixton is willing to match his linnet against Mo CLARKE'S from £2 up to £5. Business only meant," or again, that "Jo MIDDLEHAM requests both old and new patrons to remit twenty-four stamps for his brilliant special for the Dust Park Handicap. Fear nothing. Lightning Results." Into these green pastures of literature your dear mother has turned herself loose. I very much fear that on your return home you will find her a changed woman, and I have thought it my duty in some measure to prepare you for the shock. But as to athletics and the part their sons play in them all mothers behave in the same way. They delight to torture their innocent hearts by conjuring up imaginary dangers cunningly calculated to enhance the splendour and matchless daring of their sons. Your mother has, of course, warned you that you must wear thick underclothing when you row so as to diminish the risk of catching cold, that you must on no account overexert yourself, that you must drink your hot posset before you turn in for the night, and never fail to change both your boots and your socks when you come back to your rooms from the river. Perhaps you think your mother is exceptional in her anxieties. Not a bit of it. The President of the University Boat Club is an embodiment of awe and majesty. Note how the passers-by point his noble form out to one another as he treads the streets on his way to the boathouse every afternoon. He holds the fate of oarsmen in his hands. How impassively he rejects one or calls upon another, with how solemn an alacrity do his crew obey his slightest behest! He orders a course, and a course is rowed; he tells No. 5 that he is rowing atrociously short, and No. 5 feels that his life has been robbed of joy and his future days doomed to despair. The man is more than human. Yet this exalted being has a mother, and at this moment, if the truth could be revealed, he has in his nocket a letter from that lady in which she approunces the discourse of the state of the s pocket a letter from that lady, in which she announces the dispocket a letter from that lady, in which she announces the dispatch of three pairs of warm stockings, and implores him to retire from the crew at the first sign of fatigue, reminding him that as a child of four he was always susceptible to coughs, and that the family doctor quite agrees with her that rowing is too severe an exercise for young men. So, after all, even Presidents of University Boat Clubs, earth-shakers and cloud-compellers though they may appear, are human, too—on the mother's side, and I'll warrant that if this particular President took his mother at her word, gave up his seat in the boat and retired to a life of inglorious cotton-wool and comfort there would be no more miserable woman in the world than the mother who had urged him to able woman in the world than the mother who had urged him to the fatal deed. In the meantime, therefore, if you wish to please your mother, I advise you to continue rowing, and to do your best when the time comes to help your crew to make a bump every night of the races.

Commend me to your amiable terrier, Tatters. Ever your affectionate uncle,

Вов.

## AT A WEDDING.

(After the Weather of the last Two Months.)

For weeks and weeks each dismal hour gone, With skies of quite invariable grey, Nor sun, nor moon, nor even stars have shone; The night has been as mournful as the day.

Such sombre skies and such incessant rain Disgust at last the most contented soul, And even Dr. NANSEN may complain Of gloom that seems like winter at the Pole.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 8. -Looking in again at House at eleven o'clock to-night, weighed down with heaviness that comes of listening to seven hours' debate on Army Administration, hardly knew old friend AMELIUS RICHARD MARK LOCKWOOD, late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Coldstreams, now Member for the West (or Epping) Division of Essex. On ordinary occasions no more cheery presence in the House than that of MARK LOCKWOOD. With hat tilted back from expansive brow, hands in trousers' pockets, a smile on his face and a jest on his lips, he is better on a foggy day than a jet of electric light.

Seen at his best in domestic circle of his learned kinsman, FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C. On Christmas Day and Twelfth Night the numerous progeny at 26, Lennox Gardens, delight above all others in Uncle MARK, with his pockets bulging with bonbons, his coat-tails stored with rocking-horses, portable steam-engines, and Noah's Arks, with elephants cunningly constructed so that they may with prehensile trunk take up in turn SHEM, HAM, and JAPHET, and trot them round the back parlour of the Ark.

To-night Uncle MARK transformed. His very voice altered. A chill, repellant air of business warns jesters off. Fact is, he has prepared a paper on "The Iniquity of Sending the Guards to Gibraltar." Understand to and it before The Iniquity of Sending the grands to Gibraltar." taken to read it before United Service Institution—Imean the House of Commons. Hour has struck, and here is the man; a grave and reverend seigneur, profoundly



"Uncle Mark." (Colonel L-ckw-d.)



"CELEBRITIES MORE OR LESS AT HOME!" (No. I.)

A man's idiosyncrasies can best be judged when one sees him in the atmosphere of home. Colonel H-w-rd V-nc-nt is most particular that the exact origin of every article should be PLAINLY marked upon it!!

on threatened deportation of Guards. A very good paper it was too, Uncle MARK evidently having whole of question at finger ends, and knowing how to put its best points forward.

But, as I mentioned, hardly recognised im. Would probably have failed, only for two things. One was recognition of the red flower of a blameless life ever worn in his button-hole. The other, the way in which he declaimed the sentence, "Lord METHUEN, speaking in the House of Lords the other night, damned the War Office plan with faint praise.'

Used in this connection the verb is quite Parliamentary, a trite quotation. But the emphasis Uncle MARK managed, perhaps unconsciously, to throw upon the little word startled the House. Speaker instinctively clasped arms of chair with gesture as if to rise. J. G. TALBOT'S face clouded with expression of extreme pain. But before anything could be done Uncle MARK had trotted on, showing how the average height in the Guards is five foot ten and an eighth; how it is difficult to preserve that standard when trade is depressed; and how when, under a Conservative Government, trade is improving, the eighth of an inch must go, and with it one of the bulwarks of the British Constitution.

Business done. — Army Estimates discussed.

Tuesday.—SAM SMITH is a man of war. The accidents of birth and business association lodged him in an ungarrisoned town, and connected him with the cotton trade. Nature meant him for a Guardsman. Had

impressed with danger to empire imminent | he chanced to have been in South Africa when preparations for the famous expedition ALFRED AUSTIN hymned were to the fore he would have been torn by conflicting emotions. Instinctively he would shrink from the moral obliquity of the business; but his right hand would have itched for touch of the rifle-stock, his left for the bridle-rein. In the mind's eye one sees him riding forth on a better errand, booted and spurred, his heart full of courage and his belt of cartridges, his tawny beard shining under Afric's sun, serving for his gallant followers the part played in another fight in other days by the plume of HENRY of Navarre.

Accidents, as aforesaid, have directed Samuel's feet in the pathways of peace. But hot blood will bubble. To-day he But hot blood will bubble. To-day he leads a forlorn hope against the citadel of the Church. For what timorous men discuss as tactical reasons no worse time could have been chosen for such enterprise. That is sufficient for SAMUEL SMITH. Let others seek even chances. For him the hopelessness of hostile odds is lure irresistible. So he comes up to-night with resolution demanding instant disestablishment of the Church, not only in Wales, but in England. The mercenaries of the Front Opposition Bench retire to their tents; instruct the orderly if anyone calls to say they're "not at home." When the heroic figure of S. S. presents itself above the gangway, holding in red right hand a scroll of manuscript notes which mean a speech at least an hour long, the rank and file of either camp fold their tents like the Arab and as silently steal away.

SAMUEL cares for none of these things. In the calm solitude of his study he has prepared a speech of prodigious length. Topic not entirely new; does not at the moment inflame public mind with interest. What of that: S. S. has the first place in the order of proceedings; the House—at least the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms, the door-keepers, and the benches—are at his mercy. Perhaps, if he has his oration neatly type-written, and sends it to the morning papers, they will gladly allot the three columns of space necessary to its verbatim printing. Anyhow, he'll read his screed from first page to last. If the Sergeant-at-Arms goes to sleep in his chair his blood be on his own head.

Business done.—Mr. SAMUEL SMITH pro-

poses disestablishment and disendowment of Church of England. House yawned through two hours and a half. In midst of yawn of really dangerous stretch found itself counted out.

Thursday.—Mr. Weir, temporarily with-drawn from forefront of Parliamentary life for reason everyone regrets, is back again, bringing his sheaves of questions with him. Has in leisure time cultivated added sepul-chralness of voice. Ever when he came to the crux of his question—whether it related to delayed delivery of telegram between Sanda and Stronsa, whether it touched on sanda and stromsa, whether it touched on sewage at Stromness, or whether it retold some story of town council iniquity that had of late lifted with indignation the hair on Duncansby Head—his voice was heard apparently issuing from his boots.

To-night indignation deeper than usual; righteous wrath profounder; his voice has sought even lower level. Seems as if he had contrived to secure a portable sub-

sought even lower level. Seems as if he had contrived to secure a portable subterraneous apartment, standing on which he addresses House. You see him rise; regard House to right and left with severe look; fish out pince-nez from his bosom; with wide sweep of right arm place it on his nose. Then is heard a subterraneous rumbling which, gradually rising to level of his hoots, becomes more or less articulate. his boots, becomes more or less articulate.

His soul just now seared by PRINCE ARTHUR'S iniquity in appropriating time of private Members for purposes of Education Bill. He has first place next Tuesday for an epoch-making resolution. A Ministry that has not feared to flout France and rile Russia on Egyptian question recks nothing of an act of petty larceny at expense of GALLOWAY WEIR. But they shall hear from him; and they do, though withal indistinctly, owing to the subterranean oratorical convenience hinted at. After rumbling had gone on for five minutes, sometimes spluttering above cellar lid, oftener falling

hopelessly below it, SPEAKER interposed.

"I have great difficulty in hearing the hon. Member, but," he added, blandly, "I am under the impression that he is out of

House roared with delight at this novel application from the Chair of the process of induction. The shaft went home; the or muucuon. The shaft went home; the rumbling noise proceeded for a few minutes with growing hesitancy; it ceased, and Members looking up discovered that Mr. Weir, having apparently finished his speech, had resumed his seat.

Business done.—Second Reading of Education Bill moved.

House of Lords, Friday.—Londonderry broke out to-night; harrowed Ashbourne's feelings; harried Arran; played the Doose generally. And all about Gerald Bal-



COOKED ACCOUNTS.

Extract from old Fitzbadly's Letter to a Friend, describing a run in the Midlands:—"I was well forward at the Brook, but lost my Hat, and had to dismount."

FOUR. It appears that WILLIAM O'BRIEN—and really we didn't know it till Lon-DONDERRY gave him bold advertisement has been making a speech in Ireland de-nouncing land-grabbing. W. O'B. must do something. An Irish politician cannot live by the memory of shed breeches, disposed of in whatsoever patriotic circumstance. With TIM HEALY starting a new daily paper, JOHN DILLON'S name appearing every morning in the Parliamentary reports, and John Redmond coming home, other patriots must do something.

From the battlements of his castellated

home in Ireland WILLIAM O'BRIEN waves towards Lord Londonderry a handkerchief wet with grateful tears. His noble friend made him the subject of debate in the House of Lords, where Tim's name hasn't been mentioned in the present Parliament, and Dillon's is never heard.

True, Londonderry not thinking of O'BRIEN; wanted to strike at GERALD BAL-FOUR with back-handed blow at PRINCE ARTHUR. When the latter was Chief Secretary, he said, speeches of this kind were promptly followed by indictment. Now GERALD holds the office treason (to land-lords) stalks with impunity. As to which is right let the brothers settle between themselves.

This all very well for outburst of ex-vice- over potatoes.

regal temper. But in beating at the Balfours the Marquis has simply succeeded in obliging O'Brien.

Business done. — Lord Londonderry, pouring water down crater of effete volcano, makes it splutter in fashion suggestive that it is still alive.

#### A Puzzle in Horticulture.

Little Chris. Daddy, what makes onions? Daddy. Seeds, of course. Little Chris. Then what makes seeds? Daddy. Onions.

Little Chris (triumphantly). Then why don't us feed the canary on onions? [Discomfiture and retreat of Daddy.

#### Couplet by an Angry Celt.

(After reading an Amusing Paper on "The Celtic Renascence" in "Blackwood.")

Or old great painters limned, great poets sang; Now Art is Long, and Literature is Lang!

THE CENTRE OF GRAVY-TATER-TION. The middle of a leg of mutton roasting



#### WHY TAKE A CHILL?

IF YOUR TRAIN IS NOT HEATED BY PIPES, GET PLENTY OF FOOTWARMERS, AS ALGY AND BEITY DID. SIT ON ONE, PUT YOUR FEET ON ANOTHER, A COUPLE AT YOUR BACK, AND ONE ON YOU'LL GET TO YOUR DESTINATION AS THEY DID—WARM AS MUFFINS!

#### AT THE HUNT BALL.

(The Sad Complaint of a Man in Black.)

O Molly, dear, my head, I fear, is going round and round, Your cousin isn't in the hunt, when hunting men abound: A waltz for me no more you'll keep, the girls appear to think There's a law been made in favour of the wearing of the pink. Sure I met you in the passage, and I took you by the hand. And says I, "How many dances, Molly, darlint, will ye stand?" But your card was full, you said it with a most owdacious wink, And I'm "hanging" all your partners for the wearing of the pink!

You'd a waltz for CHARLIE THRUSTER, but you'd divil a one for me.

Though he dances like a steam-engine, as all the world may see; "Tis an illigant divarsion to observe the crowd divide,

As he plunges down the ball-room, taking couples in his stride.
"Tis a cropper you'll be coming, but you know your business best,
Still, it's bad to see you romping round with CHARLIE and the
rest;

Now you're dancing with Lord Arthur—sure, he's had enough to dhrink—

And I'm "hanging" all your partners for the wearing of the

Your cruelty ashamed you'll be someday to call to mind, You'll be glad to ask my pardon, then, for being so unkind, The hunting men are first, to-night—well, let them have their

You'll be glad to dance with me, someday—when all the coats are black!

But, since pink's the only colour now that fills your pretty head, Bedad, I'll have some supper, and then vanish home to bed. 'Tis the most distressful ball-room I was ever in, I think, And I'm "hanging" all your partners for the wearing of the pink!

## AFTER THE ESTIMATES ARE OVER.

(Page from "The Story of the Invasion of England in 19-.")

Dover had fallen. The coal-mines discovered in the bed beneath the abandoned Channel Tunnel were supplying the invaders with unlimited fuel. Ramsgate, always gay, was (although in the hands of the enemy) the scene of a most exciting regatta. Margate was fairly cheerful, and if Herne Bay were dull its condition was only normal. The Fleet, owing to a fault in the machinery, was on its way to the West Indies. Instead of "Attack the Enemy," the signal had been given, "Fly to Jamaica." Immediately at full speed (two hundred and fifty knots an hour) the battleships had departed in the wrong direction. The breakdown of the engine in the signalling-room on the Admiral's flagship rendered the summons of recall practically impossible. So the coast of England, left unguarded by its nautical defenders, had fallen an easy prey to the foreign hosts. True the Guards had done their best, receiving from time to time telephonic messages of encouragement from their comrades at Gibraltar. True the Line had supported the Household Brigade most admirably. True the Militia (represented by the 7th Rifle Brigade and the 4th Cheshire) and the Volunteers (in the persons of the Inns of Court and the 3rd Middlesex Artillery) had performed prodigies of valour. But it had been of no avail. The South coast was in the hands of the enemy, and Eastern Scarborough and Western Cardiff were trembling to their foundations.

No time was lost by the invaders to march on London. They paused for a moment to inspect Canterbury Cathedral (courte-ously thrown open by the Dean and Chapter), and spent a few days in the novel amusement of sea-bathing at Birchington. But after this the advance became a stern matter of business rather than a pleasure excursion. Place after place fell as the army approached. Every town, every village proved to be empty. There were no inhabitants, and as a natural consequence no provisions. When the invading commander-in-chief reached Chatham he was more than hungry. This town, like the others, was deserted. All the restaurants were closed, and every tavern dismantled. Suddenly there was a shout of ioy. An enormous warehouse, marked with the Government "broad arrow," was found crammed with provisions. The invaders sat down to a hearty breakfast. Full of renewed energy they started, and at St. Marv Cray (reached at 1 r.m.) discovered a second emporium. They lunched adequately, and found a third at Herne Hill, and stayed at that delightful spot for dinner. An easy stroll in the cool of the evening brought them to Brixton, where they found a building like its fellows replete with every gastronomic luxury. They enjoyed their supper. The next morning when the advancing host marched upon 85, Fleet Street (where serious opposition was expected), the commander-in-chief of the aliens expressed his entire satisfaction with the arrangements of the Government of 1897 in establishing "block-houses" for the sustenance of invaders en route for London.

#### Brother Jonathan's Jingoes.

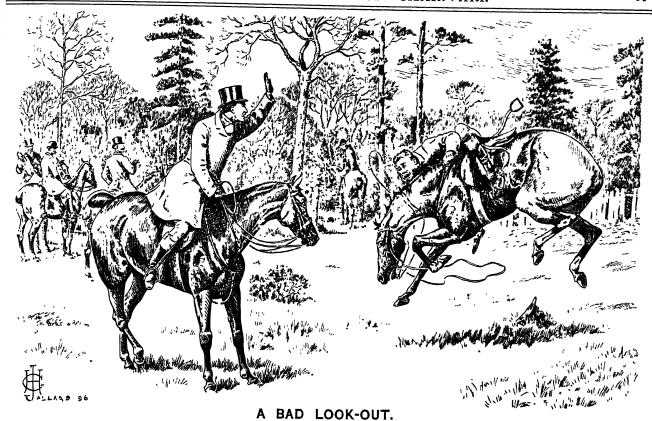
Ir seems to come to this, one grieves to state,
That, after all the genial gush and chatter,
These Jingoes are prepared to arbitrate
Only about such things as do not matter;
Leaving all matters that material are
To the old Arbiter—red, ruthless war!

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. DRURY FORTNUM'S historical treatise of the glazed and enamelled earthenwares of Italy leaves nothing more to be said in the matter of majolica. "Maiolica," he, as precise in matters of spelling as was Sam Weller's father, names the volume turned out with the perfected art peculiar to the Oxford University Press. The objects critically and historically considered are the glazed and enamelled pottery produced in Italy during the latter decades of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. To the connoisseur or collector the book is invaluable. The untutored reader grows fascinated as he turns over the pages, and learns all about these gems of a lost and irreparable art. My Baronite learns with regret that there are nefarious dealers who "cook" reproductions of the ancient wares with intent to make them look old, and pass them off on the unwary as originals. They have evidently no chance with Mr. Fortnum. The volume is enriched with exquisite reproductions of the most famous specimens of the ancient craft. The original plates are for our betters. Failing possession of them the twenty-one "plates" in the book are a delight to the eye.



GREAT PARLIAMENTARY PALAVER BETWEEN C-C-L RH-D-S AND HEKLA CHIEFS, H-RC-RT, CH-MB-RL-N, ETC. "FACING THE MUSIC."



Sportsman (to Friend whom he has mounted). "For goodness' sake, Old Chap, don't let her put you down! She's certain to savage you!"

## A BILLET FROM QUEEN BESS.

[It is rumoured that Queen ELIZABETH's ghost has lately been haunting the library of Windsor Castle.

Good Cousin Punch,—When I, in company with glorious Anna, paid you a visit in your sanctum o' New Year's Eve (as duly recorded in your last Preface), you, very sensibly, took it as a matter of course. And now some varlet pedant, at our old Royal Residence of Windsor Castle, hath been raising a hue-and-cry for that, forsooth his book-bleared eves have caught sooth, his book-bleared eyes have caught some fleeting glimpse of my royal, if shadowy, presence in the library there!!!

What more natural than that, in this

Annus Mirabilis of Victorian Diamond Jubilee, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon" (as Will of Avon hath it), I should drop in fortuitously at that towered citadel by silver Towice which by silver Tamise which cousin Victoria hon-

ours with Her Royal and Imperial presence? But, worthy coz, it hath come to our royal ear, that there is a talk of setting the Psychical Society on our Spectral track!!! Body o' me, and beshrew the bungling boors, if they come poking their pedagogish, impertinent noses into my "psychical" peregrinations, "By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!" May not a ghost of hi royal lady take her walks abroad—"my custom always in the—evening"—without being pestered by the pettyfogging pryings and perquisitions of amateur ghostseers and sapient bogey-hunters?

Undesirous of disturbing my dear Gossip's slumber at this hour in the morning, We have written this message from the Shades on your studio window-pane, with a diamond ring, as aforetime in the legend whereof you will wot. ELIZABETH R.

#### "WANTED!"

Wanted! a man with all attainments blest, Who 'll work with energy and toil with zest, Whose path through life has been one long exam

On banks of Isis, or on sluggish Cam. A man who's skilled in ancient Latin lore; And over Greek Iambics loves to pore; Binomial Theorem, and "cot" and "tan" Must be familiar to this sought-for man: With French and German, both beyond re-

proach, For, in these subjects, he will have to coach The budding hopes of England's Empire great,

Whose minds must guide and hands uphold the State.

To keep in touch with Time's progressive tread

Commercial Subjects must be widely read, The "Yost" he must with skill manipulate, And "Pitman's Shorthand" clearly demonstrate. [wood,

He then must train the boys to carve in Experimental Science, if he could; Pianoforte and Singing he must teach, And, if in orders, would be asked to preach; A good athlete, a football (socker) blue Would be preferred, and find employment,

too In teaching boys to "kick," and "shoot,'

and "pass,"
When not engaged with some or other class. So now, ye paragons in human guise, Make haste! for he, who gains this glorious

prize, Clear. Shall then receive, the facts are plain and The noble sum of "Forty pounds a year."

#### ELEMENTARY.

MR. HENRY SEDGWICK has published a learned book, entitled The Elements of Politics. It seems to Mr. Punch that it hardly requires a lengthy treatise to describe the "elements" of modern politics. Like the "elements" of Irish toddy, they seem to consist of (party) spirit, hot water, and the lemon-aid of acidity. "The ructions and the elements they charm me," sings the Hibernian bard of "Bullyhooly." And in politics the "elements" hooly." And in politics the "elements" and the "ructions" are certainly found together—especially in Irish politics. Parodying a verse of that song, we may say:—

There's a moral to my song, And it won't detain ye long:
Avoid strong dhrink of ivery description;
But if the foe ye 'd queer,
And arouse your Party's cheer,
Here 's a timperance (political) prescription!

Say the sugar ye have got,
And the wather, biling hot,
Wid the limon, wit and satire, blinded duly;

Then, stronger than poteen,

Toss a dose of factious spleen.

Faix! they call it "Politics"—in Ballyhooly.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (who has apparently again broken bonds).— Q. Why may we assume that the Phenicians were the inventors of cycling and billiards? A. Because two of their principal cities were called Tyre and Sid(e)on.

NEW READING OF AN OLD SAW.—When Greek meets Turk then comes the European tug of war.

AXIOM BY A HOSPITABLE MAN. — Good weeds go apace.



# "WHAT, NO SOAP?"

Mamma. "Good gracious, Tommy! When did you wash last? You are simply dreadful! You haven't washed since Break-

FAST, I'M SURE."

Tommy. "Does it show, Mother?" (With relish.) "How JOLLY BLACK OLD NANSEN MUST HAVE BEEN!"

## THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

Scene-A secluded part of Kensington Gardens. It is a morning in late NE—A sectuace part of Lensington Gataens. It is a morning in sacc September. Mr. Spencer Wotherspoon, a mild, fresh-coloured bachelor of fifty, with a general air of good-natured simplicity, is seated on a bench in conversation with Mercy Marigold. She is an auburn-haired, cream and rose complexioned girl of about twentythree, and wears a becoming pearl-grey and white costume, with small bonnet and floating veil, not unlike that of a hospital sister. By her side is a baby-carriage, containing a sleeping infant.

Mr. Wotherspoon. But-but, bless my soul, why? Why am I not to stop and speak to you any more? Ah! I think I see. I'm getting a prosy old bore, and you've had enough of me, eh?

Mercy. Oh no, indeed, Sir. Anything but that. I'm sure it's very, very kind of a gentleman like you to show such interest in

a poor friendless little nurse!

Mr. Woth. Kind? Nonsense, my dear. Why, I assure you, I find myself positively looking forward to these little morning chats. I'm rather a solitary old fellow—especially now my sister's away—and it's a very great pleasure to me to stop on my way up to the City for a few minutes'—well, for half an hour's -conversation with anyone who is kind enough to take compassion on my loneliness.

Mercy. I wonder why you always will talk as if you were old, when you're not a bit old, really!

Mr. Woth. (with a sigh). Ah, my dear, I'm old enough to be

your father, I'm sorry to say.

Mercy. Are you? I'm sure no one would ever—— But why

are you sorry?
Mr. Woth. Because—— But there, age has its compensations after all. For instance, if I were a young fellow, I couldn't stay

talking to you like this, morning after morning.

Mercy (innocently). Couldn't you? Why not?

Mr. Woth. (perplexed). Well, it might be—— But you've never told me why you want me to go up to town some other way in future, and not to take any notice of you.

Mercy. Oh, but I don't. Only, you said three weeks ago, soon after we first got acquainted, that you were thinking of going

away to the seaside before long.

Mr. Woth. Did I? I daresay, my dear, I daresay. You see, my sister is away at Scarborough, and I rather thought she might be feeling lonely without me—we've never been separated so long before, you know—but somehow, what with my partner taking his holiday, and one thing and another, I—well, I kept on putting it off, and now she's coming home in a day or two.

Mercy. I'm so afraid—you won't think it very conceited of me -that you didn't go because—well, a little because of me.

Mr. Woth. No, no, my dear, quite a mistake; at least, I'm not fond of fashionable watering-places, you see, and Henrietta, my sister, seemed to be getting on very well without me, and besides, there was the business to look after.

Mercy. And you ought to be looking after it now, instead of

wasting your time talking to me!

Mr. Woth. Oh, everything's slack just now, my dear. I shall get up to the office in plenty of time for all there is to do; so, if that's your only reason-

Mercy. Ah, but it isn't. [A foreign-looking young person passes, with an amused side-glance at MERCY, who flushes suddenly.

Mr. Woth. Do you know that young woman? She looked as if

she thought she knew you.

Mercy. Did she? She looked at both of us. I'm afraid she thought you were-we wereought you were—we were—— [She stops short. Mr. Woth. Why, what could make her think that? It's too

absurd, you know, too absurd!

Mercy. Of course, I'm only a nurse now—a servant. Still, I'm a lady by birth. My papa was a gentleman farmer, and if he hadn't lost all his money, I should never have had to earn my own living.

Mr. Woth. I know, my dear, I know. And—er—no one is degraded by honest work. Quite the contrary.

Mercy. If you knew how hard it is, you wouldn't say so. I have both the nursery grates to do, and all the sewing for Baby, and it's spoiling my hands, I'm sure it is. Look!

She extends her hand to him. Mr. Woth. (inspecting it). Upon my word, I can't detect the ast— (To himself.) Odd that I never noticed before what a remarkably pretty hand it is! It's an infernal shame she should have to-But there, it 's no business of mine—no business of mine!

Mercy (exhibiting a pink palm). It's all very well to say that; but I used to be so proud of my hands, and they're getting quite

hard. Just feel.

Mr. Woth. (without availing himself of the invitation). young lady might be proud of them now, my dear. (With an effort.) And, unless I'm greatly mistaken, somebody will be asking you to give him that little hand of yours, long before it has time to harden.

Mercy. Somebody?

Mr. Woth. Some lucky young rascal who--- I daresay he has

come forward already?

Mercy. I'm not very likely to have a proposal from anyone but butlers and valets and people of that sort; and though I suppose I ought to forget what I have been, I couldn't bring myself to— And if ever I marry, it will have to be someone I could look up to—somebody older and wiser than me. I didn't mean to tell you all this, but it doesn't matter; it's the last time I shall ever meet you.

Mr. Woth. I can't for the life of me see why it should be the last time.

Mercy. Because, if I must tell you—because one of the servants, who hates me, found out that you were in the habit of stopping to say a few kind words to me every morning, and told her mistress, and she said if she ever heard of it happening again, I should be sent away without a character.

Mr. Woth. Sent away! Gracious heavens, what possible harm can there be in just-

Mercy. I can't think. But she said I ought not to allow a

stranger to talk to me like that. As if I could help it!

Mr. Woth. Why, it was the merest chance. I had been taking a rest on this seat-it was a very hot morning, I remember-and I should have got up and gone on without even noticing you were there, only you happened to drop your ball of knitting, or what-

ever it was, and, naturally, I picked it up.

Mercy. I told her exactly how it was; but she said that no honourable gentleman would take such notice of a girl in my

rather than-

Mercy. I know. But—but I didn't want to lose the only friend I had.

Mr. Woth. (remorsefully). I meant to be your friend, my dear; but the truest friendship I can show you now is to go away. I can't let you run any further risk of losing your situation.

Mercy. Oh, I've lost that by this time. Mr. Woth. Lost it! How:

Mercy. You remember that woman passing just now; that was ANNETTE, the French maid. She came on purpose to spy upon me, and by the time I take Baby home-

Mr. Woth. (in deep distress). It's devilish, perfectly devilish! nd to think that I————But, my poor child, what will you do? Mercy (recklessly). Oh, I don't know. I shan't go into service And to think that I again. Get an engagement as barmaid, perhaps, or else as chorus girl. I can sing a little, and I've been told I've rather a good

figure. I shall get along somehow.

Mr. Woth. No, no, you mustn't do that. I—I couldn't stand it... (With a sudden impulse.) MERCY, I—I thought I felt nothing but a sort of fatherly interest in you; but I know now it was more than that, it's more than that. And—my dear, if you can only care enough for me to-to be-my wife.... I wouldn't for the world put any kind of pressure upon you, or-or seem to take any advantage; but, upon my word, I don't see what else can be done. If you would like time to think over it carefully.

Mercy. As if I wanted any time to think over that! Why, of course I'll be your wife, as soon as ever you choose!

LATER.

Mr. Woth. (to himself, as he walks on alone). I can hardly believe it. No more idea when I started this morning—And after all these years, too! But I'd no alternative—no alternative; and I'm afraid I may have some trouble with HENRIETTA at first.

However, it will make no real difference to her.

Mercy (to the child, as she wheels it home). Baby, you little beast, you won't have me for your slave much longer, do you know that? Ah, you may well waggle that slack-baked little apple-dumpling of a head of yours. I did manage it well, didn't I, Baby? But I don't believe I should ever have got him to the point, if ANNETTE hadn't happened— That gave me the idea. How she would laugh if I told her, only I'm not such a goose! He's a dear simple old thing, and he swallowed it all. I'm really fond of him, in a way, and he'll let me do exactly as I please. And the first thing I shall do after we are married is to get that sister of his out of the house!

## Picked up in the House.

Supposed to be a specimen of a New Edition of Poetry for (Political) Children. By "A Perfect Child."

I LOVE Pussy Gorsty, he has so much charm; And, if I don't snub him, he il do me no harm. And yet, entre nous, I should greatly prefer If Pussy would scratch less, and not (Mani)purr!

MORAL OF A RECENT "MONTE CARLO ROMANCE."—The plum goes to the Plummer.



#### SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. X.

#### KRÜGER'S LITTLE CLAIM.

[Indemnity for moral or intellectual damages caused by the Jameson Raid—£322,061 16s. 9d.]

THAT odd sixteen-and-ninepence is the latest Boer joke, Enough to make the Uitlander with fits of laughter choke! What is it charged for? we may well inquire of Uncle PAUL; The items should be specified and made quite clear to all.

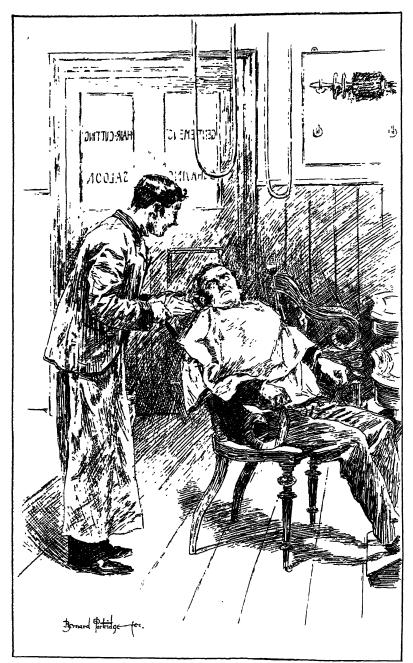
Is it, perhaps, the moral loss inflicted by the T-m-s, When printing thirteen months ago the Poet-Laureate's rhymes? Is it since Mr. Rhones's tongue has been a little rude, In talking at a recent date of "unctuous rectitude"?

Or, can it be the net result of the Emperor's telegram?-We crave for further details, or we'll think the bill's a sham! However, when accounts like this are sent, 'tis pretty plain, Some intellectual damage has been done to Kruger's brain!

## Tales in School.

It is suggested, it seems, that a school should be started for giving "vocal lessons in the art of story-writing." Splendid notion! One difficulty, however, suggests itself to Mr. Punch! Everybody writes stories now—with or without lessons. As we are "all Socialists" (as Sir William Haroour said) so we are all story-writers now. It is to be feared therefore that, as the celebrated German regiment was "all officers," so that projected Story-writing School would be all teachers and no pupils.

LITERARY NOTE.—Sir ROBERT PEEL must have been bereft of his Manners when he took the family name of the Duke of RUTLAND for the hero of his romance.



## A DAMPER.

Chatty Barber. "'Ow would you like to be Shaved, Sir?" Grumpy Customer. "In perfect silence, please."

#### BYRONICAL.

A VOICE FROM MISSOLONGHI.

"Know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought.
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No'"
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

AIR-" The Isles of Greece."

THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!—At least they once were Grecian Isles—Tis in the interests of Peace,

Dodges and diplomatic wiles

Dodges and diplomatic wiles
Restrain bold hearts that chafe and fret,
With the eternal "Halt! Not yet!"

The Putney and the Shoe Lane muse, The Attic harp, the Cockney lute, A chaunt for Crete should scarce refuse! Yet Alfred, Algernon, all are mute. Suits it the new Parnassian trade To sing an Anti-Moslem Raid?

So Alfred looks on Algernon, On Alfred gazes great A. C. Could England dare to stand alone, From that crass Concert were she free, A Briton yet might help the brave, Be more a man and less a slave.

A bard stood on the rocky brow Of a high cliff in sea-born Crete. Ships, iron monsters, lays below,
A sort of International Fleet.
He counted them and hoped that they
Were there to keep the Turk at bay.

Why are they there? And why art thou, My country? On thy huckster shore The heroic lay is tuneless now, For heroes are an awful bore. And princes brave who make a dash With Powers' plans are apt to clash!

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Amid a Mammon-ridden race,
To voice a poet-patriot's shame.
Could Canning stand in Croil's place!—
Faugh! naught is left for Greece, I fear,
But Balfour's blush, and Harcourt's
tear.

We can but weep—and dry our eyes!
We may but blush—and turn the head!
SILOMIO sole will boldly rise,
And BARTLETT backs the Turk instead.
LEONIDAS—big, brave Prince G.—
Can't make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no; stern voices of the dead
Sound from the Past's purpureal pall,
And murmur, "Let one living head,
But one, arise! Could we but come!
"Tis but the living who are dumb!"

In vain, in vain! Strike other chords! Chivalry's flat as uncorked wine! Let the relentless Turkish hordes
These classic seas incarnadine!
Each Power is fear's ignoble thrall,
They funk each other, one and all!

You've the new "Pyrrhic" concert yet, Where's the old Pyrrhic phalanx gone? Of two such lessons why forget The older and the better one? The "Harmony" old ORPHEUS gave, Can it be tootled by a slave?

Fill high the bowl with gooseberry wine!
The grape's unfit for themes like these.
Wine made Anagreon's song divine;
Ice-sublimed sherbet, sipped at ease,
As swigged by "Xerres, the great king,"
Best suits our modern boys who sing.

Fill high the bowl, yet not with wine, But with innocuous poet-pap! Red flows the heart-blood of the vine, Hinting of war's hot thunder-clap. Red suits the revel or the fight, But modern blood runs milky-white!

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
Nor to John Bull, who buys and sells.
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of freedom dwells!
The Turk will harry you, as Giaours,
And—well, his flag flies with the Powers!

Fill high the bowl with—cowslip wine!
Poets pugnacious idiots are.
But politicians will decline
To run the risk of general war.
ROSEBERY warns, bland Balfour craves
Patience—the virtue once of slaves!

Leave me on Candia's stony steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurings sweep.
I fancy I did well to die
Before that Concert could combine—
Dash down yon glass of gooseberry wine!!!

SUGGESTED HONOUR.—That Dr. NANSEN, after his related Arctic experiences, ought to be made a Knight of the Bath.



AGAINST THE GRAIN.

John Bull (log.). "AH! THAT GREEK'S A PLUCKY LITTLE CHAP! PRECIOUS SORRY THAT ME AND MY FORIN' MATES HAS TO STOP HIM!"



## THE GUARDS AT GIBRALTAR. A FORECAST.

CAPTAIN THE HON. CRASHER, OF LEICESTERSHIRE (WEIGHT SIXTEEN STONE), HAVING SENT HIS STUD OF WEIGHT-CARRIERS TO THE HAMMER, LOOKS ROUND FOR SOMEIHING TO CARRY HIM WITH "THE CALPE." HE IS ASSURED, ON THE WORD OF AN ENGLISHMAN— BORN AT GIBRALTAR-THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE STRONGEST HORSES ON THE ROCK, AND QUITE UP TO HIS WEIGHT.

#### THE SCIENTIFIC BARBER.

["It has been discovered that the Röntgen rays possess the quality of destroying human hair, while a gentle current of electricity promotes its growth in a marked degree—facts of which a practical use will be made in the future."—Dasly Paper.]

Fragments of conversation in a hairdresser's shop, as recorded by our own prophetic phonograph.

READY for you, Sir, please . . . Röntgened and shampooed, Sir? . . . James, kindly step this way with the induction coil, and mind that battery don't upset Allow me to cover your moustache, Sir, if you don't wish it shortened . . . Oh, no, Sir, we never use scissors in our establishment, we've given up the old-fashioned ways for a long time . . . Head a little more this side, please . . . Sensation unpleasant? But then consider how scientific it is—what would our ancestors have said if they could have seen your hair withering away before their very eyes? ... Called you a silly fool? Dear me no, Sir, surely not . . . Is that short enough? Thank you . . . Shampoo, I think you said? . . . Water not too cold? We don't use water, Sir, nowadays—current of oxygen gas far more efficacious, with a wash of carbon bisulphide . . . Head a little lower — thank you . . . Yes, gentlemen often complain of the smell at first, but they soon get accustomed to it-"infernal stench" is rather too strong a term for it, if you will excuse me, Sir . . . Soft brush! Probably not, as he's a lunatic! He, he! You can have the 40, 70, or 100-volt galvanic power, but the wires are just the just put this up for you, it costs only five ERS.—Barmouth.

same in each . . . Pray sit still, Sir—you've kicked a hole in the dynamo—it the you 've kicked a hole in the dynamocurrent is too strong 1 can modify it . . What will you have on? Brilliantine! We don't use it, nowadays. I'll apply a little of our sulphuric acid wash . . Sir, I put it to you, how can I do you justice and finish your hair tastefully with you jumping up and running round the shop swearing like that? Why, yes, it does burn, as you say, but, as I told you, think of the science of it! The free hydrogen of the acid combines with the oxygen to form—shut my jaw? As you please, Sir; I was only endeavouring to interest you in the chemical reaction going on on your head. It's wonderful to think how some persons despise the benefits given us by the progress of science—seems like ingratitude to gress of science—seems like ingratitude to Providence, doesn't it?... Your hair getting very thin on the top. No wonder, after I've been playing fool's tricks with it? Not at all, Sir; it's hasty temper which does it. Allow me to put you up one of our Hirsutine Galvanic Batteries, which conveys the electric fluid in a speedy and effectual form to the follicles at the roots of . . . Well, at any rate it won't cost you nothing to look at it . . . You just attach these wires to the scalp for two or three hours every morning, and the effect is wonderful. There's a customer of ours who bought one a month ago; bald as a billiard-ball his head was, and now—well, his own mother wouldn't know him!

Probably not, as he's a lunatic? He, he!
You must have your joke, Sir! But I'll

guineas and . . Well, of course, it's tor you to say, and if you like to grow bald No, Sir, I'm not scraping your head with needles. The piercing sensation is due to the magnetic properties of our patent electric comb, which is recommended by several eminent physicians. . . As I was about to observe, Sir, the greyness of your hair can be remedied. We strongly re-commend the use of our Polarising Prisms, which are concealed in the hair, and cast a beam of yellow light upon it, giving it a peautiful flaxen tint which . . . 1 m not forcing you to buy them, and there's no occasion for such language that I can see occasion for such language tha you, and . . . Very well, Sir—pay in the shop, please . . . Good morning, Sir!

#### "THE CHEMISTRY OF TEA."

[Mr. DAVID CROLE recently delivered a lecture before the Society of Arts on the chemical consti-tuents of taa. He gave a truly formidable list of acids and poisons.

Scene—A dark room. In the middle, a teapot.
Thunder. Enter Three Old Maids.

First Old Maid.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Old Maid.

Thrice! there's something in the wind.

Third Old Maid.

Mr. CROLE cries, Time, 'tis time.

First Old Maid.

Round about the teapot go; In the dire ingredients throw .-Pour them in, and stir them well, While their awful names you tell; Quite a tidy little lot, Flung into the deadly pot.

All

Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and kettle bubble.

Second Old Maid.

Call the items one by one, Now we'll have some fearsome fun: Acid bring and alkaloid For the unholy brew employ'd. Empty in a chemist's shop, Ere the witches frolic stop. Tis a charm of powerful trouble See our hell-broth boil and bubble.

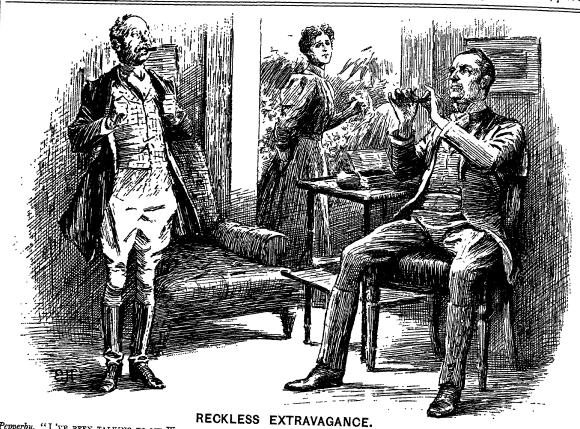
Double, double dose of trouble Pour into our hubble bubble.

Third Old Maid.

Now the compound may begin-Assamin and quercitrin, Phloroglucin, theophyllin Shall the poison-pot be fillin'; Theobromine helps the stew, Oxyhydroquinone, too; Then the horrid mess augment— Add dioxy-one-per-cent.-Salicylic and benzene, With boheic acid green; Last let gallic drops and tannic Put the drinker in a panic.

Double, double toil and trouble, Fire burn and kettle bubble.

AN UNCONGENIAL SPOT FOR TERTOTAL-



Pemperby. "I've been talking to my Wife, and been giving her a bit of my mind."

Cynical Candid Friend. "Follow my advice, old Chap, and don't do that too often, or you'll have none left for yourself!"

## IMPROVING LONDON.

(By an Admirer of the County Council.)

HAVE just heard of the Council's proposal now before Parliament to continue the Chelsea Embankment beyond Battersea Bridge. Discover article on it in Times of the 2nd. It seems there is a graceful curve of the river bank there, open and the seems there are a consequent of the control to the contr gracerul curve of the river bank there, open space, old-fashioned houses, picturesque barges, brown sails, Hogarff's "Line of beauty," and all that sort of thing. Now, I'm a practical man, and hate all such useless tomfoolery. Rejoice to see the Council wants to make the bank quite straight. So much more practical. Get the Thames like a wide capal "It as the council wants to make the sail of the council wants the cou straight. So much more practical. Get the Thames like a wide canal. "Line of beauty" all rubbish. Also to build on open space, concealing old-fashioned houses by practical new ones. Probably lofty flats. How much better than having a still and the state of the stat silly garden with flowers, or anything of that maudlin sort. The scheme will cost a lot. That's unfortunate. Not so very practical. But you can't make improve-

ments for nothing.

Begin to think what might be done in Begin to think what might be done in other parts. There's an astonishing lot of waste space in London. Look at Trafalgar Square. Who goes in the middle? Why not build the new Council Hall there? And look at the Parks. What's the good of the Serpentine? Nothing but water! Why not drain it and build workmen's dwellings? Then look at the Bayswater Road and the Kensington Road. Both quite crooked. Make them quite straight, and build houses all along the Park—good practical houses, all exactly alike and in a straight line. Look at Kensington Gardens. Nothing but a lot of trees! Cut them all down and build on the ground. Do the same with all the Parks. The land would sell for enormous sums. Then the present streets could be dealt with and all the parks.

And his kicks all come off as you plan them, while a jubilant nation Gives vent to elation By shouting the National Anthem. But it's oh, for retirement, it's ah, for present streets could be dealt with, and all

present streets could be dealt with, and all the chief ones could be made quite straight, and quite flat, and 150 feet wide, with four lines of steam tramways along each.

That 's what I should like. That 's what I call practical. Don't tell me any rubbish about Piccadilly being better as it is. Why, all the houses are different! And all the building land on one side is wested for Why, all the nouses are different! And an the building land on one side is wasted for the sake of some old trees! And the road varies in width, and it isn't flat! And there isn't even one tramway! Stuff and

nonsense, I say.

So I'm glad the Council is going to build on one open space, and is trying to get the Thames rather straighter. It's a good beginning.

# A DUET OF EX-CHANGELLORS.

As sung by Prince Bismarck and Count Caprivi. (Dedicated, without permission, to Prince Hohenlohe.)

A KING is a thing You should pull with a string In a sort of go-one-with-a-dot dance, A puppet whose motion Gives rise to the notion That if left to himself he would not dance. It's a very nice trick When you cause him to kick,

But it's oh, for retirement, it's ah, for the shelf,
When the king takes his own string and pulls it himself.

For it's then that a Chan--Cellor feels like a man In a painful but hardly a rare case, When, his heart pit-a-patting, He lands on the matting, Having stepped where there wasn't a stair-

For the king knowing best When his servant wants rest Insists on retirement as vital,

And you spend your remaining Few years in complaining, With an "ex" in the front of your title An extra accursed which, as everyone knows,

Destroys peace of mind while it gives you repose.

#### At the Grand Hotel, Paris.

Blithers (of romantic turn of mind, to SMITTERS, after observing a young couple in close conversation in the court-yard). I'm sure they're engaged. I heard her call him HARRY!

Smithers (a matter-of-fact man). What of that? I call my housemaid, EMILY! He's most probably her footman.

[SMITHERS calls for absinthe.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

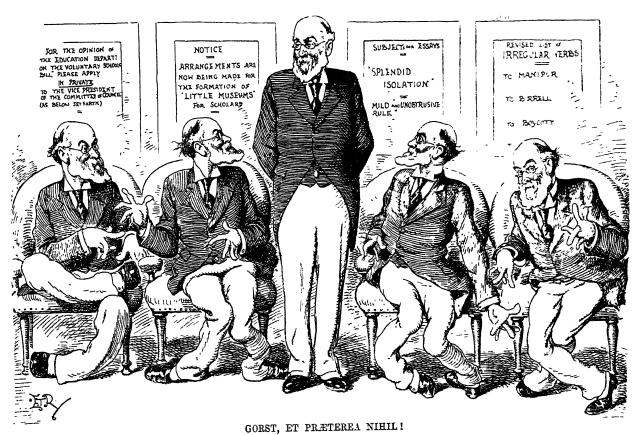
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 15. Afraid when I saw FRANK LOCKWOOD industriously taking notes through tonight's debate on Education Bill, he would miss opportunity of making successful —by preparation. Fortunately House moment, the stage, the audience. pretty full when the Solicitor-General of Business done.—The Vice-Pres

would be puzzled to understand the occa-sion of the "laughter," "loud laughter," "renewed laughter," recorded at every other sentence. On any other stage, speech. Rude to mention names; but in any other circumstances, before any House well knows some of his colleagues other audience, the speech would have on Front Opposition bench whose speeches been an ordinary official effort. But cirare smothered—"Overlain" SARK calls it cumstances were compact: the actor, the

Business done. - The Vice-President ex- a dozen who know his full value.

when closely examined, there is really themselves outside. These dozen, faithful nothing in the speech to which exception among the faithless found, scorn delights could be taken. One can imagine how the and live laborious quarters of an hour listen-Markiss, studying the newspaper report, ing to GENILE-DULNESS. Mrs. G.-D. and the Misses G.-D, surveying the scene from Ladies' Gallery, are cheered by this sign of appreciation. They have never been able to make out how it is that Pa, so wise at home, so authoritative on imperial politics and domestic questions, so persuasive in his eloquence, so unanswerable in his argument, should be so little regarded in the House of Commons. Here are at least



"I do not know that I have a right to speak for my right hon. friend the First Lord of the Treasury, who is not here at present, but I can speak as far as the Committee of Council is concerned!"... "The Committee of Council are a body of very practical men!"—Sir J-hn G-rst in Education Debate.

two successive Governments rose. hilarious cheer at outset by chaff of Council think. JOHN O' GORST. Afterwards all went well; vocal success.

since House seen such delightful bit of high comedy. Everything perfect—the passive figure, the almost wooden expresrose and fell; the subtle modulation of the proportion of the so-called House. voice investing innocent syllables with barbed point. Nothing lacking, not even PRINCE ARTHUR, evidently anxious but take profound interest in education queskeenly appreciative, seated close by his docile colleague. If John o' Gorst had their knowledge of subject. The authority in early life taken to the stage, JOHNNIE just now on his legs may be prosy and prag-HARE would have had to look out for his matical. Less conscientious Members have laurels. The crowning success is that, fled before him, more pleasantly occupying legs makes an end of speaking, the dozen

Drew plains what the Committee of the Privy

Tuesday.-No one looking at House to-JOHN 0' GORST. Alterwards at the spoke severely disregarding his brief, he spoke night when debate on Education severely disregarding his brief, he spoke night when debate on Education resumed would guess how, outside, the brightly, effectively, on subject with which great heart of the nation was throbbing great heart of the ocal success.

With excitement. Benches almost empty;

JOHN O' GORST to follow. Long time listless attitude of scanty audience varied here and there by figure of Member leaning forward with hand on knee intently watching honourable gentleman on his legs. sion on the face as the cheers and laughter About a dozen of these, an appreciable

The kindly heart yearns towards them. Here, at least, are good men and true, who

As he approaches conclusion of eloquent and convincing harangue the twelve Members can hardly contain themselves. They strain like hounds on the leash; they never take their eyes off Pa; seem ready to eat him in excess of their appreciation. Once, when Pa stooped down to pick up one of the folios of his precious speech, they all leaped to their feet as if propelled by the same catapult. When Pa, having found his paper, went on with his speech, the House tittered and they ruefully resumed their seats.

Mrs. Gentle-Dulness growing alarmed. "I hope," she says nervously, "they aren't in their enthusiasm going to do anything foolish: lift Pa up shoulder high, and carry him round the House in triumph, or anything of that kind."

are up again as eagerly as before. Bending forward towards the Chair, the anxious eye lately fixed on Pa is now turned on the Alack! alack! they haven't Speaker been listening to speech, only watching for signs of its conclusion so that they may get the next chance of reading their own precious paper. As SARK says, this is not debate; it's manufacture. Small wonder House is empty whilst process is going forward.

Business done .- Second reading of Education Bill carned by 355 against 150.

Thursday .- J. W. LOWTHER (not to be confounded with the illustrious JEMMY) just now had his breath temporarily, but completely, taken away. J. W. is Chairman of Committees, and a very good one, too. Took to the Chair as a duck takes to water. Where his trouble commences is when he leaves it. When, being in the Chair, he opes his mouth, no dog dare bark, not even that sad dog, Tommy Bowles. Very different, as he learns, when he descends from the Throne.

To-night, House discussing proposal to read second time London County Council Bill, authorising purchase of site for build-ing new offices. The gentlemen of England who hate the County Council and all its works resolved to thwart the scheme. Made long angry speeches refusing second reading. J. W., rising from temporary quarters on Treasury Bench, not only supported second reading, but, in most severe Chairman-of-Committee manner, scolded



£677,938 3s. 3d.!! How IT WAS DONE!

Oom Paul (over the banisters). " Now, my dear,

is there anything more that you can think of before I send in the bill?"

A Female Voice. "Well, dear, I saw some lovely so-ks at 1s. 7½d. the pair—you want two pairs badly!"

Members. No business, he said, to go talking round the Bill at large upon second reading stage. Place to discuss merits of Bill was in Committee room upstairs.

Had J. W. chanced, as often happens at this early hour, to have arrayed himself in the evening dress Chairman wears even at



A PARLIAMENTARY NELSON!

We understand there is no foundation for the statement that, in order to ensure dignity and reverence of treatment, Admiral Field has undertaken to replace Mr. Forbes Robertson at the Avenue

morning sittings when presiding over Committee, he might have escaped. In morning dress, a private Member like the rest of us, bringing the tone and manner of Chairman of Committees into ordinary de-bate! It was too much. Temptation irresistible. Akin to case of arbitrary usher accidentally encountering lot of the boys in mid holiday. Time, near Christmas; scene, a lonely common a foot deep in snow. Could the boys be blamed if a storm of snowballs darkens the air, or even if a human figure, outwardly rever-

enced in term time, is rolled in the snow? Something like this happened in case of esteemed Chairman of Committees. MAPLE BIUNDELL, putting down his head, butted him (so to speak) in the stomach. Cohen blocked his hat. Darling, getting hold of his coat-tails, violently tugged them, contumeliously shouting, "Yah! yah!" As for Cap'en Tommy, he sailed round and round, dexterously dipping his main brace so as to souse the right honourable gentleman with water. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who has not recently had opportunity of appearing in favourite character of Protector of Ministers, gallantly ran in with attempt to drive the boys off. Too late. The fun was over; a mere wreck of a Chairman of Committees limped off to the

glad obscurity of his room.

Business done.—Oom Paul presents his small account. Item: to material damage, £677,938 3s. 3d. Ditto: to moral or intellectual damage, say a million. wag it is! What a

Friday.—Long hours and a dull evening with Army Estimates illumined by single gleam. It flashed when WILFRID LAWSON and Dr. Tanner walked up floor shoulder to shoulder, co-tellers in a division. Chairman of Committees deftly compounded the mixture.

"Only wants a bit of ice to make it quite complete," said SARK, wetting his lips, for, as hinted, the proceedings had been dry.

With brief intervals spent outside, TAN-

With brief intervals spent outside, TANNER has pervaded the place since House got into Committee. "Knowing nothing of the matter," he said, at one point of discussion on Yecmanry vote; "I speak with diffidence—great diffidence, Mr. LOWTHER." Nevertheless, he spoke often; divided at every opportunity. Had taken one division on reduction of Yeomanry Vote, when WILFRID LAWSON, "going one step farther," as WALTER BARTTELOT used to say, moved rejection of whole vote. Chairman gave him several chances.

"I think the Ayes have it." "The Noes have it," said wilful WILFRID. "The Ayes have it," repeated the Chairman, in warnhave it," repeated the Chairman, in warning voice. This was the last chance. Everyone saw what was coming, except Lawson, who once more challenged Chairman's decision. Then the bolt fell. "Ayes to the right; Noes to the left. Tellers for the Ayes, Sir William Walrond and Mr. Anstruther; tellers for the Noes, Sir William Walrond and Mr. Wilfrid Lawson and Dr. Tanner." House went out to division with unrearious glee went out to division with uproarious glee.

Business done. — Millions voted on account Army Estimates.

## MISUNDERSTOOD!

(A Story of the Road and its Double Fares.)

"And doubtless you have good reason for charging me a double fare?" queried

the traveller.

"Indeed I have, Sir," was the ready response. "Our company opponents, on festivals, take off their vehicles at an early restivals, take off their vehicles at an early hour. It is only we—lowly and despised—keep to our running. Surely for this boon we deserve some recompense?

"You are indeed right," said he who was journeying, "and this two-pence is given with every feeling of satisfaction."

"Sir, you touch me nearly. Never have I been treated with so much kindness.

been treated with so much kindness. Believe me, these tears spring from a

heart full almost to breaking with the warmest gratitude."

"Nay, I did not mean to make you weep," continued the traveller, wiping away himself a furtive tear. "You are civil and obliging, and if you are under no direct control, I and my fellow-passent are from the unpleasant attentions. gers are free from the unpleasant attentions of the inspector thirsting for tickets.

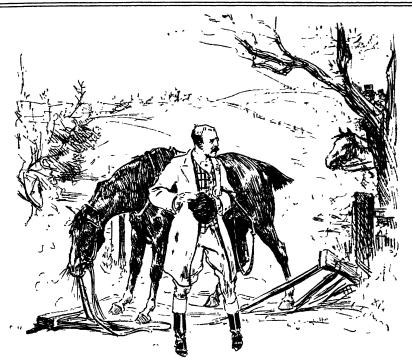
"Ah, Sir, you are indeed a friend!" exclaimed the emotional attendant; "and would ask you one favour more."
"It is granted before demanded."

"A thousand thanks. I would merely pray of you, when you hear my vehicle described in brutal language by a hardhearted public, to utter a word in my defence."

"Willingly. In future, when I have oc-casion to speak of you, I will call you the pleasing alternative to the Road Car and London General."

Then came a shout of joy and a declaration that explained everything.

"Ah, that will be far better than being known as the conductor of the pirate bus!"



WITH A SMART PACK.

"WHERE THE DOOSE IS MY MAN WITH MY SECOND HAT?"

#### PROSE IT!

[The Erening Standard thinks the action of the British Admiral and his warships in Cretan waters "should commend itself to every man who can approach a question of international complication without frenzied appeals to Providence, Hyde Park, and the doubtful medium of minor verse."]

THAT settles it! Dealing with friends or

Our standard (says the Standard) must be prose!

The sober, stodgy prose, sense can't resist, Of—let us say the minor journalist! Mere Providence, and Hyde Park, and the

Are simply out of it, and ought to know it. Penny-a-liners, so they be but prosy, And do not turn on sentiment, or "the

rosy Make better guides through the political

dark Than Providence, Parnassus, or Hyde Park.

rtæus now has not a chance, you bet, With penners of the poorest leaderette. England's Palladium, as the fashion goes, Is partisan, and very minor prose!

## In Bond Street, 5 p.m.

WIGMORE (to TWIGMORE, whom he hasn't seen for years). By Jove! you are looking well, old chap! Gone in for matrimony?
TWIGMORE. No, my boy, better than that-patri-money.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE New Woman amongst novelists has really left nothing more to be done. One recently took Satan for her hero. OLIVE SCHREINER, in Trooper Peter Holket (FISHER UNWIN), has gone one better, sketching on her canvas the most sacred figure known to mankind. If the thing must be done it may be admitted that the difficult task has been accomplished with deligence and force. It is not to the difficult task has been accomplished with deligence of the same of the sam cacy and force. It is a noble, majestically-human personage that appears to Peter Halket in the loneliness of the night on the veldt. The doubt that disturbs the mind of the reader is as to the object with which the book is written. My Baronite is as to the object with which the book is written. My Baronie is not sure whether the work was undertaken because Olive Schreiner hates Mr. Cecil Rhodes the less, or because she loves the Kaffir more. Perfectness of art is not compatible with personal prejudice and exaggeration. Breach of this canon robs Peter Halket of full success. The black man is not so white as he is here painted, nor is the white man nearly so black. The cowardly murder of the trooper by his captain, which closes the story, is savage in its libellous reflection on Mrs. Schreiner's

own countrymen.
"It may frequently happen that an order may be given to an officer which, from circumstances not known to the person who gave it at the time he issued it, would be impossible to execute, gave it at the time he issued it, would be impossible to execute, or the difficulty or risk of the execution of it would be so great as to amount to moral impossibility." This passage from one of the Duke of Wellington's despatches was quoted in the forefront of a memorandum from Sir George Tryon issued to the squadron when he was in command of the Mediterranean station. The occasion was the disaster to the Hove. Among his own dicta Sir George laid down the rule that "risks that are not only justifiable but are demanded during war are not justifiable during peace." This from the author and director of the manœuvre peace." This from the author and director of the manœuvre which, on the 22nd of June, 1893, led to the collision between the Camperdown and the Victoria, the sinking of the latter ship, and the wholesale loss of crew and officers, including Sir George Tryon, is, my Baronite says, one of the grimmest incidents in biography. In his Life of Sir George Tryon (Blackwood), Admiral Firzgerald surmises that the name of his hero is wood), Admiral FITZGERALD surmises that the name of his hero is known to many of his countrymen only in connection with the great maritime disaster. That is inevitable, and the fact will remain till the name ceases to be spoken. In his simply told and fascinating story Admiral FITZGERALD succeeds in deepening the mystery that broods over the fatal order. He shews TRYON from his first appointment as a midshipman on the Wellesley devoting opening and supposed supposed to the most of the loved wrofession. energy and supreme capacity to the mastery of his loved profession.

He knew everything, and could do anything that became a sailor. It was, in truth, as Admiral FITZGERALD testifies, the blind trust confided in him by men and officers that led to the calamity. confided in him by men and officers that led to the calamity. He ordered the squadron to maneurre on the basis of the columns being six cables apart. Every cabin-boy knew that such an arrangement must lead to collision. But everyone believed Trion knew what he was about, that, somehow or other, the thing would come right. So orders were obeyed, and the Victoria was run down. It was magnificent, but it was not seamanship.

(Signed) The Baron.

#### A PASSAGE IN A FLAT.

(By a Stout Man.)

You may doubtless think that I in this title must imply Something musical, a movement played melodiously at Any concert you recall. No, it is not that at all, For the A is not accented in this "passage in a flat."

And a "movement" there might lead to disasters great indeed;
For unlucky individuals like me a little fat,
With a far too ample waist, it is awkward to be placed
In the very narrow passage found in almost any flat.

All your rooms, my friend, are fine, fit for bulk yet more than

mine, But the passage is not similar, you could not argue that.
One must be absurdly thin to be comfortable in
Any gangway so contracted as the passage in a flat.

and in yours, by no means wide, you have hung on either side Some extremely charming drawings which I gaze at from the mat.

Fearful lest I sweep them all to destruction from the wall, If I try to struggle past them in the passage of your flat.

#### At Redrufus Castle.

The Duchess of Stony Cross (to Mrs. MacShoddy, who is returning a duty call). The Duke has actually consented to be Mayor of Crankborough in succession to poor Mr. SLITT.

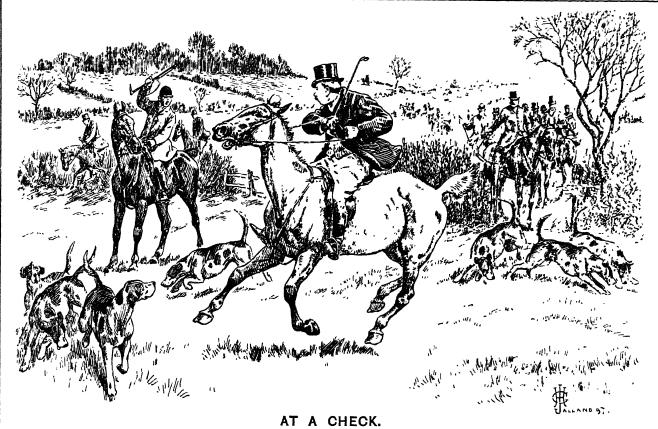
Mrs. MacShoddy. Well! that 'll be very nice for you! You're sure to be invited to the Mansion House in London during the second.

season!

THE PRESENT LAND OF GOSCHEN .- Crete.



John Bull (the Enterprising Commercial, to Miss Abyssinia). "Here, Miss, this is 'the Line' for you,—I think the Goods are the best in the Market!"



Huntsman. "Hi! Hold hard! Can't you see the Hounds are not running?" Gent (out for the day). "Then why the dickens don't you make 'em run?"

#### THE ABYSSINIAN MAID.

A VISION IN THE "MOUNTAINS OF RASSELAS."

(Fragment a very long way after "Kubla
Khan.")

A DAMSEL with a traveller
In a vision once I saw.
She was an Abyssinian maid,
And he a bagman, bent on trade,
Bold of front and glib of jaw.
In the background bagmen twain,
Commercial rivals, bent on gain,
Looked on, to see if she'd incline
To the new commercial's "line."
Lowered from his big, broad back,
At her feet he spread his pack,
Musing, "Could I awake within her
Desire, just make her look and long,
To talk and trade with me could win her,
I should chortle loud and long!"
He had a bold and winning air:
"This line's A1, these goods are nice!"
But the two rivals standing there
Said to the maid, "Beware! beware!
His cunning eyes, his curly hair!
Madam, take our joint advice,
Ere you trust, bethink you thrice,
And close your ears to all he's said,
For he in Free Trade fields hath fed;
"Protection is our Paradise!""

Turf Intelligence.—A horse called Kenn has been supported for the Derby. Is some Scotsman "in the know"?

APPROPRIATE TITLE FOR THE KING OF THE HELLENES.—GEORGE the Indis-Cretan.

EXCELLENT precedent for the "actorauthor-manager"—"three single gentlemen rolled into one"—is to be found in WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE himself. Wasn't it Mr. John Hollingshead who first suggested that the reason why WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE cast himself for the part of the Ghost in Hamlet, was that in the intervals he could go in front, "count the house," and generally supervise the box-office?

REAL CHESS-NUTS. — Prizes at a big Tournament.



Hagaisen

Billy. "And supposing Dr. Nansen was to find the North Pole, wot would he do wiv it?"

Tommy. "Why, STICK IT UP ON THE EMBANKMENT, LIKE THEY 'AVE CLEOPARTY'S NEEDLE."

#### THE FERULE OF FAME.

(A Cue for the Champion Cueist.)

[When ROBERTS (in his match with Peall) completed his great break of 604, Mr. Balfour, who was watching the game intently, applauded loudly with the ferule of his umbrella.]

ANCIENT champions, greatest, truest,
Found immortal bards to sing 'em;
But our mighty champion cueist
Wins praise from—Prince Arthur's

gingham!
Roberts, long be it ere you,
Magni nominis umbra, stand!
Break, break, break, till all is blue,
Keen of sight and true of hand!
Cynics swear a champion's name
Is all leather and prunella.

Safe from fading is your fame,
Shaded by Balfour's umbrella;
Though, if top place you'd not lose
You must mind your P(EALL)s and Cues!

#### At the Pink Dragon, Bloomsbury.

William Jawkins. I see that the County Council are going to issue bills at short date.

The MacTavish (feelingly). Guid mon alive! did ye iver ken the catamarans not sae to dee?

THE RESULT OF AN IMPRUDENT MARRIAGE (by our own Matrimonial Adviser).—County Court-ship.

Absit Omen!—The Archduke Rainer of Austria has gone to Cannes for a stay of several weeks.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XI.

# THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

II.

Scene-The Terrace of the Spa at Scarborough. It is a fine morning towards the end of September. The Terrace is not crowded, and most of those present are leaning over the parapet, listening to the troupes of Niggers and Pierrots performing on the sands below. Miss HEN-RIFITA WOTHERSPOON and FRITZ VON GUBLER are walking up and down together, apart from the rest. She is about forty-five, with hair that is beginning to turn grey, ordinary features, and an ingenuously amiable expression. He is thirty, with fair hair, cut brush-wise, small uptwisted moustache, and a stolid pink and white countenance.

Miss Wotherspoon. The last day at dear old Scarborough! It has been such a happy time. I wish it could go on for ever! Don't you?

Von Gubler. For ever? Imbossible. The season is quide over

Miss W. I shouldn't mind that so long asyou think that's silly and sentimental of me! But I'm afraid

Von G. (with indulgence). I also can be sendimendal somdimes when there is a moon, and a pand blaying.

Miss W. There was a moon that evening when you asked me

do you remember—on the balcony?

Von G. On the balgony, yes. And onderneat in the road a pand blayed. I remember when you bromise to be my wife, I was so mat with choy I gif the drombone half-a-grown!

Miss W. It came as such an utter surprise to me. I could hardly believe you meant it.

Von. G. I did not. In the dark I dake it as a vlorin. But no

Miss W. I—I mean, I thought you would have cared for somebody who was nearer your own age. It seems so wonderful you should have chosen me, with so many pretty, attractive girls at Marina House.

Von G. I do not gare for them. At the Marina House they are too flirdatious, and they are not real laties. Pesides, when they are yong and bretty, they exbect too much addention. I they are yong and pretty, they expect too much addention. In brefer somebody who is quiet, and mittle-aged, vedder she haf a liddle money or not makes nodings. Since my onkel is det, I haf blenty. But a real, highborn Englisch laty—that is the brincipal thing.

Miss W. As to that, I can only tell you my dear father was a

sugar-broker.

Von G. A sugar-proker! (With slight uneasiness.) Dell me

—that is not the same as a gonvectioner?

Miss W. Indeed, it isn't. It's not a trade at all. It's quite a nice business to be in—almost a profession. They don't touch the sugar themselves, only deal with it somehow—like stocks. My brother is in it now—but he doesn't do very much, except when his partner is away.

Von G. (relieved). I am glatt it is no worse as that. In my gountry of Schvitzerland they are demogradigal, but my family, the Von Gublers, com originally from Owstria, where they were oal parons. And you onderstand, for my familie's sake I gould

not marry a wife whose gonnections were common beoples.

Miss W. I am glad to say that we have scarcely any connec-

tions—certainly none that you need be in the least ashamed of.

Von G. I pelief it well. Sugar-proking is no doubt quide chendeel, though I do not regollect to haf met any sugar-proker at the daple of my friend Lord Goldshafts. You know him, yes? Miss W. I can't say I do. Is Lord Coleshafts a great friend

of yours?
Von G. At von dime, yes. We were gonstantly togetter. haf shtayed with him, dravelled with him—and so forth. Ladely I lose side of him altogetter. Is that not the way with your so broud and shtiff English lorts?

Miss W. I know so little about them. We are very quiet

people, SPENCER and I.

Von G. So? And who is Shencer?
Miss W. Spencer is my brother. And oh, Fritz, he doesn't know anything about it yet!

Von G. (staring). Not know that he is your broder?

Miss W. No, no. Of our engagement. I really haven't had courage to write. I'm afraid it will be a dreadful blow to him. You see, he has lived with me in the same house all these years.

Von G. Oal the more reason he find a house for himself. Miss W. But it's his house just as much as mine. More, because he has always paid the rates and taxes.

Von G. Ach, the goot SEENCER. Nefer shall he be durned from our doors, mine HENRIETTE. Alvays shall there be a goot varm gorner for SBENCER!

Miss W. Dear Fritz, I knew you had a tender heart, though you do try to hide it under—— Yes, Spencer must live with us. I know you will be fond of him. He is so kind, and simple, and

sincere—you can depend upon him so absolutely.

Von G. Apsoludely, no—begause I haf myself a liddle. But he may gontinue to bay the rades and daxes.

Miss W. He would be simply miserable if he had to live all

Wiss W. He is some years older than I am.

Von G. So old as that? Quide too old to marry, then!

Miss W. To marry? I can't imagine Spencer ever doing that—now. He's a little difficult to please, and besides, he has always said he was much too comfortable with me to run the risk of a change. I do have he won't mind much. It will have to

aways said he was much too comfortable with me to run the risk of a change. I do hope he won't mind much. It will have to be broken to him very gently.

\*\*Fon G. I will do it very chendly. To-morrow I walk in with you, arm-in-arm—so; I dig him chogosely—but bolitely—in the shtomag, and say, "Goot efening, broder-in-law!" Then he gombrehend.

\*\*Mine W. N. 1987 | The Market of the work of

Miss W. No, please, FRITZ! You mustn't come to the house with me—not to-morrow, not the very first evening! You must leave me at King's Cross, and stay at a hotel. You won't mind?

Von G. Nod at all.

Miss W. You see, I must have a little time to—to prepare SPENCER. I know it will be dreadfully dull for you, dear.

Von G. On the gondrary. I dine at a resdaurant and drob into a musig-hall after.

Miss W. It is sweet of you to be so good-humoured about it, when—But after all, it's only for one night—and the next you will come to dinner, of course, and make Spencer's acquaint-ance. I'm sure he will be perfectly charmed with you when he really gets to know you, and we shall be quite happy and cosy

really gets to know you, and we shall be gosy to him. (He together.

Fon G. If Shencer is gosy to me, I will be gosy to him. (He consults his watch.) Ach! we vaste so much dime dalking we are lade for dapled'hode lonch. Led us go.

Miss W. Don't let's go to Marina House, Fritz. Couldn't we lunch out somewhere? It's our last day!

Von G. It is much pedder we lonch at the Marina House. We wif no nodice we will not be there.

gif no nodice we will not be there.

Miss W. I see. And you think it might hurt poor Mrs.

HACKNESS'S feelings if we stay away? You are always so considerate, dear Fritz!

Von G. Gonsiderate, yes. She put the lonch down in the pills vezzer we ead it or nod. Also at the Marina House, they gif you a very goot poddle of Bilsener. No, we will not lonch anyvere else—it is a vasde of money.

Miss W. Of course-how stupid of me! I never thought of

Chorus of Niggers (heard from below),

"Oh, ain't it a pity that the likes of 'er

Should take up wiv the likes of 'im!"

Von G. Sdrainch! Those niggers sing always that gomic song with a gorus that nefer mean nodings!

## AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

DEAR MISTER,—The Stockexchange is one of the curiosities of the city. I am gone to see her there is some days. Naturally I attend to find a great edifice on a great place, as the Bourse at Paris. But, after much of difficulty and much of explications from the agents of police—so enormous and so polite—I arrive to a small street at side of the Bank of England, where one would attend to find the entry of the personal—that which one calls the "backdoor" in english—and, voilà, in another little end of sack, cul-de-sac, approached from this little street, finds herself the entry of the Bourse of London. What droll of idea! Pas magnifique du tout, not magnificent of the all.

Eh well, I perceive several persons who enter, and therefore me also I enter, as to the Bourse at Paris. Truly I know not, though it is in my country, if all the world can to enter the Bourse, but I am entered two times or more, and I have erred at the interior at the middle of the boursiers, pursers, all crying

at high voice.

I do of same at London, and I enter with some misters who arrive at the same instant. By consequence the guardian at the entry perceives me not. I arrest myself at the glassed doors of the interior, for to regard before of to enter. One has told me, since, that the strangers are permitted of to do that, and therefore the concerge occupies not himself of it more.

The interior is enough vast and enough high. The walls are covered of a substance who resembles to the cheese of Gorgonzola. It is perhaps a sort of marble. The floor is dirty, and covered of pieces of paper, as at Paris, and of pursers, who push some cries with much of noise, also as at Paris. During that I record a man in costume of consistence walks himself among the regard, a man in costume of concierge wasks himself among the pursers carrying a waterer, arrosorr, and waters the dusty floor. What droll of idea! It is evident that the Londonian loves much the mud, if he makes to make some mud even in the Stock-exchange. Having seen all this, I open the door, and I enter tor to traverse to the other side.

for to traverse to the other side.

At pain am I entered when all suddenly I have the hat enfonce, smashed, on the head. Very astonished I search the reason of this attack, and in this moment here a second blow smashes him yet more. Then my hat falls to earth, I perceive that I am surrounded of pursers, I hear some cries, some exclamations, the crowd pushes, I am bouscule, I leave to fall my umbrella, my pardessus is almost torn, and, before that I can to say John Kobinson, I find myself in the court of entry. In effect I am "chucked outside." Me, Auguste, a peaceable voyager from a friendly country! It is too much strong, c'est trop fort! Sacré nom de nom! But I go to be calm.

"Misters," I say to those who have attacked me, "I go immediately to the trench Ambassade for to demand the intervention of my government. It will be an international affair. At

tion of my government. It will be an international affair. At present I say not anything, except that I demand my hat and my umbrella." After to have obtained them, I throw myself in a cab and I go direct to the Ambassade.

In arriving there I am received—in french we say "interviewé" —by a young attached man, un jeune attaché, who is truly desolated, and one can not more sympathetic, and as amiable as possible. But he is also diplomatist, and, always with thousand regrets and praying me to believe to his lively sympathy, he says me that it is not—he assures me of it—an international affair, that it is not even—hélas!—an affair of police, seen that—well sure without any bad intention—I had wrong, because one is defended of the court of the state of the court of the co occupied at present, that they amuse themselves to true to say almost as some boys, and that it was but a pleasantery of their part. "Une fort mavaries plaisanterie!" I cry, indicating my best and my unphalls. But by degree I leave my sold to a present the party. hat and my umbrella. But by degrees I leave myself to persuade, ge me laisse persuader, and in fine I commence to laugh. And in laughing one forgets naturally his bad humour. The young attached man smiles—a fine smile of diplomatist—I thank him, and I say to him "Adieu."

In quitting the Ambassade I perceive that my umbrella is not ruined, I buy a new hat, and even I find that my ancient hatwhich resembles at present to an accordion, or to a "gibus" à motité fermé, at half closed—can to be "blocked" and repassed, and will be then, in verity, enough good for a such climate. Ing the Rodd.



#### THAT TYRANT MAN.

Thomas the Drummer. "Well, Emmar, you needn't take on so. I loves you stright enough; but 'angin' round the Barrick gates, askin' for me, is the sort of thing I will not 'ave!"

Mon Dieu, quel climat! Not the least little ray of sun; without cease of the rain, of the fog! And that not only the day where I visit the Stockexchange, but during some weeks, during some months, before! It is not the pain of to carry a good hat, for that he may be ruined by the rain, when nobody would could to see him, at cause of the fog. Therefore, à mauvais jeu, bonne mine, to bad game good look. In effect I am less illtreated than I thought. Perhaps even it is not astonishing that the pursers should essay to amuse themselves even as that, même comme ça, by a time so sad. But all of same I shall revisit never the Stockexchange. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

#### SENSE FOR THE SEXES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A talented lady has recently written a charming book, called Manners for Men. I can praise it with the greatest heartiness as I have not read it. But the title suggests a companion volume, Styles for Women. Could not someone—more accomplished than I—take the matter up? To assist the author—it would scarcely be fair for the writer to be of the forming could. List down a fair for the writer to be of the feminine gender—I jot down a few specimens of style.

Literary.—Hair cut short, pince-nez, tailor-cut coat, and divided skirt.

Musical.—Dishevelled tresses, jewels, and fine raiment.

Theatrical.—Picture-hat, furs, thirty-button gloves, and brown paper covered MS.

Charitable.—Prim curls, ulster, umbrella, and carpet-bag full of tracts.

Domestic.—Perfection personified.
There, Mr. Punch, is the germ of the idea. Let the coming author teach our ladies the styles to adopt and to avoid. should poor men have to listen to all the preaching? A LORD OF THE MANNER.

Believe me, yours sincerely, Fineform, Upper Tooting.

LIKELY RESULT OF THE BRITISH MISSION TO ABYSSINIA.—Kiss-



## RECIPROCITY.

She. "Sympathise with me, General. I found a Grey Hair in my Head this rning!" He. "Congratulate me, Madam. I found a Black one in mine!" MORNING!"

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

An ardent Lover, deprived of his sorrowful Lady's society by parental decree, sends her a promise of Spring-tide.

HAVE you but seen The tender green Of crocuses all blowing, Wrapt round their hue Of gold and blue And white, like goblets growing? Can't you esteem The pallid dream Of snowdrops at their birth? Each little head Crept from its bed

Before its leaf had left the earth?

 $\mathbf{E}$ 'en you must feel The air reveal The truth of Nature's will,

And if beset With sad regret Take council with the daffodil! She does not rise To meet the skies, Unmindful of her splendour, Yet heeds not woe, But torn, can glow In light the sunbeams lend her!

I do not sing; The birds of Spring, They sing for me, unceasing, Their joyous song But makes me long To own the life I'm leasing. The winds of March May storm and parch, But oh! give me their blowing!
For ev'ry gust
Of whirling dust
Proclaims that Nature's sowing!

So in this morn Be not forlorn, But think of Hope's persistence, Hope is the seed And Fact the weed That make a man's existence. Therefore in Spring I closely cling To you-then be not chiding, But in the tares The ploughman spares Find one with Love abiding!

## "A WAY THEY WILL HAVE IN THE NAVY."

(Report slightly in advance.)

THE Commissioners of the Admiralty were making their annual inspection. The weather was fine, so their yachting expedition had been exceptionally pleasant. They had seen the ships and the guns. At

that point they had stopped short.
"And now you say that the whole of the

"And now you say that the whole of the machinery is worked from the central tower?" queried the First Lord.
"Yes," was the reply. "The vessel is steered, the guns are worked, and the fires are stoked, all by electricity."
"An ingenious contrivance," remarked

the Second Sea Lord.
"Very," consented the Superintendent. "And, as recruits are scarce, convenient.' "Well, with the inspection of this last

first-rate battleship our inspection concludes. thing?" I think we have seen every-

The colleagues of the speaker whispered

a suggestion.
"To be sure—I had forgotten it. We have seen the ships and the guns. But we have not inspected the men. So perhaps we might overhaul the crew of the present vessel. Mr. Admiral, will you kindly beat to quarters?"

Thus invited, the officer whistled, and the summons was answered by a head appearing out of the central tower.

"And who may you be?" asked the

First Lord.

First Lord.

"Please your honour," came the reply,
"I am the crew."

"The crew! What crew?"

"The crew of this here vessel; and I can tell you, lords and gentlemen, that it's precious lonely working a big ship like this without a messmate!"

And the Lords of the Admiralty—having

And the Lords of the Admiralty-having nothing better to do-made a note of the objection.

BLONDIN-KING OF THE HIGH ROPE.

Born at St. Omer, February 28, 1824. Died at Ealing, February 22, 1897.

BLONDIN is dead! No more he'll tread The rope that was his path in life With valiant stride, uplifted head, And mien of hero loving strife! But thought of battle never stirred That modest victor of the cord; His conquests were the plaudits heard, His courage was its own reward! Fearless, his heart was all too soft, Though true as steel right to the core!

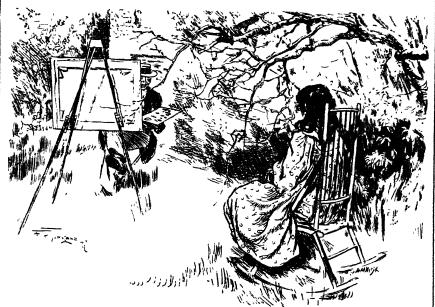
He stretched his steadfast line aloft, And kept it, wishing nothing more!

QUESTION TO BE ASKED IN THE HOUSE.—Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT has been summoned for having his chimney on fire. Is this the result of the bombardment of Canea?



THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

DAME EUROPA. "GOOD DOGGIE! GOOD DOGGIE! GIVE IT UP-LET MISSIS HAVE IT!!"



Rustic Model. "Yes, Sir, the Charity Boys from London stole all our Apples LAST YEAR. FATHER WOULD HAVE HAD THEM LOCKED UP, BUT THE POLICEMAN WAS AWAY ON HIS HOLIDAYS!" (A Fact.)

#### EXCURSIONS IN VERSE.

(To Richmond in a Char-à-banc.)

WE sha'n't be long, our neighbours vow, I only hope they mayn't be wrong— They 've told us all the way that " now We sha'n't be long!"

It's coming it a little strong When carelessly the Fates endow Some people with the gift of-song! But here we are—I think, somehow, We'll leave them at the "restaurong." To such a noisy party now We sha'n't belong!

#### "Too Clever by Half."

TOMMY and JOHNNIE were boys at school, TOMMY was clever, but JOHNNIE a fool; Tommy at lessons was sharp and bright, JCHNNIE could never do anything right. Genius often is known to tail; Tommy turned forger, and went to jail. JOHNNIE, though slow as he well could be, Plodded away and became M.P.

## At Berlin.

Wilhelm the Wilful (to the Imperial Chanceller). Greece, Sir! Don't talk to me of Greece! Melt her down at once! But the fat was already in the fire.

## IMPRESSIONS OF A PRESENTATION.

(By a Débutante.)

STUDY of the weather. Will it be cold or hot?

Waiting for the dressmaker, the hairdresser, and the attendant with the feathers and tulle.

Finishing touches put to one's train spread on a sheet in the drawing-room.

Following Mamma into the brougham after running the gaunt-let of the baker, the butcher-boy, and the driver of the van from the Stores.

Taking up position in the Buckingham Palace Road, and nod-ding to friends and acquaintances.

Proceeding by jerks and starts into St. James's Park amidst a crowd of not-too-complimentary sightseers.

Driving briskly through the outer yard past the military hand up to the inner entrance.

Getting out of the carriage and into the room devoted to the care of outside wraps. Up the staircase and past the writingtable and card-baskets.

First room and first wait. Old stagers secure chairs. New-comers get as near the barriers as possible.

Gentlemen-at-Arms objects of great interest. False alarms. Fluttering of plumes. Rustle of trains. Officials counselling

Fluttering of plumes. Rustle of trains. Officials counselling patience. General request "to resume our seats."

March from room to room. Long pause in each apartment. Plenty of time for looking at the pictures and getting a view of "the park-like grounds" skirting Grosvenor Place.

Nearing the Presence. Disappearance of "gentlemen in attendance upon ladies of their family." Getting into single file. Close to the great moment. Display of full length of train. Court officials adepts in the spreading out of drapery. Card passed from hand to hand. Name read out with explanatory matter by Lord High Chamberlain.

The important Thirty Seconds.

Train caught up and folded round arm, and short rest in the room beyond.

room beyond.

Back down the staircase to the apartment with the wraps.
Telephonic communication with the coachman without.
Amusing mutilation of names and titles.

A weary wait of something under an hour in the hall. Carriage announced. Sharp drive back with Mamma to home and freedom.

Congratulation of friends, and drawing room tea.

Quiet evening, simple dinner, and—thanking goodness it's all over-peacefully to bed.

THE TREE MOST UP-TO-DATE.—The Palm.

## THE QUEEN'S COMMEMORATION.

(A few Rumours.)

It is stated that the Royal procession will be a mile long.
There is reason to believe that Her Majesty will drive round
Greater London, through Brentford, Finchley, West Ham and Crovdon.

It is said that all the provincial mayors and aldermen will go on foot with the procession round Greater London. Their wives and daughters will follow in provincial flies.

We hear that the procession will be five miles long. It is reported that the procession will include all men who have served in the volunteers, each one armed with an umbrella.

Rumour says that the procession will be fifteen miles long. It is stated that all persons now, or formerly, in official posi-tions throughout the United Kingdom will join the procession. We believe that the last of the Royal carriages will be followed

by all the school children of the metropolis, two and two.

It is understood that the procession will be forty miles king.

It is rumoured that all the ratepayers of London will be included in the procession, each one bearing the last printed receipt pinned on the left breast.

It is said that the procession will include the Sette of Odd Volumes, the London County Council, the Art Workers Guild, the Corporation of London, the Jacobite League, the Royal Academy of Arts, the Society of Architects, the Church and Stage Guild, the Two Pins Club, the Primrose League, and other Metropolitan Societies

There is reason to believe that the procession will stretch in an unbroken line round Greater London from one gate of Bucking-

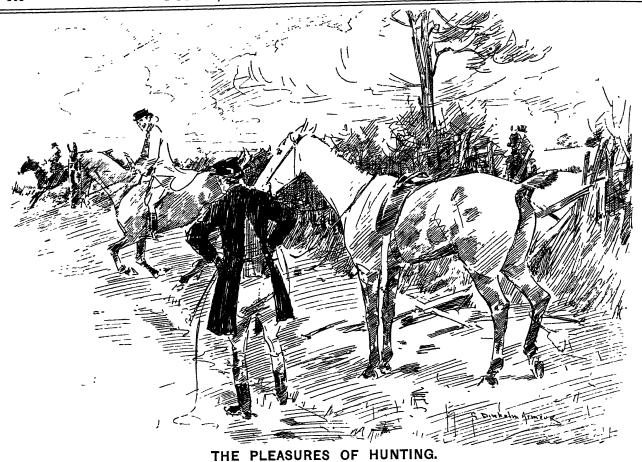
ham Palace to the other.

It is thought that, this being the case, Her Majesty, to avoid needless fatigue, will leave the Palace by one gate at the end of the procession, and will immediately re-enter by the ether gate at the head of it.

As we go to press we understand that all statements as to the route or arrangement of the Royal procession are entirely unauthorised and premature.

REFORMS IN VARIOUS FORMS AT ETON.—The Head Master says that all matters of reform at Eton have his best swishes, and shall be dealt with en bloc.

OUR Caustic Critic's remark on British Society:-"It is divided into four classes—The Have-beens, Would-bes, Haven't-beens, and Never-will-bes."



No. II. —To be mounted by a Friend (with an abnormal sense of humour) on a Horse that comes down at Three Fences in succession; then to have a Fellow remark, "Holloa! are you riding the Blind Horse?"

#### A REAL PALACE OF ART.

["There is every reason to b. lieve that the celebrated collection of pictures and objects of Art formed by the fourth Marquis of Hersforn, and augmented by the late Sir Richard Wallace, has been bequeathed to the nation by Lady Wallace."—Daily Chronicle.]

Since first that Tennysonian Art-Palace Rose in poetic vision, nobler dream Of Art than that of Hebtford and of Wallace On London ne'er did gleam. Millions, after all, have their utility And millionaires are not all Goulden calves! Midas, when moved to liberal nobility, Does not do things by halves Oh! budding VANDERBILTS, and rising ASTORS,

Here is an opening for enduring fame; To link for ever with the Oldest Masters The very newest name.

Even a parvenu or novus homo
May be immortalised on easy terms;
And wealth, from works in Seville, Antwerp, Rome, owe Immunity from the worms. For what are millions but supreme banality

To Midas, who, despite his gold must die, Compared with that second-hand immortality Which they at least can buy.

Canvas and paint, though seeming transient trifles, Outlive the entries in to-day's Court Journal. Time, who the titan tombs of Pharaohs rifles, Owns Art almost eternal.

For saints and heroes find posterity's strictures Perpetually un-heroing and un-sainting them;
But put your name, and fame—and purse—in pictures!—
'Tis safer ev'n than painting them!
MILLET, who has the fame, had not the money,—
Fortune is fickle to the folks who her chase,—

But if you boast a cheque-book, (it seems funny,) Posterity you may purchase.

Ah! Could dead geniuses be "syndicated,"
Or "pool" their own productions,—goodness gracious!
The figures of their "capital" coolly stated
Would scarcely look veracious. But what a gracious, what a glorious gift
This most superb bequest of Lady WALLAGE!—
The country, if not struck with sordid thrift, Should house it in a palace.
A new Versailles, at cost of Vanity Fair! The notion may incur the cynic's raillery. But such grand gifts—and givers—sure should share Thanks, and a gorgeous gallery!

#### NOT ALL DIAMONDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The announcement that our well-beloved Sovereign is about to commemorate her Diamond Jubilee seems sovereign is about to commemorate her Diamond under state to have inspired a good many promoters of public undertakings with the belief that most of her subjects will, somehow, derive large accessions of income during the celebration of the Queen's glorious reign. By nearly every post I receive circulars inviting appropriate to externation of a most varied nature conferring glorious reign. By nearly every post I receive circulars inviting subscriptions to enterprises of a most varied nature conferring benefits on human beings, cats, dogs, horses, and birds, but not one on myself or my family, who, headed by my wife, are already discussing extra allowances in order "to see the sights properly," like our neighbours and their intimates. I am an extremely loyal subject, and have already contributed some fifty shillings to several lists on behalf of "Young Berrier, aged eleven" (our youngest son), "Little Trots" (our youngest daughter), to say nothing of 2½s. from our servants severally (I found it all), and eightpence apiece from "Tweet" (the canary), "Slummy" (the cat), and "Phisto" (the fox-terrier). "Jorrocks" the cob is booked for two shillings on Monday, coupled with "Moofley" the cow. As I write, there comes a solicitation to join in providing all the village-boys with medals, puffs, gingerbeer, and fireworks on Coronation Day! Jonathan Edward Grimble.

P.S.—Have some of these Presidents and Secretaries any ob-

P.S.—Have some of these Presidents and Secretaries any object in their magnificent endeavours?

## ON THE USES OF PARODY.

It was a man of modest wits Who dealt in vacant chaff; He did a little book of skits To make the people laugh.

A fleeting vogue such things will win, And he was asked to dine, To meet a many people in The literary line.

Pride battled in his breast with fear; He knew his low degree; He doubted if he dare appear In such society.

For here would muster men of fame, Impaled upon his pen; If they should recognise his name, What might not happen then?

Stars of the upper firmament, Lights of a lurid age, Their dignity might well resent A puppy's persiflage.

Nevertheless the following thought Set silly fears aside: I am too much a thing of naught To be identified."

He went. The air was thick with brains, The language loud and tall; Some wore their locks like lions' manes, And some had none at all.

Who should his neighbours be? He

scanned,
Trembling, the dinner-list;
A decadent (consumptive) and A blatant atheist!

Both victims! Wedged between the bards. He spilled, with furtive shame, A large hors d'œuvre across the card's White face that bore his name.

Too late! They saw it! Through the wall He sent a steady gaze; When on his ears began to fall Polite and lavish praise.

"But quite, quite excellent!" they said,
"A rare and generous jest!
Though other people's taste is dead,
You recognise the best.

You have, we know, a heart that feels Beneath your cynic smile; None but a poet's touch reveals
A brother-poet's style."

Much gratified, he drank their toast, And subsequently laid
The naked facts before his host, Who understood the trade.

"The publishers," said he, "regard Your work as mainly sent To serve the heavy-hanging bard For cheap advertisement.

"So far from feeling inward pain, He shews a sense of wit; He hopes your humour may attain To make a thumping hit.

"Already tasting better times, He sells by twos and fours; The public has to buy his rhymes To see the point of yours.

THE MILITARY DEFENCES OF LONDON .-It is officially announced that the Thames will be shortly occupied by "The Blues."

LENTEN FARE.—Humble pie garnished with small potatoes à l'Américaine.

# READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



GEORGE NATHANIEL, 1ST EARL C-RZ-N OF THE PAMIRS (specially granted).

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, under a chief wavery ermine charged with a marques's coronet for hauteur, a popinjay rising on a ground of undoubted ability; 2nd, a cretan lyre employed during the european concert charged with "wires" strained improper "probably wholly inaccurate"; 3rd, a sun (of a peer) in his meridian glory who declines to set upon the British Dominions; 4th, a lion erased, muzzled and depressed, regarding on a bastion the flags of the Powers flowing in futility; over all, on an escutcheon of pretence "as a minister of the crown" a slip verdant. Crest: A peacock in pride ruffled and displayed proper rising from a ministerial bench. Supporters: On either side an heraldic superior purson erect omniscient pluming himself on a garb highly proper lined silk throughout. Second Motto: "D.V. I shall go higher." I shall go higher.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 22.—Blood is thicker than whiskey—even Scotch. Bob Repp, though his people come from Dumfriesshire, and he for more than ten years has represented the chief town of the county, never forgets he was born in the Isles of Greece. From circumstances over which he had no control the hallowed place was Corfu. It might have been Crete, and at this moment, instead of being a leader at the Bar, an honoured Member of the Commons, speaking with the authority of an ex-Attorney-General, Bos might have been a shock-haired insurgent, with a waistband full of pistols, a short skirt over a portly paunch, and strips of dubious coloured calico twined round his leg below the knee, picturesquely and economically designed to serve the double purpose of stockings, and preclude the costly extension of sion of trousers.

It has been ordained otherwise, and tonight Bos found opportunity of delivering a speech on behalf of his cousin-islanders that deeply stirred the House. A fine, frank, warm-hearted appeal, bubbling over

with honest indignation at Turkish iniquity and diplomatic deliberation; worth score of more elaborate indictments.

Brisk debate throughout, happily shewing how House of Commons of to-day is as ready to sympathise with struggling Nationalities as it was in Canning's time. Sorry for PRINCE ARTHUR and his colleagues on Treasury Bench. SARK, from whom no secrets are hid, tells me that when full disclosure of particulars is made it will appear that throughout long negotiations England, as represented by the MARKISS, will be found to have been ever on the side of Freedom against the Tyranny of the Turk. Short of running amuck at the Great Powers, and plunging the continent into war, the MARKISS has toiled incessantly for the deliverance of Crete. Diplomatic usages prevent disclosure being made at present moment. So Sorry for PRINCE ARTHUR and his colsure being made at present moment. So Ministers, tongue-tied, have to bear the odium of suspicion of helping the Sultan to hold Crete down, with lean hands clasped round its throat.

Once PRINCE ARTHUR, stung to the quick, leaped to his feet; seemed as if the pent-up storm would burst.

"The Greeks have joined the Cretans,"



Bob the Insurgent! (Sir R. T. R-d, Q.C.)

said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, "and," he added, with contemptuous sweep of arm towards Treasury Bench, "you have joined

the Turks.'
"That is--" said Prince Arthur, pale to the lips. How in his wrath he might have phrased the contradiction who shall Uproar of cheers and countersay. Uproar of theels all attable, cheers breaking forth he, standing at table, had time to compose himself. "That is had time to compose himself. "I not correct," he said, and sat down.

Business done.—Brisk debate on bom-

bardment of Cretan Camp.

Tuesday.—"I am not an agricultural labourer," said BOBBY SPENCER on a historic occasion, regarding the House of Commons over the park palings of his

Shirt-collar.

"I am not a naval authority," said George Curzon just now, edging away from a pit Cap'en Tommy Bowles had dug for him. These hints at the negation of biography are very interesting; might with advantage to the world be extended. GEORGE CURZON'S contribution was elicited in reply to a question from the Cap'en as to who is in command of the allied squad-ron in Cretan waters. To tell the truth the old sea dog is just now a little rugged in his humour. He did not go to Con-stantinople and take tea with the Sultan for nothing. Had the coast been left clear for him he might have sailed back to the Thames flying the Turkish flag. At anchor behind Treasury Bench he might have rewarded the Sultan's hospitality by keeping friendly eye on his interests.

BASHMBAD-ARTLETT sponed .... game. Cap'en's pluck is unquestioned. He fears no man, not even Don Jose. even he shrinks from appearance of comradeship with the blatant Knight of Sheffield, whose advocacy of the cause of the dispenser of Medjiddehs is, SARK says, more damaging to his Majesty than would be another massacre in Armenia. So Cap'en Tommy, who might in happier circumstances have sat up aloft and watched over the poor misunderstood Sultan, sheers off when Silomio heaves in sight.

Nevertheless can't help having a little dig at the inoffensive George NATHANIEL. But G. N., though youthful in appearance, was not born yesterday; effectively stops possible examination on logarithms by protesting that he "is not a naval authority."

Business done.—Private Members secured precious opportunity of Tuesday night all to themselves. House counted out at quarter past ten. But not till ATHERLEY Jones and his learned friends, the Attor-NEY-GENERAL and the ex-Solicitor-General,



Stirring up the Judges! (Ath-l-y J-n-s, Q.C.)

had agreed that if there is, under the British Constitution, anything hopelessly faulty, it is the administration of justice under the Judicature Acts.

Thursday.—Sark turns out to have been right in his suggestion about real attitude of the Markiss on the Cretan question. He has throughout been wrestling on side of a people rightly struggling to be free. Other Powers brought round to this view; henceforth Crete will be delivered from the thrall and the trail of the Turk. Greece not thoroughly happy, desiring Crete for her own. But we can't have everything we want. Great thing is, Crete is free, and that is sufficient for the day.

Great triumph to-night for Lloyd-George. Another step in successful Parliamentary career achieved by sheer ability, lived up to with unvaried modesty. To frame Instruction on going into Committee always been, for technical reasons, work of great difficulty. To-night six Parliamentary hands essayed it with respect to Education Bill. The youngest alone accomplished it.

Instruction raised question of popular representation on direction of voluntary schools. Prince Arthur firmly declined to have anything to do with it. Even threatened to withdraw Bill, if, by defection in Ministerial ranks, Instruction were carried. Defection nevertheless spread apace. Some good Ministerialists declared in favour of principle of Instruction, but shrank from embarrassing Government by voting for it. Others went all the way.

SEELY'S case brought tears to many eyes unfamiliar with the fertilising stream. Was in favour of giving parents a voice in the management of schools, but could not vex the soul of the best of Governments by voting against them. In a fine passage, delivered in voice broken with emotion, he apostrophised the Mothers of England.

"May they," he was understood to say amid his sobs. "waking in the watches of the night, and reflecting on their little ones going to schools in which parental management has no voice, concentrate their attention on a Factious Opposition. May their salt tears, flowing down a furrowed cheek, fall upon its head with the startling. and—so to speak—discomfiting effect of molten lead."

Business done.—Crete emancipated from the Turk.

Friday.—Effect upon Factious Opposition of SEELY's invocation to Mothers of England seen to-night. Supplementary Estimates on. Opportunity provided of Estimates on. Opportunity provided of prolonged debate on all subjects under the sun. Might have spent the night on a couple of votes, leaving dozens to spread over other sittings. The Mothers of England marshalled by Sprear, too much for Postion. Faction. Votes agreed to as rapidly as Chairman could put the question. By nine o'clock appointed work accomplished; and so home to bed.

Business done. - Supplementary Estimates rushed through.

## Unmistakable.

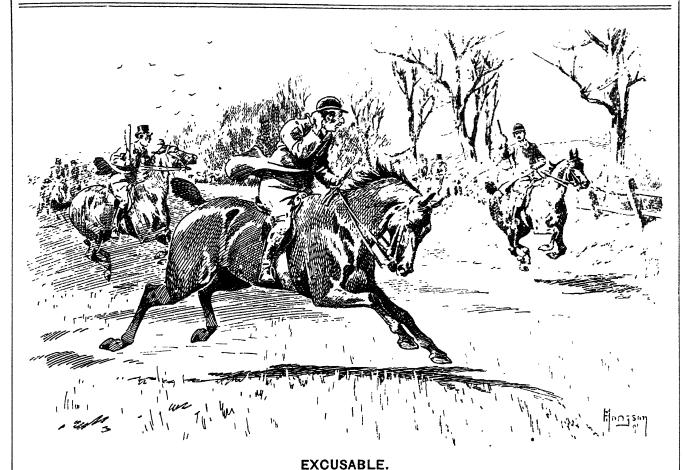
Little Chris. Oh! Daddy! a gen'lman

comed to see you when you was out.

Daddy. Indeed! Who was it?

Little Chris. I can't remember his name, but he had his face mowed just like Slor-PER, what comes to wait.

MEDICINE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.—MILNER'S Safe Cure.



M. F. H. (justly irate, having himself come carefully round edge of seed-field). "Blank it all, Rogerson, what's the good o' me trying to keep the Field off Seeds, and a Fellow like you coming slap across 'em?"

Hard-riding Farmer. "It's all right. They're my own! Ar've just come ower my Neighbour's Wheat, and ar couldn't for vary sham(e) miss my own Seeads!"

## TO THE BAYARD OF PEACE.

["Surely between these two countries (England and America) there stood an example that there was something better than arms, however nobly and grandly arms might be illustrated."

Mr. Bayard's Speech at the Farewell Banquet in the City.]

"THE Great Ambassador of Peace," So Viscount Peel has fitly named you! When factions pass and wranglings cease, The few who have abused or blamed you Will own, that in your too short lease
Of power, nought shamed you!
"Better than arms"? Aye! arms are good
In patriot hands; but hearts are better,

When meeting in true manly mood. Frank trust is friendship's true begetter,

And our sea-sundered Saxon brood May nought else fetter!

We're much alike, though far apart;
Fortune we front, nor find her way hard.
Strenuous both in field, in mart,
We work tremendously, and play hard.

And well you link us heart to heart, Our modern BAYARD.

"Sans peur et sans reproche" we say
Of you, as of the Frenchman knightly. Less militant than his our day,

Yet you can hold your own, politely; And serve your land in your own way,

Bravely, vet brightly. He, at the Battle of the Spurs. To his own prisoner surrendered. Well, we are all your prisoners,

By our own hearths, warm and well-fendered.

You leave kind thanks with England! Hers
Are hereby tendered!

Ambassador of Peace, farewell!
You've honoured England, and she

knows it.

Your time is up; 'tis sad to tell; We're sorry that you have to close it. Still Peace's victories may you swell!

And so, Sir-Prosit!!!

#### CONCERNING PALMISTRY.

(By One who has looked into it.)

What do I think of it? Well, it is certainly very curious. Have I had any important event foretold? Why, certainly— I was warned that I would soon have to turn my back upon my home, and within a week I left town for a month's sojourn at the seaside.

Has my past been revealed to me? Again, yes. I was told that I had got over a great disappointment. That was true enough, and I had said nothing about my marriage.

Was I ever foretold truthfully great good luck? Again the affirmative. It was said that I should have "much relief attended by considerable pecuniary profit." And almost immediately I heard that my tailor, to escape bankruptcy, had emigrated to Australia.

Have I heard anything about my line of life? Yes, that I shall live until I am over a hundred. This I fancy will surprise my doctor, who, however, is a pessimist in matters of health.

And what is my general opinion about ? Well, corsidering all things—and I am told that my hand reveals a really magnificent intellect—I truly believe that there must be something in it!

#### On the Red Sea.

Miss Decima de Lackland (to Captain Midas Millo, who has been "going strong" ever since Brindisi). Oh! how I wish we had met twelve months ago!

Captain. Why so?
Miss Decima. Because, you know, this

isn't leap year. [Sighs again. ["Did you rise?" asked a friend subsequently of the Captain, who described the incident with much gusto. "Rise!" cried the Captain. "Rather, and hooked

#### Meant as a Compliment.

Shakspeare Smith (to Miss Lagushe, after production of his new comedy). And what did you think of my little piece the other

Miss Lagushc. I didn't pay the least attention to the play. All I thought was, what a cruel ordeal the performance must be for you!



A GREAT BIG SHAME.

Mr. Punch (to John Bull). "Surely, Mr. Bull, in this year of Diamond Jubilee you will build some better home for her than these Sheds and Cellars,"



MR. AND MRS. PODGER WISH TO GOODNESS THEY HAD KEPT TO THE MAIN-LIDE, AND NEVER TRIED THAT TEMPTING SHORT CUT!

#### A PAIR OF KIDS AND A HERO.

On Tuesday, March 16th, the play of The Two Little Vagabonds will attain its 200th performance, and Mr. Albert Augus-TUS GILMER, of the Princess's Theatre, is to be heartily congratulated on having got together a company that plays so admirably this strong melodrama of the genuine old Porte St. Martin-Surrey-cum-Adelphi type, in five acts and eight scenes, lasting from eight till eleven. with the excitement kept up until the fall of the curtain. Miss Sydney Farrerouher, certainty of the curtain. until the fall of the curtain. Miss Sydney Farrenother, certainly a name of good omen in this instance, gives a most artistically pathetic rendering of Wally, the "weaker brother" vagabond; and Miss Kate Tyndall plays Dick, the hale and hearty boy, in a thoroughly boyish style: and this is the greatest praise possible. The three villainous loafers, represented by Messrs. Gurney, Walker, and Coleman, are repulsively clever; their "make-up" is most artistic, and their acting most natural. Probably it will run on for another hundred nights.

At the Avenue Theatre Nelson's Enchantress, by Risden Home

At the Avenue Theatre, Nelson's Enchantress, by RISDEN HOME (a ...me associated in the song with "England, Home, and Beauty, representing, evidently, Nelson, the dramatist, and Lady Hamilton), affords Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON an opportunity of showing how closely he can make up to resemble Nelson, and how touchingly he can represent the last dying moments of England's naval hero. Beyond this the materials at hand have been thrown away. The dramatist should have dealth the Nelson of Madame & Garae has adone with with NELSON as the author of Madame St. Gêne has done with NAPOLEON; and surely the career of Lady Hamilton offers as many NAPOLEON; and surely the career of Lady HAMILTON offers as many dramatic opportunities as does that of the French washerwoman. As it is, Nelson's enchantress hasn't a chance; and if Mrs. Patrick Campbell ever thought she had it in this piece, it is she, and not the author, who is to blame. Critics and public unite in blaming authors when there is a failure, and never lay the blame on the shoulders of managers or actors. The dramatist is invariably "the whipping boy." The attraction for the public at the Avenue is to see how Mr. Foreer Robertson and Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL look as Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The bear at the Westminster Aquarium must have been worth a "monkey," seeing that the jury in the recent case awarded 500%. damages.

## WHERE ARE THE MOTORS OF YESTERYEAR?

(Some Theories as to their disappearance.)

That like Hans Breitmann's "barty," they have taken the automatic bit between their teeth and moted away into the ewigkeit.

That they have been bought up by the Amalgamated Cab-Drivers' Union, or whatever it is, to serve as playthings during the enforced leisure of strike periods.

That, after their pretty universal break-down on the opening day last November, they are being generally overhauled, cleaned up, deodorised, and having the rattle taken out of them.

That they will only appear once a year, at the Lord Mayor's Show, to increase the hilarity of the London crowd.

That they are being carefully preserved in sawdust or cottonwool, in order that they may be produced as objects of historic interest, or monuments of inventors' incapacity, at the centenary of the much-boomed "Emancipation Day" in 1996.

That they have all started off for the North Pole, as their

drivers affect nautical costume.

That they are lying low, till the County Council provides us with a decently straight and broad street in London, and one where the pavement is left undisturbed for two consecutive days.

That they are being converted into steam-rollers, or flyingmachines.

That they have been acquired by the War-Office, in order to strike terror in the hearts of possible invaders, or to transport our microscopic army from the base to the front in time of hostilities. The Cavalry will then become the Mounted Automotry, after the fashion of the early British war-chariots, the horses, if any survive, being put inside. That they are being used as bath-chairs in Little Pedlington

super-Mare or some other quiet seaside resort.

That they are being fitted with poles and shafts, so that norses or donkeys may be harnessed to them.

That we shall see them all on Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday, most probably as boat-swings or steam-roundabouts.

That they have privately exploded and are in smithereens, or, Lastly, that they have been broken up by their owners and sold as old iron.

AN OLD BIRD.



"How dreadfully stout the General is getting!" "YES, ISN'T IT FORTUNATE! OTHERWISE HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO WEAR ALL HIS MEDALS!

#### "VICTORIA VICTIS."

DEAR MR. Punch,—Seeing that various Victorian Exhibitions have been arranged at the Crystal Palace, Earl's Court, and elsewhere, where memorials of HER MA-JESTY's glorious reign are to be on view, I venture to ask whether you think there would be any possibility of disposing of my unequaled collection of documents commencing "Victoria by the grace, &c."? I can guarantee them to be absolutely true specimens, and I will also vouch that, extending as they do over at least a a very large sum of money to bring to-gether. They would form a splendid monument to the integrity and courage of the legal profession in all its branches, as well as to inexhaustible gold-mining resources of the regions round about Temple Bar. These returns are not "salted," the only "salted" being in connection with them was Yours expectantly,

Highflyer Club, W.

From the Boards to the Booth.

[Miss Ada Ward, a well-known actress, has abandoned the stage for the Salvation Army.]

No tragic fire may light her brow, No loud applause her passion soothe; She's left the grand old playhouse now, But, still an actress, joined a Booth!

Too Good to BE TRUE.—The "French Expert" of the Daily Telegraph says that a diminutive and charming turban in tulle festoons, with pearls and a grafe, from which rises a graceful Paradise plume, is one of the theatre-going novelties. This head covering sucht instantly to be called head-covering ought instantly to be called "Madame des Stalles," and ordered by the Lord Chamberlain for use at all matinees.

## THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

III.

Scene—The Drawing-room of Spencer and Henrietta Wother-spoon's house in Sheffield Gardens, Campdon Hill. On the walls, some old prints and miniatures; the paper and hangings faded but harmonious; furniture, old-fushioned and severe, though of good design. Miss Wotherspoon is sitting by the fire, which a homely, middle-aged parlour-maid is making up.

Miss Woth. Past seven! Why, your Master used to be home long before this, MARIA.

Maria. I've never known him so late, Miss—and the night you've come home and all! But it's my belief he's been kep' at the office by business, or somethink o' that. He hasn't seemed himself this last day or two.

Miss Woth. (to herself). He can't have heard already!

(Aloud.) What makes you think that, MARIA?

Maria. He's been so restless and excited like, and then he won't take proper care of himself—sends his dinner down hardly touched, till Cook, she's almost broken-'arted about it. And what's the good of my putting out his thick flannel vests now the mornings are turning chilly, if he won't put 'em on? I'm sure I'm thankful to have you back, Miss, for he's not fit to be left alone, and I've got no authority over him!

Alone, and I've got no authority over nim!

Miss Woth. (to herself). How selfish I've been! (To Maria.)

There's your Master at last. I hear his key. Run down,

Maria, and make him change his shoes, and tell him I'm up here.

(To herself, alone.) I've a great mind to slip upstairs. What a
coward I am, afraid to meet my dear, good brother Spencer, who

Spencer (entering, with rather laboured cheerfulness). Ah, Etta, my dear! Home at last, eh? (They embrace.) Delighted to have you back again. Uncommonly lonely here all by myself. (To himself.) Can't tell her the very first thing!

Henrietta (to herself). There is something in his manner! (Aloud.) How—how late you are, Spencer, dear!

Spen. (to himself). I might lead up to it now. (Aloud.) Why, I'm airaid I am, rather. The fact is, I—I had to go down to Shepherd's Bush to—to see a friend. (Abruptly.) You've scarcely told me anything about Scarborough. Any pleasant people at the boarding-house?

Henr. (to herself). He hasn't heard. If I could only——
(Aloud.) Oh, yes, one—I mean—one or two, very pleasant people. But about yourself, SPEN, haven't you found it dreadfully dull in town?

Spen. Not so dull as it might have been, my dear. I managed Did you have a comfortable journey home?

Henr. Yes, I—I was very well looked after. Spencer, have you walked up to town through the Gardens, as you promised, every morning?

Spen. (guiltily). Every morning, my dear. And very delightful I found it. Wonderful how the trees have kept their foliage. Then the air's been so mild. Why, one could sit about in the shade as if-

Henr. Was that quite prudent of you, Spencer-if what I've heard is true?

Spen. (alarmed). Prudent. Why, what have you heard, Etta, what have you heard?

Henr. You ought to remember, SPEN, that it's not as if you were a young man, and any sudden change-

Spen. Ah, my dear, you may well call it sudden. I'm sure that if anyone had told me a week ago that one of us would—would ever contemplate matrimony, I should have laughed in his face. I don't laugh now, Erra, my dear, I don't laugh now.

Henr. (to herself, conscience-stricken). Someone has told him! (Aloud.) But—but are you very unhappy about it, dear? Spen. Unhappy? No, my dear. Love is natural to us all. We may resolve to do without it, shut it out of our lives altogether but if no do. First way the thing that is most worth. gether, but if we do, ETTA, we miss the thing that's most worth living for. I've come to see that.

Henr. Dear Spen! I never, never expected you would take that view!

Spen. Ah, Etta, Love finds us all out sooner or later-sooner or later. There's no safeguard against him-not even advancing years.

Henr. (hurt). Advancing years! That's putting it a little

strongly, Spen!

Spen. (pleased). Well, perhaps it is, perhaps it is. And after all, if you don't think the—er—disparity serious, why should I: My only fear was that a third person—

Henr. (eagerly). But that would make no difference in our lations, SPEN. We should go on living here, exactly as before relations, Spen.

only there'll be three of us instead of two!

Spen. Yes, yes; and you'll have a companion while I'm away. Three's company and two's-no, I don't mean that precisely, but you understand.

Henr. (hugging him enthusiastically). I do indeed, you dear, good, generous SPEN. How little I knew you! To think that I was afraid you might Oh, you don't know how thankful

Spen. But my—my dear girl, it's I who should—— I assure you I'm astounded, absolutely astounded by a consideration which—which I hardly expected.

Henr. Surely you never expected that I would leave you as long as you wanted me. He would never wish that.

Spen. The poor old Dad? No; he bought this house with the idea that it would be a home for both of us after he was gone. I've often heard him say so.

Henr. Yes. But I wasn't thinking of poor father just then. I meant Fritz would never wish to separate us.

Spen. (bewildered). Oh, FRITZ would never wish it. And—and who the dickens is FRITZ?

Henr. I forgot I hadn't told you his name. Why, your future brother-in-law, Spen. You might have guessed that!

Spen. (blankly). I might have guessed—yes. So—so you're going to be married, HENRIETTA?

Henr. Why, of course! What else have we been talking about all this time?

Spen. (to himself). She has no idea of my—— (Aloud.) To be sure. I didn't quite—— Afraid I'm rather stupid this evening, my dear. But about this fellow Fritz. Who is he? How did you come to meet him?

Henr. He sat next to me at table at Marina House. His name

is Fritz von Gubler.

Spen. (with disapproval). What! a German?

Henr. Oh, he speaks English quite beautifully, without the slightest—with scarcely any accent! And he's of Austrian descent. He belongs to a very old family who settled in Switzerland centuries ago. Indeed, he could use the title of Baron if he liked.
Spen. Then why doesn't he like?

Henr. Oh, Switzerland's such a democratic country. I suppose a title is no use there.

Spen. Well, there's some sense in that, if he's not in a posi-

tion to keep it up.

Henr. He's in a very good position. He's a great friend of Lord Coleshafts, and he could hardly be that unless—

Spen. But what does he do for a living?

Henr. Nothing; he has property of his own—enough to live

on, at all events.

Spen. Well, you know your own affairs best, ETTA, and of course, if you've made up your mind to marry some stout, elderly foreigner-

Henr. But he isn't stout—and he's not elderly. Why, he's

not much over thirty!

Spen. Thirty! Why, bless my soul, Etta, do you mean to say—
(Hastily.) I beg your pardon, my dear, I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I've no right to—
(To himself.) It does make it easier to tell her!

Henr. When once you know Fritz—and you will very soon, Spencer. I—I've asked him to come to dinner to-morrow

evening.

Spen. To-morrow? Why—er—the fact is, I've asked MERCY to dine with us to-morrow.

Henr. MERCY?

Spen. I was about to tell you, my love, when we got talking of other matters. MERCY is the name of the lady who is going to be my wife.

Henr. Your wife, Spencer! What, you are going to marry,

Spen. And why not, ETTA, my dear, why not? What's sauce or the goose is—— No, that's not quite the way to put it. I for the goose ismean that if you decide to take such an important step, you have no right to blame me for-er-following your example.

Henr. But I don't blame you, SPEN, dear. It's rather



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS, 'No. XII.

especially just at first --- But I'm delighted, really delighted. For of course I know you would never choose anyone I shouldn't

thoroughly approve of!

Spen. I—I hope not, my dear, I hope not. (To himself.) If I could only be quite sure that she'd look at it in the right way! [A silence; each waits for the other to speak.

## PARALLEL PASSAGES;

OR, DICKENS AND MODERN DIPLOMACY.

"I WILL not, however, disguise contrainte) if at the expiration crack him in the parlour door. of the delay of six days the withdrawal of Greek ships and troops from Crete has not been effected. I have, &c."

Identical Note to the Greek Minister.

"ALLOW me to express a hope from your Excellency that my that you won't reduce me to exinstructions require me to warn tremities; in saying wich I you that, in case of refusal by merely quote wot the nobleman his Majesty's Government, the said to the fractious pennywinkle, Great Powers have irrevocably ven he vouldn't come out of his determined not to hesitate at shell by means of a pin, and he any means of compulsion (à ne consequently began to be afeared reculer devant aucun moyen de that he should be obliged to

Sum Weller to Mr. Winkle.

#### Wait for Age.

Seventeen. "Is marriage a failure? I should like to know!" Seven-and-Twenty. "My dear, when as long as myself you Seven-and-Twenty. have tarried.

You will not need much demonstration to show That the only true failure is—not getting married!"

A most satisfactory stage direction at the Lyceum: -- "Re-enter Sir Henry Irving as Richard the Third." Mr. Punch salutes him, and congratulates him on his recovery.



Child Guest to Child Host. What, NOT REMEMBER ME? WHY, I WAS YOUR MOTHER'S PAGE AT HER WEDDING!"

## EXCURSIONS IN VERSE.

(In Hansom Cabs.)

The looking-glass, no doubt, was planned For lovely woman, winsome lass— Stern men, of course, have ever banned The looking-glass.

Yet you may see a screaming farce,
If on the kerb you take your stand,
And watch the hansom cabs that pass.
They constitute the happy land
Where unobserved—he thinks, po

ass !-

Vain man admires on either hand— A looking-glass!

#### THE CHANNEL BAROMETER.

Very fair.—Really delightful. Nothing could be pleasanter. Sunshine. Ozone. Does everyone a world of good. Would not miss such a passage for worlds.

Does everyone a worn or good. Would not miss such a passage for worlds.

Fair.—Yes; it is decidedly an improvement upon a railway carriage. Room to move about. I don't in the least mind the eighty odd minutes. If cold, you can put on a wrap, and there you are.

on a wrap, and there you are.

Change. — Always thought there was something to be said in favour of the Channel Tunnel. Of course, one likes to be patriotic, but the movement in a choppy sea is the reverse of invigorating.

Wind.—There should be a notice when a bad passage is expected. It's all very well to describe this as "moderate," but that doesn't prevent the beastly waves from running mountains high.

Stormy.—It is simply disgraceful. Would not have come if I had known. Too depressed to say anything. Where is the steward?

Gale.—Why—was—I—ever—born?

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

The Amateur Prima Donna of an Irish Opera having asked a candid admirer to give his opinion of her performance, he complies with her request.

You looked, I must confess, divine,
A goddess in a golden wig;
Your bearing, too, was superfine.
How solemnly you danced that jig!
A pavane or a minuet
Might well have matched your stately air.

I smiled to see your face so set.

'Twas not the look you're wont to wear!

I noticed that your laugh was hard,
And had a strange metallic twang;
And surely you belied the bard,—
Who wrote the ballads that you sang?
I'm sure he never meant that air
About the Minstrel and the Moon
Should be delivered like a prayer
That some old witch would love to croon!

Nor did he wish, I note again,
In that duet about the birds,
That you should take the wrong refrain
And steal the luckless tenor's words.
Nor did he rhyme, in verse absurd,
"Killarney" with "my lover's cot."
But then perhaps, as no one heard,
The slaughtered stanza mattered not.

'Twas well the great composer's ear Was far away upon this night;
For had he present been, I fear He scarce could deem his senses right.'
Not but that like an errant cat Your voice upon the roof would be,
You never got above A flat,
Although you tried for Upper C!

I hope you didn't speak your lines,—
They had so oft a foolish ring!
And with them mingled constant signs
Of someone talking in the wing!
You so broke up the author's wit,
That thrice your prattle found full stop;
In short you made your greatest hit
When on the boards you made that flop!

Well, there, I 've done my task at last!
My cruel criticism's done.
You'll read this angry and aghast,
Then let me add I write in fun!
So, pray, your wrath and tears assuage.
You were all charming I must own!
But still I'd like, with righteous rage,
To kick that beastly baritone!

From our own Irrepressible Joker (doubtless in hiding).—"I see that the recent Hackney Show was held at Islington. Surely, in common fairness and reciprocity, there ought to be an Islington Exhibition at Hackney? I also note that there is to be a cookery demonstration at Niagara Hall. Let us hope that it will be a peck-culinary success."



# TENDER MERCIES!

DAME EUROPA (to LITTLE CRETE). "DON'T CRY, MY LITTLE MAN. I'VE ASKED THIS NICE, KIND TURKISH POLICEMAN TO STAY AND TAKE CARE OF YOU!"

["It appears to me, and I believe it appears to all the Powers, that it would be a rash act to at once withdraw the Turkish troops, who are really the only safeguard against disorder."—Lord Salisbury in House of Lords, Tuesday, March 2.]



### A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Wife. "Well, Freddie dear, how do you think my Domino SUITED ME?"

Husband. "To perfection, my dear! Never saw you look so well! In fact, you ought always to wear one!"

## ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

(Being some selections from the Correspondence between Mr. Robert Roundabout, his Nephew at Cambridge, and others.)

No. IX.—OF BUMPS AND BUMP-SUPPERS—OF A VISIT TO TOWN-OF LECTURE-ROOMS-OF A COUSIN'S ENGAGEMENT

DEAR UNCLE BOB,—Of course you've seen in the papers that we made our four bumps alright, we caught St. Luke's in forty strokes but they wouldn't acknowledge it so we had to row on till we ran right over their riggers and nearly swamped them, it we had had another night for racing we should have gone head for a moral as St. Michael's were only half a length away from St. Luke's when we caught them, still we shall get our oars given us for making a bump every night which is something. I didn't get cooked any night except Thursday when we had an awfully tough job of it and didn't catch them till after the Railway Bridge and there was a wind against us in the Long Reach but I made up my mind I'd stick to it till I was blind and at last we did it with a rattling spurt. I could always tell when we were on the top of another boat because little PICKFORD our cox got quite top of another boat because little Pickford our cox got quite purple in the face and foamed at the mouth and screamed all sorts of rot, I thought he'd go mad and he's as proud as a peacock because he thinks it was all his doing and we all tell him he's a cert for coxing the Varsity next year. The Mater and Alice and Aunt Margaret came up on the Friday and saw us make our bump at Ditton and I think the Mater was pleased because she waved at me like anything, but she cried a little afterwards she sometimes does. It was very jolly going out of training and we had a grand bump-supper with any amount of lobster mayonaze and lots of tarts and ice puddings, we had plenty of mayonaze and lots of tarts and ice puddings, we had plenty of champagne too and we were all very happy but nobody got buffy only excited. Blades and Wilson who are rowing in the Varsity came in afterwards and sat with us for about twenty minutes and Blades made a ripping speech the best I ever heard, he said he didn't want better chaps than us to row behind him next May races and we had upheld the traditions of the old Boat Club, he a splendid man and we're all ready to do anything in the world for him. My eye I do hope I shall row in our May boat. You were quite right, uncle Bob, rowing is simply grand and I'm awfully glad I took it up. Besides you get to be good friends with such a lot of real good fellows. Tatters is quite well, he would be a lot of real good fellows. enjoyed the races immensely and ran along with us every night

yelling and barking, he was delighted with the rattles and seized one out of a man's hand and ran off with it I never saw a dog so pleased, he had a fight this morning with another fox-terrier and got the best of it.

Look here uncle Bos could you put me up over Sunday if I could get leave to come to town next Saturday. We might do a theatre together. I think they'd give me leave if you wouldn't mind writing a letter as they're quite pleased with the way I've been working this term. I should like to see you again very much.

Your affectionate nephew

JACK.

#### (Answer to the preceding.)

My DEAR JACK,-I am naturally much touched by your assurance that you would like to see me again. In these callous and calculating days it is something to know that one can always rely on the genuine affection of a nephew—and such a nephew. How shall I worthily entertain the laurelled hero of four triumphant bumps? Will he who has tasted the blazing joys of these victories, who has revelled in the fierce but (as I see by your letter) unintoxicating delights of an ice-pudding and champagne bump-supper, and has, glory of glories, been patted on the back by a rowing Blue—will such a one, I ask myself, content husself with the humble fare provided by the chef at Brooks's, even though it be followed by an excursion to the Gaiety Theatre, where, they tell me, the sacred lamp of burlesque still burns as brightly as ever? Yes, perhaps he will. And in any case, my dear Jack, I shall be proud to put you up on Saturday and to do what I can for your amusement. You have been working well, and even Apollo—but you know how that god deals with his bow. So I enclose a letter for you to show to your tutor so that letter) unintoxicating delights of an ice-pudding and champagne bow. So I enclose a letter for you to show to your tutor so that his stony heart may be moved to grant you leave over next Sunday, I undertaking, as you will notice, to look after your welfare, and to send you back unharmed to the lap of your

Alma Mater on Monday morning.
You have my heartiest congratulations on your four bumps.
They are a grand send-off for you on your rowing career. You need not imagine that because we are old fellows we have ceased to care for such things. Why, these are the very things that we delight in, and by such victories you youngsters warm our hearts. We too have been in Arcadia, and as we send our minds back over the years our pulses stir again with the splendour of those past aquatic tussles when we swung and spurted and panted and shut our teeth and spurted again while the yells and the tumult of the crowd raced with us along the bank. These happy days, the grip of our friends' hands, their cheers, and our own unalloyed delight are what we most remember when lecture-rooms and examinations and——— I shall not finish this sentence, for after all I reverence lecture-rooms, and I abide by examinations. They are to me a part of the great British constitution—two words, by the way, which I have heard men articulate with diffi-

culty after a bump-supper. No more of this.
You will have heard the news of the engagement of your cousin ADELATDE to Captain BRUNTON, but you may not know the details of the interesting event. They were staying at Shortlands, and there the Hussar proposed. She asked for time, she wished to consider, the surprise was so great. Thereupon the Captain became gloomy, and went out with a double-barrelled gun. Adelaide became alarmed. Horror of horrors! Did her lover meditate suicide? She rushed after him. Soon she heard two shots in rapid succession. What terrible determination! Her worst fears were confirmed, she sank down on a convenient bank, where the Captain, who shortly afterwards arrived with two dead rabbits, found her in a flood of tears, and obtained her con-sent to their early union. There's romance for you. I look forward to seeing you on Saturday. Your affectionate uncle,

"JEANNE, JEANNETTE, AND JEANNETON."

(Written by a Seafaring Man with a "J" Pen.)

I HAD a little sweetheart and her name was "Simple JANE," Heigho! her conduct was immoral!

She laughed at my solicitude and revelled in my pain.
Well! well! we both agreed to quarrel!

Then next I met a damsel, who was known as "Jolly Jenny,"
Ha! ha! she made the pieces jingle!

She always spent a sovereign when I possessed a penny,
So!so! I said I would be single!

Heigho! why, hang it! I'm another's!

And then I loved another maid, they called her "Gentle Janer,"
Ah! me! her temper was her mother's!
But now she's left this wicked world to join a blessed planet,

ADMIRAL RAWSON'S SUMMARY .- Ben-in and come out.



M. F. H. (riding up to old Rustic, with the intention of asking him if he has seen the lost Fox). "How long have you been work-Here, Master?" Old Rustic (not seeing the point). "Nigh upon Sixty Year, Mister!" ING HERE, MASTER?

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"THE Temple Classics" are gems of print and binding. Add to this, they are both companionable and pocketable,—honestly so, of course. J. M. Dent & Co. of Aldine House have just brought out Le Morte Darthur in this dainty series.

All lovers of romance will thank me for strongly recommending to their immediate attention the simple yet powerfully dramatic story by Max Pemberton, entitled, Christine of the Hills. There is not in it one line of description too much, nor is There is not in it one line of description too much, nor is there any pause in the action. The characters are clearly and forcibly drawn, and the only puzzle for the reader is, how came the ancient mariner, the "Old Sinner of Sebenico," who narrates the tale, to have obtained such an intimate knowledge of all the details he so graphically describes? "There are few that have my tongue, Excellency," quoth the wily old rascal, who was going to be treated to a good dinner before entertaining his entertainer. entertainer.

A delightful edition of dear old IZAAK WALTON'S Compleat Angler, edited by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, and charmingly illus-Angler, edited by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, and charmingly illustrated by EDMUND H. New, has been brought out by enterprising JOHN LANE, of The Bodley Head. The Gallienic remarks are original, and the illustrations all New. Delightful are the quaint pictorial reminders of Waltham and its Abbey, of Theobalds, and the house built long ago on the site of Theobald's Palace, called "Thibbald's Place," which, without any breach of confidence, it may be now and here mentioned, was the scene of many of the events recorded in a certain small work entitled Hammer it may be now and here mentioned, was the scene of many of the events recorded in a certain small work entitled Happy Thoughts. "Well does the Happy-Thought writer remember," says the Baron, "the house and the garden, so faithfully represented in this present edition of The Compleat Angler at p. 111, where many of the happiest of Happy Thought hours were spent. Most dear, also, to the same poor scribbler's memory is the shady lane (p. 94) that led up to that quaint old house." By no one will this book be more enjoyed than by the writer of this brief

NANSEN, the explorer, has been taken up by a Constable, that is, by Constable & Co. of Westminster, which firm has published, in two big volumes, well illustrated, the story of the Norwegian Polar Expedition undertaken by Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

> 'Twas o'er the northern ice. Brave boys We made for NANSEN'S goal ; But we had to tack, And to home come back, As we did not find that Pole, Brave boys, We could not climb that Pole!

There they were, all ready, aye ready, with their books and diaries, to act on Cap'en Cuttle's advice, and the Pole, "when found," they would have "made a note of."

What pluck! what endurance! "Strange things came up to look at them!" and "proud" as the ancient admiral were they all "of such a bonnie bark" as was The Fram.

During the three were they were avery well-uses and hears

During the three years they were away walruses and bears became as "a drug in the market"; while monsters were monotonous. They did not encounter a Caliban, and fortunately were not encumbered by the presence of a Trinculo and Stephano.

Were not encumpered by the presence or a Trinculo and Stephumo. The historic meeting between Stanley and Dr. Livingstone finds its parallel in that of Nansen and Jackson.

Two solitaries meet on an ice plain.

"Aren't you Nansen?" asks Jackson, quite casually, as if he had come across him accidentally in a club smoking-room.

"Yes, I am," confesses the Arctic explorer, scorning all unworthy subterfuce

"Yes, I am," confesses the Arctic explorer, scorning all unworthy subterfuge.

"By Jove!" exclaims Jackson, "I am glad to see you."
It is "simple comme bon jour!" So commonplace as to remind us of Farmer George saying to the louts at Gloucester New Bridge, "Why, then let us have a huzzay!" And the whole narrative is so plainly told. Cheerfulness, horefulness, and marvellous endurance, these are the notes of an explorer's character; and these qualities were shared by Dr. Nansen and his gallant companions. gallant companions. THE BARON.

#### "PRESENT-HUMPS!"

(Address to Mr. Punch by a Constant Admirer.)

WHEN Fortune frowns, and things go wrong,

And life seems on the "slump," To meet a hunchback's more than gold, A certain road to luck, I'm told, To touch his hump.

And e'en if Fortune to one's pile Keeps adding lump on lump, Lest she should change, one ought to try, Should one a passing hunchback spy, To touch his hump.

Mere superstition? No one need To that conclusion jump.
In truth a hunchback, as I state,
Brings luck to all, both small and great, Who touch his hump.

Prince of all hunchbacks, Mr. Punch, Each trick in life I'd trump, What cards soever might be in If only once my hand might win To touch your hump!

## SUMMARY OF NEWS FOR MARCH.

(Foreign Politics barred.)

THE weather has been changeable. Rain and gale much in evidence. Sunshine intermittent, and resembling moonshine.

The intelligence at Scotland Yard of the customary character. The police are understood to be following a clue.

Fashions much the same as ever. Epaulettes on ladies' dresses, and floral adaptations of the Tour Eiffel worn on the left of low-crowned, narrow-brimmed straw hats.

Dinners in aid of several charities are being held. At more than one of them, somebody is mildly amusing about the present condition of the British drama.

Novels are still produced at the rate of about one in five minutes. Of these, five per cent. are needed, and about three per cent. pay.

There have been several accidents at football, and the language on the golf links at Wimbledon and elsewhere is choice and distinctly vigorous.

Letters about the early arrival of the cuckoo and the premature budding of evergreens find their way to the waste-paper basket in the editorial sanctum.

And lastly-freshest item of news of all -Her Britannic Majesty Queen Anne is said to be dead.

## In the Waterloo Road.

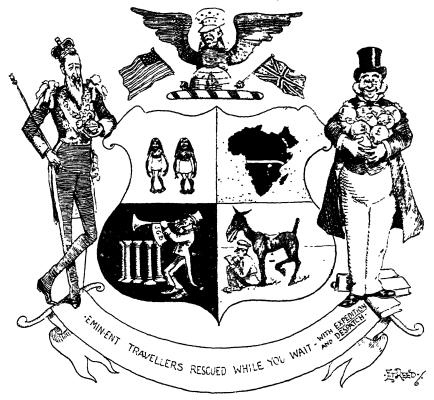
The Rev. Johnson Griggs (who has just arrived from Somersetshire, to sportsman, hurrying to catch the train for Kempton Park). Could you kindly point out the way to Lambeth Palace?

Sportsman. Blest if I ever heard of the place! But if you follow your nose over Westminster Bridge, it 'll bring you to the Aquarium, where the show's sure to be twice as good.

[Rushes off, leaving the Rev. J. G. speechless.

"BOTTOM, THOU ART TRANSLATED."—Our official obscurantists in Trafalgar Square and at South Kensington, the wiseacres of the "Cruet-Stand" and the "Brompton Boilers," have hit upon a new rendering of the old axiom, "Ars est celare artem." They translate it (very freely) as "Art should be hidden in a cellar."

# READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



VISCOUNT ST-NL-Y OF THE CONGO.

Arms: Quarterly; lst, two dwarfs of the forest of perpetual night proper, journalistically exploited to the nines; 2nd, a continent sable, crossed by a small white band issuant from the interior; 3nd, a new york herald blowing a trumpet of his own in exultation over repeated columns of copy sensational to the last; 4th, a missionary of renown discovered in solitude near u-jiji sable. Crest: Out of a demiterrestrial globe (southern hemisphere) a spread eagle proper emergent in his glory gorged with honorary degrees (south latitude), bearing in dexter claw an american flag, in sinister an union jack. Supporters: Dexter, a neutral monarch crowned, sceptred, and habited proper in a can't-go-free state; sinister, a publisher radiant charged in the arms with a colossal profit on the books of the present viscount. Second motto: "Mr. Speaker, I presume?" (on very rare occasions).

#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 1.
—Consecrated rule of debate in House of Commons that if there appears on the Orders notice to move resolution on a particular subject no Member may rush in and preoccupy the ground. This makes obvious opening for little bit of tactics. In ordinary way, private Members who can muster forty adherents may force the hand of the strongest Government, compelling debate on any subject by moving adjournment of House in order to discuss it as a matter of urgent public importance. But, you see, if such action is apprehended it suffices for friend of Government to give

notice of a resolution on the particular topic, which is straightway barred.

HOWARD VINCENT, the Friend of Man (including the Ministry), much annoyed by importunate Radicals raising embarrassing debates about Crete. Why can't they leave it in hands of best of all Ministries? Happy thought. Place amendment on paper promising to call attention to state of Crete and move resolution. "That'll spoil their little game," HOWARD VINCENT said to Member for Sark. "But a tricky lot, those Radicals, must be wary in dealing those Radicals; must be wary in dealing with them. If I confine my notice of motion to Crete they'll break out in Macedonia, or return to Armenia, or cut in at

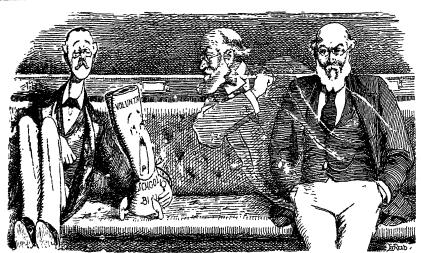
Constantinople. Will try and get round me somehow. I'll be even with them. Tell you what, I'll get a resolution made in Germany, warranted to beat them off at any point."

Experiment seemed to answer to a tintack. Never was seen such a notice of motion (at the price). Didn't seem to leave an opening through which a Radical neave an opening through which a Radical might even peep at a perturbed Ministry. Having carefully erased the mark of origin, H. V. placed resolution on the paper and felt that all was well. Had not forgotten any possible avenue of attack, not even the Balcaric Islands or the vexed Raymonths. Bermoothes.

"If any Radical can crawl through that stockade," he whispered to Kenyon-Slaner, "I forgive him. Wonderful fellows those Germans. When they undertake to make anything, from a hair-brush to a House of Commons resolution, they do it thoroughly."

"Right you are," whispered back Kenyon-Slaney, and the windows in the adjoining church of St. Margaret rattled responsive.

To-day Squire of Malwood comes down prepared to move adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent public importance situation in Crete. Has given PRINCE ARTHUR notice of his intention. Gage of battle accepted; speeches prepared; House crowded. And



A Gho(R) STLY VISITANT!

(During the Discussion on the Voluntary Schools Bill.)

Did Our Artist's eyes deceive him, or did Sir John's astral body really emerge in the twilight and give form to his hidden feelings?

where 's Howard Vincent's resolution, | iron-bound, copper-bottomed, made in Germany, warranted for three years, unsinkable, fire-proof, bomb-proof, water-proof? Why, the SPEAKER has ruled that there is nothing in it. Of no account whatever as bearing on motion for adjournment! Worse than all, a simple notice of three lines, made in London by John Dillon, effectually does what H. V. elaborately strove after. It blocks the way for to-night, and being withdrawn the wicked Radicals will tomorrow have their way. Ignoring existence of Howard Vincent's masterpiece they will discuss Crete at length.

Which only shows how uncertain is life, and how unaccountable its ways in the House of Commons.

Business done. Got into Committee on the Education Bill.

Tuesday.—This one of the occasions when the House, to which as a rule nobody is indispensable, misses Mr. GLAD-STONE. Debate admirable, George Curzon in particular rising to fullest height of Parliamentary style yet reached by him, and the level has always been high. only the unsurpassable, unapproachable fire of Mr. G. could fuse into magnificently molten mass the questions of Crete struggling to be free, of Greece stretching out a hand to help, of the banded Powers with irresistible force thrusting it back.

In the Father's absence the House welcomed with peculiar pleasure the interposition of the Son. HERBERT has earned the rare and enviable position that the House would willingly hear him speak oftener than he rises to address it. His early Parliamentary career was naturally, per-bane oratefully, overshadowed by that haps gratefully, overshadowed by that great mountain Don Jose once adored. When the mountain disappeared, and there was chance for little hills to skip and hop, HERBERT, resisting the temptation, set himself diligently to the work of First Commissioner, laying the found achome for during monument by carrying scheme for the opening up of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament by a broader vista from Parliament Street. Out of office he has relapsed into access of modest mien that covers sterling capacity. House quite surprised to find him at Table to-night

championing the cause of Crete, hymning in glowing language the griefs of

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of War and Peace, Where Delos rose, whence Bob REID sprung. Business done .- Debate on Crete.



"Championing the Cause of Crete." Mr. H-rb-rt Gl-dst-ne.

Thursday.—Another night in Committee on Education Bill. Not exactly exhila-rating; lacks the charm of the unexpected. Only thing uncertain is at what particular moment Prince Arrive will pounce. Remembering the burning indignation with which Conservatives in Session of 1893 resented occasional application of closure, 'tis pretty to hear them hilariously cheer when to-day Prince Arthur drops down on critic of Education Bill with remark, "I beg to move that the question be now

"Odd," says Sark, "how circumstances New Fleet Signal according ter cases. When the Conservatives are International Code.—Cave Canea! alter cases.

in Opposition, they call the closure 'the gag'; when they come into office, and find occasion to use it, they allude to it by its occasion to use it, they allude to it by its official name; whilst the Liberals, with equal heat and righteous indignation, in their turn talk about 'the gag.' When the Liberals come into power, things in this respect will be exactly reversed. Natural enough; what is marvellous is the unfairmed sincerity of conviction which at feigned sincerity of conviction which at-tends achievement of crossing floor of the House. To-day, when Prince Arthur pounces, Squire of Malwood and John Morley flush with honest, pained indignation, just as in 1893 Prince Arthur and Don Jose blushed for their country when closure was moved in Committee on Home Rule Bill, Gentlemen of England massed behind them wringing their hands, ifting up their voice in long lamentation, 'Gag' gag!!! We're a rum lot, when we come to think of it."

Business done. - Committee on Education Bill.

Friday. — The vision of Johnston of Ballykilbeg is not bounded by the coast of Ireland. If a Conservative Flute Band, assured in the remoteness of Bellshill, think they can with impunity parade its streets, playing "Protestant Boys," "Boyne Water," and "Kick the Pope," they have already discovered their error. It appears that the religious exercise was followed by a free fight, just as if Bellshill was the floor of the House of Commons. A Roman Catholic, the LORD ADVOCATE narrated, assaulted two of the bandsmen, and was arrested, "the band afterwards retiring to a public-house." Magistrates impartially convicted and imprisoned Protestants and Catholics.

BALLYKILBEG wants to know whether playing Protestant tunes in the streets is contrary to the laws of Scotland? If so, is the Lord Advocate prepared to assent to an alteration in the law.

LORD ADVOCATE is not. BALLYKILBEG resumes his seat apparently discomfited, but actually successful in flashing on the walls of the House of Commons an interesting picture of the amenities of life in hitherto unrenowned Bellshill.

Business done. — Admiral-General—or is it General-Admiral?—Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., V.C., discourses at length on the condition of the Navy. A fortnight ago he displayed equal erudition and acumen in respect of the Army. SARK says he is equally all there on such trifles as Foreign politics, and Local Government. The Admirable CRICHTON was by comparison an overrated personage.

#### A Damp Club Associate.

Blynker (after Slimper has left). I can't stand that fellow at any price! He's such a fearful wet blanket!

Tiffkins. Yes, by Jove! His talk's like sheets of rain! And he positively floods the smoking-room with it!

Blynker. Well, let's mix him and his jabber with two "fours"—neat! Then we

shall be dry again! Agreed nem. con.

NOTE BY DARBY JONES .- As the spring approaches, evidence of regenerated existence is given by two species of bipeds—the layers of odds and the layers of eggs.

WHAT THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCILLOR CANNOT GRASP. - The beauty of Chelsea Reach.

NEW FLEET SIGNAL ACCORDING TO THE



A BOOM IN NELSON PLAYS SEEMS IMMINENT, SO PLAYGOERS MUST BE PREPARED FOR DIFFERENT IDEAS OF THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR.

#### FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

(By a Nansensical Explorer.)

"THE awakening spirit of man reared its head high, and peered over that mysterious region that lies between Lincoln's Inn on the north, and the great and roaring Strand on the south. The mighty giant! The far-reaching limbs of the Law! In fact, the dismal district of the Law Courts. To make that passage from the north to the south has often been attempted. It can, and shall be done! And I will do it."

It was thus I mused as coals in the most of the law I must be south as the most of the law I must be south as the most of the law I must be south as the most of the law I must be south as the most of the law I must be south as the most of the law I must be south as the most of the law I must be south as the law I must be so

the north to the south has often been attempted. It can, and shall be done! And I will do it."

It was thus I mused as early in the month of April, in fact, upon the first day of that month, I set about the quest for which for long weeks I had been preparing. As I leave my four-wheeler to take the plunge, how my mind goes back to scenes I have left. It is the first of April. A sunny-faced lad calls out, "Grandad, the pigs are in the back garden!" An old man's trembling step. They are not there. "Yer April fool!" An angry word; and then, as the spring-day sun goes down, the sound of a stick falling with measured beat, and the voice of a child as if in pain. I wonder if they are thinking of me at home?

I am well prepared for what is before me. I have not washed for a month. I have a pair of bands to fasten round my neck, and proclaim myself a practising barrister, should my way be barred. Some foolscap paper, neatly folded and tied round with bright red tape, to be flaunted if opposition be met with. Some counterfeit coins, to be passed if occasion should demand. As for food, I have no fear. The chart which is before me marks in red letters, "Refreshment Bar," at every end and turn. The brightened faces of those who pass out in hurrying streams, assure me that the supplies still hold out. So far then all is well. But the future! What lies there are before me—I mean, what lies before me? So far then all is well. But the future! What lies there are before me—I mean, what lies before me?

As I arrive at the inner door I find it cunningly contrived, so

that he who comes out can thrust it straight on the nose of him who comes in, who in turn can re-thrust it with the same effect. So here, on the very threshold of this interesting region, I find so here, on the very threshold of this interesting region, I find something to engage my attention. A strong current sets here direct for Appeal Court No. 1. I cannot go into court. I have not got clean hands. The course due south has to be pursued. One is presently lost in a multitude of eddies. The sun is no longer with me. The corridors that lie before me are wrapped in gloom. My heart sinks. But why? Did I not know all this before I started? Then why did I start? I several times sels myself this question. I must have done this aloud, as I hear

The doors again remind me of those I felt now so long ago. I am asked what my business is. I make a quick reply. My collar is seized. I try to find my bands. Too late! I have got the chuck! I am in the Strand. I have done the trick. The deep peace of the spring evening sank beneficently over the wearied spirit.

## THE SONG OF HYBRIAS THE NORMAN.

(After the Greek-and copy.)

[See the Athens correspondence in a daily contemporary.] My wealth's a style of purple brand, And some right good cheek, a hide untanned, And sleeve wherein I chuckle; With these I wire, I scribe, I show Six Governments the way to go, While crowned heads round me truckle.

Oh—oh—oh!

I'll make the Concert, hapless drones, Bid Crete in diapason tones
To call me King and Lord—
"H. N."'s her rightful Lord!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. Punch in his early youth-time—Mr. P.'s life is all youthgave the world a pocket-book, stray copies of which are now among its most valued treasures. Probably incited by the great Exemplar, Mr. BURDETT has his pocket-book. Official Intelligence he calls the leaflet, which is published in four-horse vans from the warehouse of Spottiswoode & Co. It is now in its sixteenth year, and in matters of size and fulness beats the most bouncing boy of the close of the so-called Nineteenth Century. It is, in sober truth, a marvel of compilation, a monument of industry. What it does not tell in regard of British, American, and Foreign Securities is not worth knowing. An ever-increasing difficulty is its size and weight. With office-rent so high in the City, merchants, companies, and banks, to all of whom Burdett's Official Intelligence is indispensable, will soon have to consider the necessity of building a special annexe, fitted with hydraulic reading-stand, in which to store the Brobdingnagian

this before I started? Then why did I start? I several times ask myself this question. I must have done this aloud, as I hear in the semi-darkness the voice of one saying, "He's tight."

Still onward! I must be near the Courts of Chancery. There is a drowsy lull in the air. I see the old church at home. The collection bag comes round. What shall I get this time, I wonder? Are they thinking of me at home?

It must be after lunch. The stream is setting strongly in two directions. My chart shows me that to the right I shall find myself in the perils of the Probate and Divorce Division; while that to the left will gradually carry me to the straits of Sir Henry Hawkins. I choose the latter. I am getting nearer. The atmosphere grows warmer. I hear sounds as it were of merriment, rippling laughter. I think of home and the pantomime. I seem to hear the familiar cry of "Here we are again!"

I have passed the straits. The tide rolls down a twisted stair.



# THE TRANSVAAL CROMWELL.

Oliver Kruger. "TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE!"

[The judges of the Transvaal are made removable at the will of the Raad. (See "Spectator.")
"The judges," said the President, "would have to abide by the voice of the Volksraad or go."—Times, Feb. 25.]

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A disconsolate Cavalier is reminded by a March yale of a fickle Maiden, and, after desiring death, is cured by its influence.

I HEAR the howling of the Wind
The while the night is black and blind,
And rain gusts crash against the eaves,
The tempest shakes the tragile thatch
And beats the straw it cannot catch
Like fiail upon the autumn sheaves.

I hear the shouting of the Wind Calling for someone left behind, Forgotten, left too long on earth, I am the one recalled at last

By all the tumult of the blast
To memories of May and mirth.
I heard the laughter of the Wind
Wnispered in accents soft and kind—
Ah, me! it was so long ago!

Ah, me! it was so long ago! We called them "ripples 'mid the trees' Those accents of the wayward breeze That seemed our ev'ry thought to know.

I heard the singing of the Wind,
A melody composed to bind
Our love for ever and a day
In one harmonious song of Spring,
Teaching us how we, too, might sing
A ceaseless roundelay!

A ceaseless roundenay!
I hear the story of the Wind,
And thus to-night the moral find,
For now it wastes its strength on me;

The message inarticulate
Means, "Atter all it's good to wait."
Windlike, like you, I will be free!

#### UNVERIFIED WAR RUMOURS.

GENERAL H-NRY L-B-CH-RE has left for the Levant with a battery of air guns.

It is rumoured that the Rev. H-GH WAT PRICE H-GH-S has hoisted the Independent flag over the fortification of Canea.

Field - Marshal J-R-ME KOSMOS J-R-ME and the Authors' Brigade have been sent out to Selino at the expense of the Publishers' Union. They are armed with the new Log-rolling Machine Gun.

One hundred British M.P.'s have been

despatched telegraphically by the SULTAN.
Mr. W-LL-AM W-TS-N has taken out letters of marque for the first time in his life. His departing privateer is called *The Public Joy*.

In consequence of the Armenian atrocity in South London, there are rumours that Prince George of Greece's torpedo flotilla has sealed orders to repair to the mouth of the Thames and place itself under the orders of General BOOTH.

The G-RM-N EMF-R-R has invited President KR-G-R to block the Dardanelles.
Mr. GL-D-ST-NE has sent a postcard to

Mr. GL-D-ST-NE has sent a postcard to the leader of the insurgents urging him to read his monograph on HOMER.

Mr. T. G. B-WI-s and Sir Ell-s Ash-M-D B-RTI-TT have been deputed to collect the samphire now growing on the Turkish men-of-war.

Four socialists and two Nihilists, having been entertained in the Prytaneum, have left Athens.

(Latest despatch.)
Greece has been annexed by Crete with the full approbation of the Powers.

#### At the Hotel Cecil.

Mrs. Jawker (to Mrs. Pawker from Cincinnati). So you're leaving to-morrow?

Mrs. Pawker. Yes! I guess we must

Mrs. Pawker. Yes! I guess we must quit. Now that the Queen and Prince of Wales have both gone on the Continong me and Mr. P. feel a kind o' lonely.



Jones. "Did you ever see a Volcano in course of Eruftion?"

Smith. "No—but once I remember I came home very late from the Club, and
my Wife——"

[They understand one another.]

#### At the Grand Military.

Lady Busby (to Mr. Haversack). The worst of these meetings is that there are so many subs. about.

Mrs. H. I quite agree with you. Why, only just now I saw young FLAPPER of the

130th Foot walking about in spurs!

[It may be added that young Flapper was on his way to the weighing-room.



THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. III.—The pleasure of having pounded the Field at a big Wall is rather spoiled by finding you have landed ANYHOW" IN A CUCUMBER-FRAME BELONGING TO THE MOST RABID ANTI-FOX-HUNTER IN THE COUNTY, AND KNOWING THAT YOUR HORSE IS GALLOPING ABOUT ON HIS BOWLING-GREEN!

#### THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

Scene - The Drawing-room. Some moments have passed since Spencer has mentioned the fact of his engagement, and he shows no disposition to become more communicative.

Henrietta (impatiently). Well, Spen, can't you see I'm dying to hear all about her. What is her other name besides Mercy? Spencer (feeling that here, at least, he is on safe ground). Marieold, my dear, Mercy Maricold.

Henr. What a pretty name! I don't remember meeting—When were you introduced to her first, Spencer?

Spen. (with embarrassment). Why, there was—er—no regular introduction. It all came about through my walking up to town through Kensington Gardens. There was a seat where I sat down to rest—occasionally, you know. And she was always there, and—whether it began by my making some remark about the child—

Henr. The child! SPENCER, you're not going to marry a widow?

widow?

Spen. (reassuringly). No, ETTA, my dear, no. Ha-ha, I'm not quite—— She isn't a widow, anyway. The child wasn't her own. She—she was only in charge of it.

Henr. But I don't understand. How in charge of it?

Spen. (moistening his lips). Well, it's best I should tell you at once. (Desperately.) She was a sort of—well, what you might call by way of being—a nurse, you know, a nurse.

Henr. (to herself, horrified). And I told Fritz I had no connections his family could possibly—— (Aloud.) A nurse, Spencer! How could you? What induced you to—to—— Oh, you can't mean it!

you can't mean it!

Spen. If you knew all the circumstances, my dear—— Through no fault of her own—no fault whatever of her own, she would have been turned out of her situation to face the world all alone, poor little girl, if-

Henr. Poor little girl? Then she's not- Why, how old is she, Spencer?

Spen. 'Pon my word, I couldn't say, exactly. The—the usual

age, I suppose.

Henr. You must have some idea. Is she my age?

Spen. Your age! Bless me, no. A good twenty years younger, I should say.

Henr. That makes her twenty-five, while you are——— Spen-

OER, how can you expect her to feel any real-

Spen. But she does, ETTA, that's the astonishing part of it, she does. If it hadn't been for that-

Henr. Ah, SPENOER, I can't think you are acting wisely in

marrying anyone so much younger than yourself.

Spen. If it comes to that, my dear, I might remark that you

are scarcely the person-Henr. (colouring). The two cases are absolutely different, SPENCER. FRITZ is considerably older than this girl, and I am some years younger than you are. And he is of good, if not

noble, family, while she is a—a domestic servant.

Spen. She's very different from the ordinary nursemaid, ETTA. When you see her to-morrow

Henr. Spencer, you won't have her here to-morrow? not to meet Fritz!

Spen. Why not? Who is Fritz that he should—? I have just come from her, Etta. She is staying with a kind of relation of hers at Shepherd's Bush. She doesn't seem very comfortable there, and I hoped that, for my sake, at least, you would have her here to stay-just till we are married, you know.

Henr. I can't; you are asking too much, SPENGER. You don't know Fritz's feelings about those things. If he even guessed that he was going to have a sister-in-law who had been in service,

he might—he might feel compelled to break off our engagement.

Spen. If he's such a snob as all that, I shouldn't say he would be much of a loss.

Henr. But I love him, Spen. And it isn't snobbery at all. You can't expect anyone belonging to an ancient race like the Von Gublers not to have strong prejudices. If you have the slightest consideration for me, you will not allow this girl and FRITZ to meet for the present.

Spen. (grimly). Are they to dodge one another in and out of the house like the little man and woman in a weather cottage, then. Is that your idea, ETTA, eh?

Henr. Oh, Spencer, if you would but give it up altogether! We might have been so happy together, you and I and FRITZ, while now-

while now—

Spen. (gloomily). Yes, this changes everything. I see that. The same house won't hold you and me any longer, Etta. Well, Mercy and I must look out for other quarters, that's all.

Henr. But, Spencer, where would you go? Why, our joint income is only just enough to——, and we've no rent to pay here. And you'd never be happy away from here!

Spen. I know all that. It will be a wrench; but what can I do? I daresay we shall settle down somewhere farther out of

do? I daresay we shall settle down somewhere farther out of town.

Henr. No, Spen, it's your house as much as mine. If—if one of us must go, I will be the one. I sha'n't mind it—much. Spen. Nonsense, Henrietta. Do you suppose I'm going to

let you turn out of this house when I don't even know whether

this Fritz of yours is in a position to support you decently? You'll be comfortable enough here when I'm gone.

Henr. Without you, Spen? No, I should never be comfortable while I felt I was the cause—— And then, there's the able while I felt I was the cause—— And then, there's the furniture that was in the old house at Camberwell when we were children. Father left it to you, SPENCER, and you must take it. And the portraits, and most of the other things.

Spen. Do you think I don't know it would break your heart to part with 'em. Besides, we—we're not likely to have much

room for them—in lodgings.

Henr. In lodgings! On, SPENCER, it does seem such a pity

we should separate like this, such a pity!

Spen. (impatiently). Of course it's a pity. And I have been hoping But if you insist on marrying a foreigner fellow who considers himself too grand to associate with my wife, what can you expect—what on earth can you expect?

Henr. If she had only been a lady, Spencer.

Spen. A lady? She is a lady. She's thoroughly refined; speaks correct grammar, and—and all that sort of thing. It's the merest accident that she's had to go out as a nurse; her father was a gentleman-farmer, lost all his money, through agricultural depression, and died, I believe. I should have thought, Henrietta, I should have thought this would have softened your heart to the poor child, instead of—

Henr. But—but you never told me all that before! So long

Henr. She couldn't help it, Fritz is so placid and even-tempered that, even if she wanted to quarrel—

Spen. Mercy quarrel! Why, she has the sweetest nature, the gentlest disposition—couldn't do it if she tried!

Henr. Then they shall meet to-morrow, and if she is all you say, Spencer, I am sure Fritz would be the first to— - How de-

lightful it would be if we can only arrange not to separate!

Spen. We shall see, my dear, we shall see. (To himself.)

After all, if this fellow's confounded family pride should lead him -, it would only save poor ETTA from an act of downright

Henr. (to herself). At the worst, Fritz, with his calm, practical common-sense, might make poor Spencer see how foolishly infatuated he will be if—— (Aloud.) Really, Spencer, I'm beginning to feel quite hopeful that it will all come right, somehow. Spen. Are you, ETTA? So am I, my dear, so am I.

#### THE CREWS ON THE RIVER.

Report (nearly) in Common Form.

Again the Eights put in an appearance at Putney. The first embarked opposite the Leander, and their opponents a little lower down. The coaches looked after matters from their respective steam launches, and the crowd was, as usual, enormous. Much good work was done. A spin from The Doves to Hammersmith Bridge was accomplished at thirty-four strokes to the minute. Here "Halt" was called and the crew paddled quietly to the Limes. Then the men prepared for a strong row. Keeping to the centre of the river so as to avoid the cross-currents, they commenced at thirty-five and gradually increased until they touched forty-two. Again there was a pause, and after a little further paddling the crew disembarked and went home. Of course it is too soon to give a final opinion upon the merits of the competing sixteen. Before the race there is plenty of time for improve-ment, and no doubt both crews will take advantage of the patent possibility. But writing at the moment it is necessary to say that one of the sixteen does not finish right home with the handle of his oar in his chest; that another skies his blade badly; that a in the channel.



#### EXAMPLE.

Uncle Dick. "AH YES, CRICKET IS A FINE GAME, NO DOUBT—A VERY FINE GAME. BUT FOOTBALL NOW! THAT'S THE GAME TO MAKE YOUR HAIR OURL!"

Miss Dulcie (meditatively). "DO YOU PLAY FOOTBALL MUCH, UNCLE?"

third slightly feathers under water, and a fifth is scrappy. And I say all this that it may be believed (by the less thoughtful of my readers) that in spite of evidence to the contrary I really do know something about it.

#### NOT O. K.

(By a Slumped Speculator.)

Он, what a lot of things depress the market with uneasiness, Catastrophes that catch old birds as much as any tyro; We now connect bad news each day with names that have the sound of K,

As Kruger, Kotze, Kaiser, Crete, Constantinople, Cairo.

Last year it was about the same, for crushing complications came From CLEVELAND; let us calmly hope McKinley may be wiser. Then CAMERON and Cuba rose, and sent shares down with news like those

Of KRUGER, KOTZE, Cairo, Crete, Constantinople, Kaiser.

From Krugersdorp, and from the Cape, news lowered prices on the tape,

The Cairo Court decided that the Caisse must not pay what's a Considerable sum. Before, that telegram disturbed us more, O Kaiser, Kruger, Cairo, Crete, Constantinople, Kotze!

In sympathy, too, down are sent the rails in Canada or Kent, Coolgardie mines, and companies of cocoa or of sugar, (Excuse the rhyme that follows) I can only give one reason why-That's Kaiser, Kotze, Cairo, Crete, Constantinople, Kruger.

NEPTUNE'S CROSS.—For further particulars apply during a gale



## DISADVANTAGES OF THE MIXED PARTY SYSTEM.

Just as Jemmy Lambold thought he had secured the opportunity so long denied him, up comes that young Rupert Green. "COME ALONG, MISS FORTESCUE! OUR DANCE YOU PROMISED." (And she keeps her promise, too.)

#### A LENTEN LAY.

TIS now the jocund time of Lent, And parsons all are most intent Each as to how it should be spent, Their views advancing. Have I done anything they 've taught? Have I denied myself in aught? I fear not. Yet-on second thought-I've given up dancing!

No more I urge my wild career In "Washingtons" with you, my dear; With you no more my course I steer In waltz entrancing. People may say, as people will, That balls are "off" in Lent. True bill! I've had no invitations. Still— I've given up dancing!

One other Lenten exercise Of mine might well excite surprise-I've lately shunned your sweet blue eyes Like sunshine glancing! You're miles away at Cannes, 'tis true, But still—to give a man his due-Just now attendance, dear, on you I've given up dancing!

NEW SUBURBAN DISTRICT APPROPRIATELY Named.—Jerry-cho.

JOINT ACTION. — The Roman butchers have gone on strike.

#### TALK *versus* WORK.

Scene—A boudoir suitably furnished. Time— Before the meeting of "The Ladies" Congress for the Discovery of Congenial Employment for Females with Nothing to do." Matron at her desk surrounded by tradesmen's books. Enter to her Pushing Spinster.

Matron (laying down her pen). I can give you five minutes.

Spinster. You must be very busy!
Matron. I am. What can I do for you? Spinster (producing long programme).
Do you mind reading this?

Matron. You can save time by telling me what it is all about.

Spinster. It is rather complicated. But I may say that the object we have in view is to obtain the equality of the sexes.

Matron. Then my husband should also be present; but, unfortunately, poor man, he is hard at work in the City.

Spinster. So he should be! But I don't

want to see him, but you.

Matron. That seems to be rather a single-sided arrangement. Surely he should hear any advantages that you have in store for both of us.

Spinster. Man has selfishly protected his

own interests for centuries.

Matron. Indeed! Well, the world has gone on very well, in spite of it.

Spinster. That is regarding the subject from a very low level. Our object is to of the sea and land."

teach our sisters that we have a mission that most of us have neglected.

Matron (laughing). It's just as well my isband is not present. He would dehusband is not present. I clare that I neglect nothing.

Spinster. Fancy adopting the opinion of a mere man!

Matron. Why not, if the judgment is favourable?

Spinster. I can see that you have never seriously considered the responsibilities of the situation

Matron. Maybe; but I have a good many other matters claiming my attention. (Looking at her watch.) And that reminds me that three minutes are up, and I can only spare you two minutes more for an explanation.

Spinster. Two minutes! Why, my dear

madam, it would take me hours to describe only a tithe of our grievances.

Matron. If that be so, I am afraid we must defer the recital to a more favourable opportunity.

Spinster. But you will at least come to our congress?

Matron. Should be delighted, only, you see, my good girl, I have to attend to the house and the children! [Curtain.

APPROPRIATE SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO FOR A FIRM OF ADVERTISING AGENTS.—"Posters



"YOU GO FIRST!"

## MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE.

Union of the Great Heiress, Miss Polly Naris, with the Hon. Joe Hannis.



Nuptial Duet.

MY PHIZ IS MY FORTUNE, SIR, SHE SAID, SIR, SHE SAID, MY PHIZ IS MY FORTUNE, MISS, HE SAID.

["A very large annual saving, nearly £17,000, is anticipated as the result of the amalgamation of the Apollinaris and Johannis Companies.—Times, City Article, March 11. "O happy pair!" exclaims Mr. Punch. "What an economical young couple!"]

#### AS YOU WERE!

["It is said that, in order to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee,' the fashions of this season are to conform as closely as possible to those of 1837." Daily Paper.]

Monday night.—Greatly struck by this sentence. Strange that no one should have recognised earlier that this is by far the most appropriate way of honouring Her Majesty, and, personally, I intend to put the idea into practice at once, and bring back, as far as possible, the glories of sixty years ago. The true object of loyalty must be, to every thinking man . . . Suddenly remember that I am writing by electric light. No electric light in 1837, so switch it off, and light candles. As I was saying, the true object of loyalty . . . Horrible thought! I am using a steel nib—an invention of recent and degraded years. After much search, discover a quill-pen; it splutters painfully, and renders my writing quite illegible. But what does that matter, when I can reflect that I am using the implement employed in the year of our Queen's Accession? year of our Queen's Accession? As I was about to remark, the true object of loyalty, to every thinking man must be . . At this moment William enters with a letter. He regards my lighted candles with some surprise, and enquires whether the electric light has gone wrong, as it is all right in the other rooms. I take the opportunity of explaining my plan to him, to which he answers gravely, "Yes, Sir;" but I hear disconcerting sounds, as of half-suppressed guffaws, directly he has left the room. The letter proves to be from Jones, reminding me that I am due to

visit him at Exeter to-morrow. Resume my unfinished sentence . . . to every thinking man must be " . . . Strange, I have forgotten the rest of it. will go to bed.

Tuesday.—While dressing, suddenly remember that I must go to Exeter by coach—no trains in 1837. After many enquiries, fail to find a coach running beyond Guildford. Ought to "post" the remainder of journey, but this is too expensive, so determine to stay at home. Walk to the post-office to send Jones a wire, explaining reason of my non-appearance. Luckily I remember just in time the gross anachronism of this proceeding—no telegraphs in 1837! Will write later, and ask Junson, our Member, for a "frank." Probably he will be surprised until he understands that it is part of my scheme for commemorating the longest reign.

I announce my plan to my tamily, who display a deplorable want of enthusiasm, especially when I explain that dinner is to be at six o'clock. Sterniy rebuke ETHEL, whom I detect in the act of mounting her bike. Bicycles in 1837, indeed! Compel her to come in-doors, and set her to work a sampler. In the atternoon I drive in the park, and make my tootman ride postilion, to which he greatly objects. But everyone of any position had a postition sixty years ago. In the course of the evening, Tommy, my youngest son, asks me to give him a tennis-raquet as his next birthday present. I decline, explaining that there was no lawntennis in 1837, but that he can have a how and arrows if he likes tennis in 1837, but that he can have a bow and arrows, if he likes. He murmurs at this suggestion, and is not appeased when in-tormed or my resolve to make him wear a nigh hat this year whenever he plays cricket. But, as I point out, what does his personal comfort matter, when he has a chance of displaying his loyalty? Sixty years ago everyone played cricket in a top hat.

Dine at six, and, having got rid of my wife and daughter, begin to drink the two bottles or port which every gentleman (in 1007) used to consume after dinner. Doctor would say bad for gout-what doctorsh knowboutit? Half-don'sh seconbottl'. Drinks Drinksh Queen's healths. Feel alsh-the-better. Sing nanthemish-ational —no, nationalanthem—can't 'member words. Ain' goin-to-bedsh -mush-make a lit'-speech . . . longesh-reign, y'know!

Wednesday.—Strangely enough, I have a severe headache this morning. Doubtless it is caused by the early hour at which I dined yesterday. But, if I cannot be consistent in returning to the ways of 1837, I may as well abandon the scheme altogether. And, as my family do not seem to enter into the spirit of it, and my friends are not sympathetic, while my servants unanimously threaten to give notice, perhaps I had better see whether "The Diamond Jubilee" cannot be commemorated in some other way!

# "THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH IN THE MORNING."

(Extract from the Diary of a true Son of Erin.)

NEVER felt in such trim in all my life. Have an excellent NEVER felt in such trim in all my life. Have an excellent shillelagh, and one of the sweetest tail-coats that ever yet was seen. It seems to be hungering to be trodden upon, and the day the best in the year for a little pleasant diversion. Look at that now! And all that is wanted is a subject for argument.

But where will I get one? Everybody seems to have forgotten about Extra Taxation. Not that that mattered much, as there about Extra Taxation.

was too much agreement between friends and neighbours. How can you break a head when there's ne'er a bit open to discussion?

Then, Home Rule was an elegant subject entirely, but it seems to have taken a back seat. Sure all the glories are gone, and the old country is more distressful than ever! Look at that now!

But that's not the worst of it. Unless a gentleman can be in two places at once he can't contend against himself. And here am I all alone, without a soul within reach of a tap on the head for the sake of a reminder. Why, even a Kilkenny cat would feel lonesome without company. The other cat is necessary for

a rollicking controversy.

So there's nothing to be said but bad luck to peace and hurrooh for a row—when I can get it!

Two LINES WITHOUT A NOT .- In The Kent Argus for March 6 appeared the following notice:-

"The Thanet Harriers will meet at 11.30 on Tuesday, March 9, at Broomfield; Friday, March 12, at Herne Street. The Committee request that every care should be taken to ride over seeds, roots, and newly-planted ground."

How liberal of the Committee! How nice for the farmers! No more "'Ware wheat, gentlemen! 'Ware roots, gentlemen! 'Ware seeds!" But on we go, for'ardy, for'ardy, all among the wheat, the roots, and the seeds of all sorts! Rare sport!

AXIOM BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CYCLIST.—The wheel, not the rider, is always tyred.

GONE TO PIECES.—NELSON at the Olympic and the Avenue.



## STABLE TALK.

The General. "That's a funny sort of Horse you've got there, Cuthbert." Cuthbert. "YES, GRAN'PA. YOU SEE HE'S BEEN 'EATING HIS HEAD OFF' ALL THE WINTER!"

# AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—After to have visited the Bank and the Stockexchange, I am gone to see the Tower of London. I go by the Railway under Ground. See there still a curiosity of your great town, of which I must speak in my guide.

I go of good hour to the station of Charingcross, and I demand at the guichet a ticket to the Tower. Without doubt there ticket to the Tower. Without doubt there finds herself there a station. Some misters very pressed, as all the world at London, attend impatiently behind me. The employed responds, "Maclène!" What droll of exclamation! It is perhaps an interrogation in the argot of London. I repeat therefore, more slowly and very distinctly, "Will you to give to me a ticket library of monastery middle age, or of a saloon of the last century. For the Railway under Ground he must to say but "Quoi?" all short. "What?" I demand. "Maclène!" repeat they furious. Then one of these misters says to me some words, which I comprehend at pain, in britannic french, "You êtes frongsé, maounsiah? Je pahle frongsé. Maclène é

of first class to go and return to the station of the Tower." "Maclène!" repeats he. And the misters, so pressed, push me still more, and cry also "Maclène!" "What is this that this is then that this word there?" I demand to them very politely. Truly the french language dates from an epoch before that of the railways and of the great commerce. For to say a phrase as "Qu'est-ce que c'est donc que ce mot-là?" he wants the infinite leisure, the gracious calm, of a library of monastery middle age, or of a

oune gah. Le gah pouah le touah, com-prenné?" "Mister," I respond to him, "I speak english. What is then Maclène?" "The station for the Tower," says he. Thus in fine I comprehend, I take the ticket, on the which I see the name "Mark Lane," and I descend the staircase. Naturally it is not the first time that I voyage by the Railway under Ground. Truly I should not be desolated if it were the last! But I must to study all the londonian habitudes. I go you to write after that I have voyaged. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

#### "GANDER'S HOLIDAY."

Away beside the sad sea waves My wife for change has gone; All household trouble thus she saves, But I am left alone.

Tis true there still remain for me Of comfort sundry crumbs, For at the club I much can be, To mingle with my chums.

I need not rise before 'tis light, Or go to bed at ten, I can sit up the livelong night Like naughty single men.

And yet I miss her gentle tace, Her gentle chidings, too, Which tell me with a quiet grace The things I ought to do.

So as from daily work I come, Oft to myself I say, "Better a hen-pecked life at home Than gander's holiday.'

#### The Trade follows the Colour.

Mrs. Miffkins (to pork butcher). I want two pounds of sausages. Which do you recommend, Mr. Siloe, Oxford or Cambridge ?

Mr. Slice. Well, ma'am, I need scarcely say that the sympathy of most ladies is with the Light Blues this year.

#### IN A SLOW TRAIN.

"Look out for squalls"—on land or sea-Where duty or where pleasure calls, A golden rule it seems to be, Look out for squalls.

Yet in a train that slowly crawls Somehow it most appeals to me. For then sometimes, it so befalls, An infant on its mother's knee In my compartment Fate instals-Which makes a nervous man, you see, Look out for squalls!

"WHEN Dutch WILLIAM came over to England from Holland it was on a King Jameson raid."—Extract from very original New History of England, by Sir G. B-w-r, subject to careful editing by Sir W. V. H-rc-rt.

UNDISGUISEDLY IN HOT WATER.—Art in the Brompton Boilers.

MAID IN GERMANY .- A spinster of Berlin.

WHEN GREEK (?) MEETS TURK (?)

It is stated that numerous Englishmen have offered their services to the Greek Government, and that the Turkish Government has received similar offers from many other Englishmen. As both these Governments are practically bankrupt, why waste—not their money, for they have none, but—their credit, such as it is, by travelling to Crete, or Athens, or Constantinople? How much better to fight comfortably in London, three hundred on each side, the Horatii and the Curiatii of to-day. This scheme would also be more sensible, since the £1,200 odd subscribed for Greece would hardly pay all the expenses of a war with Turkey, and the few hundred gallant Englishmen on either side could hardly defy the united forces of the Great Powers. Then what stirring headlines we should read every morning:-

ENCAMPMENT OF THE TURKS AT PARK CRESCENT.

THE GREEKS AT CHARING CROSS. EXPECTED BATTLE IN REGENT STREET. THE ELGIN MARBLES.

RUMOURED RECONNAISSANCE BY THE TURKS. THE GREEK GUARD INCREASED TO EIGHT. TURKISH BATHS BOMBARDED.

VALOUR OF THE GREEKS. THE BATHS CLUB DECLARED NEUTRAL. STATUES IN GREEK COSTUME DESTROYED BY THE TURKS.

Universal Rejoidings. REPRISALS BY THE GREEKS ON OTHER STATUES. INCREASED REJOICINGS.

OLYMPIA BESIEGED BY THE TURKS. SORTIE OF THE GREEK GARRISON. ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS BY HAMMER-SMITH OMNIBUS.

A MOTOR-CAR IN ACTION. SERIOUS INJURY TO THE GREEK COLONEL'S UMBRELLA.

Loss of a Turkish Officer's Fez. THE BESIEGERS' COMMISSARIAT. FRESH SUPPLIES OF RAHAT LAKOUM. PRIVATIONS OF THE GARRISON. Nothing to Drink but Greek Wines.

#### "CONSULE BILIOTTI."

[Sir Alfred Biliotti, our Consul in Crete, saved by his personal exertions at Candanos many thousand Moslem lives. The King of the Hellenes blames the English Consul's overbearing conduct.]

In the midst of the strife, And war to the knife, O'er a question fierce and knotty, Let us sing to the praise, 'Mid the death-strewn maze, Of Sir Alfred Biliotti. No craven was he Who could put to sea, Saving thousands by pluck and daring. Let King George have his say, But we'll cheer the way Of our Consul's overbearing!

In the Managing Editor's Room.

Master Printer. Any orders for the bill to-morrow?

Managing Editor. No, the same headings will do—"Greece Defiant, Powers Alert, Mohammedans Massacred, and——Stay, set up "CRETE AS USUAL." Everyone will understand that.

NOTE BY OUR CHAMPION CARD-PLAYER. A woman's hand is like one at écarté. If you propose she won't accept unless she holds the King of Trumps—generally up her sleeve.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 8. House crowded for a Monday. At four o'clock this afternoon time of grace for Greece was up. Peace or war depends upon answer she shall give to Collective Note. Members hold their breath as they wait to hear what news Prince Arthur

Captain Norton discovered on his feet making semaphore signals towards Treasury Bench. This looks ominous. Norton has

which, as each Bobby passes, he sullenly drops price of a pair of boots.

This robbing of Bobby to pay Matthew

excites deepest indignation in martial mind of gallant Captain. Home Secretary laboriously explains that it is all a mistake. Boot is, in fact, on the other reg. profit, rather than lose, by the new system.

"Am I to gather from that answer," said

sepulchral voice, "that Boot is, in fact, on the other leg.

the ex-cornet, in sepulchral voice, "that the men will practically be defrauded out

of a pair of boots?"
"Quite the contrary," said Sir MATTHEW. This presumably means that they will be



SIR MATTHEW "COLLECTS" IN CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE! ("Quite the contrary" of the actual fact!)

smelt powder, serving as cornet in the Royal Irish Lancers. Silence falls on crowded House. All eyes turned upon the Captain semaphoring like mad. At length catches eye of MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY.

Captain's concern turns out to have noor, save indirectly, with the Peace of Europe. Wants to know about the London Bobby's boots. Got it into his head that HOME SECRETARY has approved dark design whereby, as he put it, "each man of the force is to advance the value of a pair of boots to the authorities." Quickened imagination sees Carlton House Terrace flooded with police off duty. On steps of No. 10 stands massive figure of Home Business done.—Captain Norton smells Secretary, holding collection plate, into a rat. He sees it moving in the air.

defrauded into a pair. The Captain not to

be put off with sophism of that kind.
"Mr. Speaker, Sir," he said, his voice now appropriately dropping into his boots, "I would like to ask whether, if the boots are made to last longer than they have hitherto lasted the men are not thereby defrauded out of a certain amount of shoe-leather?

(Observe how deftly the Captain twice inserts the last into the policeman's stubborn boots.)

Conundrum too much for Home Secre-TARY. Attempted no answer. House turned to other subjects with uneasy conviction that there is more in these policemen's boots than meets the eye.

Tuesday. — Conference in Committee Room No. 14 on Financial Relations be-tween Great Britain and Ireland met today to elect Chairman. Conference most remarkable sign of times. Includes Irishmen of all parties and sections. Dillonite, Redmondite, Healyite, Hittite (the most universal denomination), Unionist, Catholic, Orangeman, each all one in their desire to get something out of the Imperial Exchequer.

Miss Lord Morris from the mélange.

As soon as these over, J. W. enters, with air of man who has just dined, and positively proposes to go on with Committee!

Rarely heard such a roar as rises from throats of famished Radicals. If they had known what was in store, might, between three and eight, have taken a little bread with their water. But expected the usual interval, either with the SPEAKER or the Chairman out of the Chair. LOWTHER, who seemed to hungry, feverish eyes to grow plumper every minute, turned deaf Thinking about him just now when looking ear to entreaty. He wasn't hungry, and back through the glowing pages of The Eve the first duty of a patriot is owed to of St. Agnes. You remember how, when his country. So called on LAMBERT to

tion to report progress. Nothing came of this but loss of another quarter of an hour, and the dragging round division lobby of tottering forms. Ministerialists, com-fortably dining, rushed in to vote against adjournment. Having defeated motion by two to one, went back to finish their dinner, leaving a few skeletons to rattle their bones in defiance of Clause I. of Education Bill. Business done. — Opposition nearly starved to death.

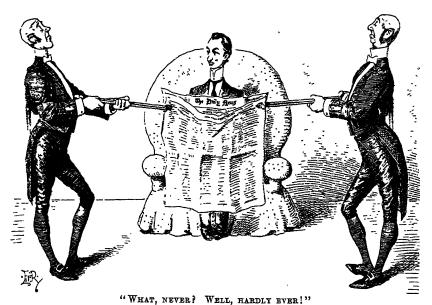
Friday.—Sark hears curious rumour about intention of the gallant Hundred, who the other day telegraphed (at somebody else's expense) to King of GREECE, bidding him fight on, and let them hear occasionally how he fared. Have agreed that their position would be more imposing, their encouragement to Greece more effective, if they wore some outward and visible

sign of their brotherhood.

Frank Lockwood proposes simple contrivance. The national costume of Cretans suggests that, dressing in haste, they have left outside their trousers a garment which, in civilised countries, is more usually tucked within. Why should not the signatories of that noble telegram show their sympathy for the Cretans by adopting a modification of their national dress? The Garibaldians, whom they most resemble, made the red shirt historic. The appearance in the lobby or on floor of the House of honourable Members wearing outside their trousers the white shirt of a blameless life, would certainly at first attract attention. But bold spirits dare anything.

SARK says he wouldn't be at all astonished any night to see John Anthony and Sage of Queen Anne's Gate enter the House arm in arm thus picturesquely arrayed.

Business done.—Navy Estimates.



(The only occasion when he did!)

George C-z-n. "Now look he-ar, you fellows, don't you bring it too ne-ar me! If you don't do just as I tell you there 'll be a European War!"

(In answer to Mr. Sw-ft M-cN-ll, Mr. C-z-n said he never read the Daily News.)

Porphyro secretly makes his way on St. | move his amendment, which stood next on Agnes's Eve into the house of his foeman, the father of his love, an old beldame, shuffling along with ivory-headed wand, warns him to flee. To that end she recites the names of his enemies lodged in the Castle. "Then," she says,

"There's that old Lord MAURICE, not a whit More tame for his grey hairs."

The name is spelt differently; but orthography of proper names is arbitrary, and poets aren't particular. The passage is notable for a remarkable forecast, proving once more how the poet is a seer. We hardly think of our Lord Morris as old. But there are the grey hairs, and, truly, no note of added tameness. He would be great acquisition to Conference: though SARK says he would probably feel more at home if the meetings were held in Committee Boom No. 15 mittee Room No. 15.

Business done.—Education Bill in Com-

Thursday.—"I wonder what cold Chairman of Committees would be like," said SARK just now, looking hungrily at plump figure of J. W. Lowther. "With a choice of pickles, it might do."

It was ten minutes past nine. J. W. just taken Chair; debate on Education Bill resumed. Since three o'clock in the afternoon some of us been at it, first on London Water Bills, then with questions.

the paper.

LAMBERT tried to rise in obedience to order. Effort too much for him. assistance of two Members, almost as emaciated as himself, he was propped on his feet. A pitiful sight—cheeks sunken, eyes glazed, beard and moustache literally starved off his face, leaving it bare. In voice as hellow as his incide he voice as hollow as his inside, he pleaded for opportunity to get a crust of bread. Chairman obdurate. Members in their agony looked to Front Opposition Bench; discovered Squire of Malwood not there. Where was he? Possibly eating a slice of mutton, whilst they were starving. The very thought of the succulent morsel filled them with new frenzy. Turning aside for moment from the Chairman, they roared, "HARCOURT! HARCOURT!" In few moments SQUIRE came in, trying to look as if he hadn't seen roast mutton since yesterday. Betrayed himself by vigour with which he fronted Chairman, insisting on adjournment. No man could have spoken with equal force upon absolutely empty stomach.

Nothing would move Chairman. dently a deep plot concocted in Whip's Room. Closure having proved only partly effective in subduing spirit of Opposition to Education Bill, try starvation now. Sole concession made from Chair was that Committee might distill was that Committee might divide on mo-

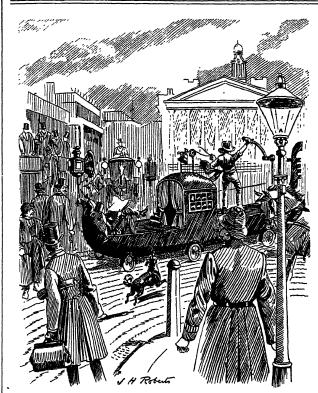
#### WHERE SHALL WE GO "FOR A CHANGE?"

Where shall we go "for a change?" The answer to this question, says one of Mr. Punch's experienced Directors of Public Attention, is "Go and see Ugo Biondi at the Tivoli." One man in his time plays several parts, but only one man, in his time, which is from about 9.30 to 10 or thereabouts every evening, can represent some fourteen different characters (including conducting the orchestra as representing various popular composers), changing costume, face, and manner, over and over again, and that one man is Ugo BIONDI. His dexterity is really marvellous. He is several single gentlemen rolled into one, and he is also a couple of totally dis-similar ladies. Of Ugo Biondi it is impossimilar ladies. Of UGO BIONDI it is impossible to say, as DIOKENS said of the entertainer, that on every occasion, after he had disappeared under the table to assume a new disguise, "he reappeared more like himself than ever." It would be difficult to recognise the original UGO BIONDI, but for the vice. It is a triumph of destances. for the voice. It is a triumph of dexterous transformation. In this line he is facile princeps, or VICTOR UGO! Another real attraction here is Mr. James Fawn, "the timid Fawn," singing "Is it Love?" Irresistibly funny.

## At the Goat and Compasses.

First Horny-handed Son of Toil (to Second Ditto). So your boss is what they calls a mean man?

Second Ditto. "Mean" ain't the word for 'im! 'E's the sort o' cove as 'ud steal an 'a'-penny paper out of a Free Library, and think he wos benefitin' Hedication.



### VENICE IN LONDON.

Mr. Sumphington Jones, of the Stock Exchange, a lover of ALL THINGS VENETIAN, HAS HAD HIS MOTOR-CAR BUILT ON THE GRACEFUL LINES OF THE GONDOLA. ANY DAY, NOW, HE MAY BE SEEN RECLINING IN IT, HALF BURIED IN CUSHIONS, WHILST HIS ENGINEER, IN VENEIIAN COSTUME, GUIDES HIM TO HIS CITY

#### ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

(Being some selections from the Correspondence between Mr. Robert Roundabout, his Nephew at Cambridge, and others.)

No. X.—Of Going to Theatres—Of Mr. Toole, Miss Kate Vaughan, and Miss Nelly Farren—Of Solemn Young Men — Of Mr. Herbert Campbell and Mr. Dan Leno—Of Laugh-ing and being Amused—Of Visits to Town.

My DEAR JACK,—I am glad you enjoyed your little visit to London. For me, too, the occasion had its pleasures. I have come to an age when a man does not go to a theatre too willingly by himself. He dines in sedate comfort at his club, cherishing a vague idea that afterwards he may be tempted to rush out to a burlesque, a farce, a Shakspearian revival, or whatever at the moment may be tickling the groundlings, but the minutes and the hours slip away and ten o'clock finds him still in his comfortable armchair, with his feet poised on one of those invaluable redaire rests which tenner the miseries of a government relation rests which tenner the miseries of a government relation. baize rests which temper the miseries of a gouty man's pilgrimage through this world of hard pavements and tight boots. It was not always thus. Formerly—how distant it all seems—I should have thought it a mere wanton waste of time to spend a night in London away from the play. There was Mr. Toole, at whose shrine—he was then a bright particular star at the Gaiety Theatre we split our sides; we watched the grim beginnings of Mr. Invive in The Bells, waxed ecstatic over the beautiful movements of Miss Kate Vaughan as she danced in foam of white lace and flashing feet, or revelled in the sprightly and delightful impertinences of the ever-adorable Miss Nelly Farren. Those were great days. You will say the change is in me. It may be, but something is changed too in the days (or nights) and in the entertainments they provide. A brightness and a cheerfulness, that I remember, have faded away, and even the young men, I notice, take their pleasures moult tristement and with a preternaturally starched solemnity. I have watched them sitting in their rows while their favourites tried to make them merry. They were not men, my dear Jack; they were blocks, white-fronted, single-studded, butterfly-tied, expressionless blocks, all moulded on one impassive, stupid, heavy model, bereft of all capacity for honest laughter and enjoyment, and planted in their

stalls, as it seemed, against their wills by some malignant and superior power which permitted them to smoke a cigarette and imbibe a whiskey and soda in the interval between the acts. Thank Heaven, you are not like one of these clods. You can laugh, and don't mind showing the world you are enjoying yourself. So I was not at all sorry to be taken by you to Drury Lane, and to see the amusing antics and hear the humour of Messrs. HERBERT CAMPBELL and DAN LENO, born comedians both of them, with a natural gift of observation and mimicry that it would not be easy to surpass. You seemed surprised at the excess of my laughter. "Why, Uncle Bob, I believe you laughed more than me," was the observation you made. Well, why shouldn't I? The fact is, I was fresher than you (though you were but a schoolboy last summer), I had seen less of and lived less of late, I daresay, in this postivities will be offect on more hove been in this particular milieu, and the effect on me may have been greater. You, at any rate, laughed quite sufficiently to relieve me of any haunting suspicion that by exploding and applauding as I did I cast any disgrace upon you. You pointed out to me the hero Trumbull who, as you told me, is the grandest heavy-weight oarsman of his day. Well, Trumbull laughed very heartily, there was no solemn humbug about him, and what may be allowed to a TRUMBULL is surely not an offence in your uncle. In any case, if you will so far honour me, I am ready at no distant date to let you take me once more to a play. But this shall be during the vacation.

There was at Cambridge in my time a set of men who tried to live more in London than they did at their University. How they managed it I can't say, but they were perpetually in town, and made their lives one round of burlesques, dinners, and supper-parties, varied by excursions to race-meetings. I am sure their private means were not ample, yet they always seemed to roll in money, and glitter with jewellery. Their end was not peace—but I must postpone what I want to say about them for another letter. Midnight is booming from Big Ben, and even uncles must find time for sleep. Farewell.

Your affectionate uncle,

QUESTIONS THAT SHOULD NEVER BE ASKED.

Of an Actor.—"Don't you get dreadfully tired of saying the same words night after night?"

Of an Author.—"Do you mind telling me what pen you use?"

Of an Anarchist.—"Don't you find the noise of the bombs quite deafening?"

\*\*Of an Attaché.—"Are you quite hand-in-glove with Lord Salisbury?"

Of a Burglar.—"How on earth did you get in?"
Of a Bird-fancier.—"Do you find you do a brisker trade in canaries, or in peacocks?"
Of a Collaborator.—"Does the other person think of it all,

of a Doctor.—"How do you know the right prescriptions to give people? It seems so wonderful that the chemist is a mere tool in your hands!"

Of an Elector.—"Nowadays, don't you find you have to be careful whom you do elect?"

Of a Fanatic.—"Do you take much interest in the subject?"

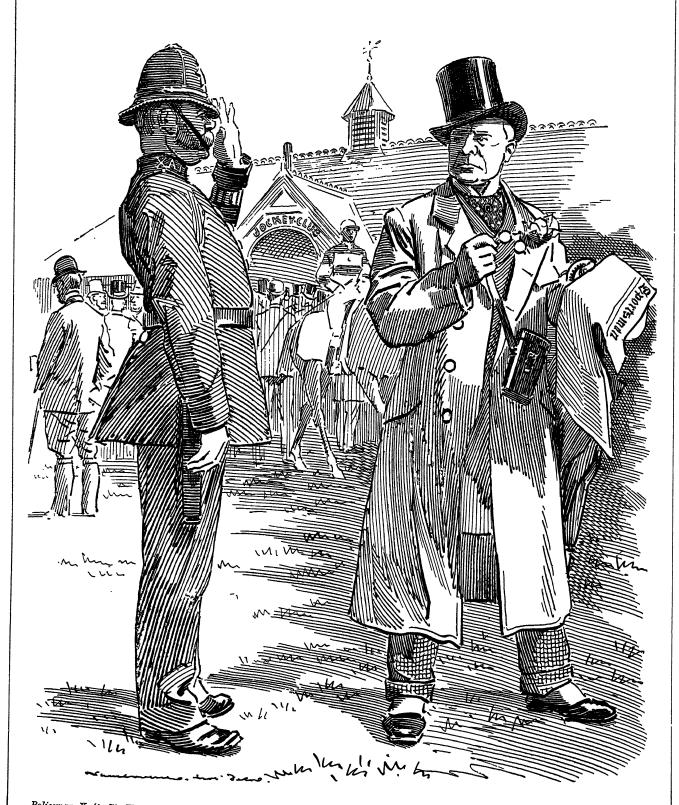
Of a Farmer.—"Which do you really prefer, sowing, or reaping?"

Of a Fireman.—"Don't you ever splash the wrong house, by mistake?"

ANCIENT AND MODERN CLASSICAL COMBINATION.—See Recent Epistle by MIKAUBEROS GLADSTONIOS, last of the celebrated "Scriptores Græci," addressed to the Duke of W-STM-NST-R on "The Eastern Crisis." "Bless and save the man!" exclaimed my aunt, in a low voice. "He'd write letters by the ream, if it was a capital offence!"—David Copperfield, Chap. LII.

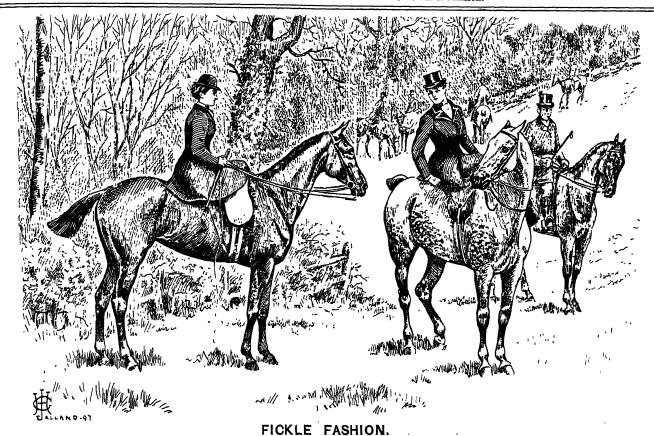
## "THE RUBBER FORESTS OF UPPER BURMA."

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "Dummy," writes to say A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "Dummy," writes to say that, having seen the above heading to a paragraph in the Times he read no further, but at once sent to Mr. Punch's Universal Inquiry Office to know if the climate of Burma is so hot as to make even a sedentary game of whist possible only out-of-doors? Secondly, to know if Hoyle's Guide would be sufficient to take a stranger through the Rubber Forests? And thirdly, whether on coming out of the Rubber Forests the traveller would emerge on Card-Table-land? Also he inquires if there is much hunting in these forests, and if so, are packs kept in the neighbourhood? Any information on the above subject will be gladly received by "Dummy, Trumpington Street, Cam."



Policeman X. (to Sir H-nry H-wk-ns). "Hope you're not going to Bet, my Lord. I needn't remind you that, by a recent decision, this is a 'Place,' according to Law!"

["After very careful consideration I have arrived at the conclusion that any area of enclosed ground . . . to which persons . . . resort . . . for the purpose of carrying on a ready-money betting business, may be a place within the meaning of the Statute," &c., &c.—Decision of Mr. Justice Hawkins in "Hawke v. Dunn," in which the other Judges concurred. Vide Times Report, March 15.]



"Well, Kifty, this delightful Season is nearly over! Do you suppose we shall have to take to those stupid Bioycles again?"

#### DARBY JONES REDIVIVUS.

Honoured Sir,-A veteran like myself, wearied of watching the spin of the ball at Monte Carlo, of the British refugees who, wrapped in fur coats, pretend that they are enjoying the delights of sempi-ternal summer, and of sitting up all night playing baccarat with Eminences and smaller Hilltops of all lands—then it is that the Aged One begins to think once again of the green swards of that island Mother, which it was once the boast of her sons to declare to be absolutely free in matters of Sport. Alas! they can do so in matters of Sport. Alas! they can do so no longer, thanks to the agreement of a HAWKE and a HAWKINS over the meaning of an Act of Parliament, upon the meaning of which it has taken forty-two years to throw the X-rays of a judicial decision.

Many months ago, I advocated, under your world-spread banner, that all bookmakers should be licensed by the Stewards of the Lockey Club and, such is the See-

of the Jockey Club, and, such is the See-saw of Events, I ventured to suggest that saw of Events, I ventured to suggest that the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Frank Lockwood, and Sir Henry Hawkins would, from their wide experience, be the most capable personages to draw up a scheme legalising the Layer of Odds (not forgetting, be it understood, his Genteel Penciller). That my humble suggestion will now be carried out seems improbable.

But with due disrespect to Sir Wilferton

But with due disrespect to Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Mr. HAWKE, and other exponents of the great Principle of "Do-others-because-you-don't-want-to-be-done-yourself," I distinctly assert, with all the confidence of those ancient Roman bookmakers, the Sybils, that Betting can no more be abolished in this country than can Scotch Major.

whiskey drinking be removed from the Bars of the House of Commons-though both institutions be opposed to the ideas of those who want to make us enjoy ourselves while playing Spillikins and quaf-fing Toast and Water. With these reflections I turn to business. Let me saddle Pegasus for the Grand National (you will observe, that with my customary adroitness I make a classic allusion in connection with a classic event), and trust that the flutter of his wings may bring golden results to you and my clients.

The Savage Man from Borneo
No longer will I sing;
Kit-Harry is prepared to go,
The 'Crat is quite the thing.
Be careful how you cut your Coat,
But bear this well in mind—
St. George's Banner well may float
The Cob-nut close behind.

Such, Sir, is the vaticination of the seer. May you be at Aintree to see the result of his forecast over a difficult line of constitutional country.

Your devoted henchman,

DARBY JONES.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE. — There is no ground for asserting that Major Bon was recalled from Crete by the Committee of the Senior United Service Club. In fact, this gallant officer, who is a big Bor of first-rate calibre, has evidently been mistaken for the sempiternal Turkish Pasha BIUNDERBORE. Indeed, we famey, in event of a Bor hunt, that the Cretan insurgents would have found themselves confronted by a big sticker in the person of the

#### THE PI-RÆUS.

Sing a song of Crisis, Everything awry;
All the Powers of Europe Fingering the pie. When the game was opened, The Greeks began to sing, "Isn't Crete a dainty dish To set before the King?"

#### A MODEST REQUEST.

(Sumple of many of a similar character.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH, -Now that we are approaching the glorious event of June next, when, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), I think the time has arrived when an act of, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), should be shown to a most deserving, &c., &c. (editorially deleted).

As you know, as at present arranged, the great historical procession which, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), is to travel via the Strand, Fleet Street, &c., &c. (editorially

deleted)

What I would ask, and I ask it as one who has the greatest admiration for &c., &c. (editorially deleted), that the procession should pass by Turnham Green.

I remain, dear Mr. Punch, Yours, not entirely unknown to fame, Turnham Green.

(Real name and remainder of address editorially deleted.)

NEW ATHENIAN PROVERB.—When Greek meets Greek then comes the talk of war.



Sarellen. "I'M GOIN' TO T' FOOTBALL MATCH, E-ER!" Maryalis. "You've got noa Brass. They won't let yo' inA-ah!" S. "Yea, they will." M. "Nay, they won't."
S. "They will, I tell yo'! Haven't yo' read t' Placards'Ladies admitted free'!"

## THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

٧.

Scene—The Drawing-room. Time—The next evening, about 7.45. Spencer and Henrietta, both suffering from suppressed nervousness, are awaiting the arrival of their respective fiancés.

Henrietta. The visitors' bell! SPENCER, it's probably FRITZ. You may think him a little cold and phlegmatic, at first--but it's

only manner. You mustn't let it set you against him!

Spen. (on the hearthrug). If it should be Meroy, you—you'll do what you can to make her feel at home, ETTA? Remember, she'll be shy and strange coming here for the first time, poor she'ld and child, and-

[A knock is heard at the drawing-room door; both start slightly. MARIA enters, and announces Miss MARIGOLD, who appears with her hair elaborately fluffed and waved, and wears a black skirt with a silk blouse of resplendent hases

Mercy (with a sprightly ease, possibly due to extreme self-consciousness). Well, Spencer dear, I hope you didn't think I was lost! Am I offully late? I was offully afraid I'd come to the wrong house at first. (To herself.) Not much style here! Shabby furniture, and a parlour-maid who knocks at the door. I call it

Spen. You're in capital time, my—my darling, capital time. Er—let me introduce you to my sister Henrietta.

Henr. (with an imperceptible gasp). I have heard so much about you from Spencer, my dear. I—I hope we shall be excellent friends. (To herself.) Pretty enough; but oh, how can poor dear SPEN

poor dear SPEN—?

Mercy. I hope so, too—offully. (To herself.) A regular middle-aged frump. I needn't be afraid of her! (To SPENCER.)

How do you like me in this? It is such a blessing not to have to wear that horrid nurse's dress any more—so offully disfiguring! Spen. Charming, charming. (To himself.) Somehow she looked more herself in that grey stuff, though, and what a trick she has got into of saying "awfully." Nervousness, no doubt.

Henr. (to herself). I must have one word with her along her

Henr. (to herself). I must have one word with her alone, be-re Fritz— (To Spencer.) Spen, dear, will you run down of a title—

and see if Maria has put out the right claret? I am sure Miss-

Spen. Why, really, I fancy that Maria— Well, perhaps I had better just— (To himself, as he departs.) I knew she'd take to Mercy the moment they— Best to leave 'em together

Henr. (when she and Mercy are alone). My dear, there are one or two little hints I-I rather wished to give you, if you won't take them amiss.

Mercy (on the defensive). I'm offul— I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure, Miss Wotherspoon, please. If—as—we are to be sisters-in-law, you must call me "Henrietta."

Mercy. I'm only just getting used to calling Spencer by his name. And then—it's such a mouthful, Hen-e-ri-etta!

Henr. (wincing). Perhaps it is—if you pronounce it like that.

Suppose you call me "ETTA"?

Mercy. But wouldn't that be rather familiar, when you're so

much older than me?

Henr. (with intention). Spencer is older still.

Mercy. Goodness! is he? But then gentlemen never do show
their age like—— What am I saying?

Henr. Nothing, I am sure, intended to—— But what I

wanted to say to you is this: we are expecting a—another friend this evening, and—(desperately)—so much, you don't know how

much—depends upon your making a favourable impression.

Mercy (drawing herself up). If you're afraid of my not behaving myself at table, perhaps you'll allow me to remark that I'm quite as able to conduct myself as a lady as some that think themselves my superiors!

Henr. Indeed, I quite—— Pray don't imagine—— It's erely—— You made some allusion just now to the fact that,

merely—You made some allusion just now to the fact that, when you first met my brother, you were—

Mercy. A nurse? Well, what of it? I'm not ashamed of it, no more is SPENCER—so why should you be?

Henr. But I'm not, I assure you. All I mean is that—that there's no necessity to mention it—before strangers.

Mercy (to herself). So likely I should! (Aloud.) Well, I've no objection to anyone knowing it, myself, but of course, if you're afraid of this lady friend of yours feeling insulted by—

Henr. Oh no no! And the—the friend isn't a lady et all.

Henr. Oh, no, no! And the—the friend isn't a lady at all. (With growing embarrassment.) He's a foreigner, of a very old and distinguished family, and abroad, they—they have prejudices about some things which, though we don't share them, we—we—

it is simply polite to respect—don't you see?

Mercy. Well, I'm not sure that I do exactly—unless You're not hoping he means to propose to you, are you?

Henr. (with dignity). He has already proposed to me, and I have accepted him.

have accepted him.

Mercy. Why, my dear Etta, this is good news! I am glad. You really must let me— (She kisses Henrietta, who submits with as good a grace as possible.) And when is it to be?

Henr. Very soon. That is, unless— You do quite understand how—how naturally anxious I am that nothing—

Mercy. Why, rather! And don't you be afraid of me, Etta! If this marriage of yours goes off, it won't be any fault of mine. You shall see how beautifully I can behave! (To herself.) I should be a little owl if I stopped this snuffy old foreigner from— Why, now I shall have the house—such as it is—to myself! myself!

Henr. I was sure I could trust you, my dear Mercy. (To herself.) After all, Frizz is a foreigner. He mayn't notice that she isn't quite——

Spen. (returning). Oh, ETTA, my love, MARIA would like to speak to you. Some message or other that's just—

Henr. (to herself). From FRITZ! Can he be ill? (Aloud.)

MERCY, my dear, if you will excuse me, I think I ought—

[She goes.

Mercy. Well, Spencer, you might have told me Etta was going

Mercy. Well, SPENCER, you might have told me ETTA was going to be married! Such a good thing for all parties!

Spen. I only knew of it myself yesterday. I hope it's all right. But I haven't even seen him yet. He ought to have been here by now. He's an Austrian baron, or something of that sort, she met at Scarborough.

Mercy. Gracious! who'd have thought, to look at her, she was such a giddy little kitten? And what's the baron's name?

Spen. (slightly annoyed at this flippant reference to his sister).

Von Gubler. Fritz von Gubler. I'm not sure that he is actually a baron, but ETTA tells me he's a great friend of Lord Coleshatts', so I suppose— Ah, there he is at last, I hear the knocker. Why, you're not going to run away, my darling!

Mercy (as she escapes). My hair feels coming down—so tiresome of it. I daresay ETTA can lend me—

Spen. (alone, to himself). Curious that at the merest mention of a title— I'm afraid she hasn't seen very much society.

Henr. (outside). No, no, my dear, upstairs, not down. . . . A box of them on my toilet-table. . . . Be quick. (Entering.) Fritz has come. I quite thought that message— But it was only from the fishmonger. Why Mercy couldn't leave her hair as it is, instead of— (Maria announces Mr. von Gubler.) Ah, my dear Fritz, it seems such ages since Scarborough. So nice to

dear Fritz, it seems such ages since Scarborough. So nice to welcome you to our own little house! My brother Spencer.

Fritz. Mine Henrietta! I am lade. I com by the Ondergrount. (To Spencer.) Glat to meed you. You hear the goot news of our engagement, yes? (He looks round with patronising approval.) You haf hier a fery gomfordable liddle dickins.

Spen. A little——? Oh, of course, it is comfortable—might be a trifle larger, perhaps.

Fritz. A goot deal. I schmell your muddon oal the vay onshtairs.

opshtairs.

Spen. (with some stiffness). I'm afraid it is—ah—perceptible. One of the inconveniences of a small house.

Fritz. Oh, it's no madder. Ven I am hongry I do not opject Fritz. Oh, it's no madder. Ven I am hongry I do not opject to a muddon-schmell. And, however schmall the liddle house, as I say to mine Henriette, "alvays, when we are married, we keeb a gorner for our goot Shencer. Nefer we bermit him to lif by himself a zolidary!"

III by himself a zolidary!"

Spen. You're extremely considerate. I'm glad to say that I—ah—do not anticipate being solitary. Perhaps you haven't heard that I expect to marry myself very shortly?

Fritz (staring). You exbect—! Ha, ha. I see—gabital! You dry to bull my leck? Golossal! Very vonny!

Spen. I am sorry it strikes you as humorous, but it happens to be the simple truth

to be the simple truth.

Fritz. So? (Blankly.) Pedder lade, you think, as nefer at all? After all, some bleasant elterly laty—
Henr. My dear Fritz, I don't think that quite describes Miss

MARIGOLD!

Fritz. Marigolt! (To Spencer.) You marry a laty of the name of Marigolt?

Spen. Miss Mercy Marigold. It's not very likely you have met—— Perhaps the name is familiar.

Fritz. No, the name is shdrainch, else I am not surbrised. I nefer meed her.

Spen. (as MERCY re-enters). Then let me make you acquainted. MERCY, my darling, Mr. FRITZ VON GUBLER.

Fritz (with wooden composure). Glat to meed Miss MARIGOLT

for the first dime.

Mercy (demurely). Offully pleased to make your acquaintance. We certainly ought to know one another.

Fritz (suspiciously). We ought to—— Peg your bardon, I do

not gombrehend. Mercy. Oh, I only meant because we have a mutual friend-

dear Lord Coleshafts, you know! Fritz (stiffly). I am not aware I haf ever the bleasure to meet

you at Borings. [He stares at her with stolid disapproval, by which she appears very little impressed; SPENCER looks on in bewilderment, and HENRIETTA with a dismay that is tinged with dawning hope.

## WITH THE JOLLY YOUNG WATER-COLOUR-MEN.

"Trs a pity that the initials of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours should be the funereal "R.I.P.," as this exhibition proves them not only to be "All alive, O," but also "going uncommonly strong." The R.I.P. was never in better health. The Olympians directing the annual exhibition at Burlington House would do well to take a hint from the neat little guide-book which the Royal Institute of Water Colourists issues, price one shilling, including an elegant pencil attached to the catalogue by a strong silken cord.
We proceed to view the water-colour treasures here gathered

together on the top storey, a locality suggestive of very High Art. Why isn't there a lift? However, there is not a lift, so, obey the R. I. showman, and "Walk up! Walk up!"

obey the R. I. showman, and "Walk up! Walk up!"
Commence in the most filial manner, by paying your respects to your Dadd, of whose humorous handiwork No. 2, "Who's there?" (an old householder preparing to receive burglars) is an excellent specimen. Then note No. 18, Mr. R. D. Frx's "Who would be a Whip?" As time and space allow us only a rapid visit, go on to A. Kinsley's "A Brezry Afternoon," and you'll learn what a sea-water colourist can do. Now take a turn inland, and rest awhile at Yeend King's No. 59, Tankerness House. Lovely. Drop into the farmyard at 111, and see Arthur Wardle's "Three Pigs and a Pup." "If it's humour you want, as Mr. Brandon Thomas used to say in The Pantomime Rehearsal, why, here it is. Only, why are the pigs pink?



#### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

She. "So Mr. Binns is giving us a great Bargain in that

WINE, ONLY SEVENTY-SEVEN SHILLINGS A DOZEN!"

He. "'M—THAT'S A STIFFISH PRICE FOR US, RATHER."

She. "BUT HE ASSURES ME IT IS HIS REGULAR EIGHTY-NINE
CHAMPAGNE. SO WE SAVE QUITE TWELVE SHILLINGS ON EACH DOZEN!

how Milton ever dared to publish his Paradise Lost after his MS. had been so severely criticised by Cromwell. No wonder the poet only got five pounds for it. Mr. Wimpers, in his High Down, Dartmoor, has chosen the very subject for water-colours. Mr. Dollman's "Dogma," representing two old-fashioned clergymen discussing a knotty point in the presence of a portly portwiney parson, is good; but the portly one is a trifle too luminously pink, just as the pigs are in Arthur Wardle's abovementioned. These two artists should advertise, "Pinking done here." Frank Walton's (207) Land's End, excellent. Quite freshening to look at it. Do not pass No. 368, "La Vida es Suéño," by Arthur Burrington, R.I., who shows us a Spanish guitar-player "discoursing" a decidedly wicked-looking Carmen. The artist quotes, "Love is the dream within the dream," but, if you are up in modern music-hall classics, you will be inclined to ask, "Oh, can it be love?" Now "Hook the west port," that is, enter the West Gallery, and make for a picture by Lucien Davis, R.I., No. 82, entitled, "Are you coming?" It is excellent in every way, but, as it is hung only about a foot from the floor, you will have to go on your hands and knees to see it, a position to which even the worshippers of this clever artist might object. how MILTON ever dared to publish his Paradise Lost after his

you will have to go on your hands and knees to see it, a position to which even the worshippers of this clever artist might object. In Nos. 190, 193, 194, 195 you will see choice Tenniels, from Mr. Punch's collection, as is also 181, by J. Bernard Partridge, who, "in another place," i.e. East Gallery, No. 333, has contributed a pleasant water-colour sketch, The Church of St. Enogat, Dinard. Before leaving, make your most polite bow to Sir James Linton's "Rosalind," looking as fresh as paint can make her, and thank him for a most pleasant entertainment.

SUGGESTION TO A WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL PERRUQUIER.why, here it is. Only, why are the pigs pink?
Indoors again, and see Frank Dadd's Squire sitting for his portrait, No. 146. Charming. At 160 you will pause to wonder



"THAT'S MR. SOAKER, WHO MARRIED MISS DASHWOOD. THEY SAY HE'S SUCH AN INDULGENT HUSBAND! "YES; I 'VE EVEN HEARD THAT HE SOMETIMES-ER-INDULGES-A LITTLE TOO MUCH!"

## WITNESSES IN WAITING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, - You are a wellknown advocate of justice, but I imagine that you are no supporter of Themis as personified at the Old Bailey. It has recently been my ill fate to have been summoned to the Old Bailey—not as a criminal, but as a witness. I believe, Sir, in all truth that I should have been better treated in the former capacity. If an Englishman be arrested in Paris, Berlin, Conlishman be arrested in Faris, Berlin, Constantinople, or Johannesburg, it is long odds that he will indite a threatening, abusive, or piteous letter to the Times, declaring that he has been thrown into the society of the soum which always rises to the top, or amid the cosmopolitan dregs that generally sink to the bottom.

I cannot conceive, however, that his case could be worse than mine, that of a law-abiding, rate-paying and honest citizen. Day by day for one week, guarded by inspectors and detectives, I have been thrust among as offensive a crew as ever desecrated the name of humanity. Day by day-for the indictment on which I attended was continually being postponed—I was forced to be a wretched sufferer. Raucous ruffians exchanged fearsome jokes with the New Women of the lowest class, while impudent scoundrels openly jeered at the constables who seemed powerless to secure decent behaviour within a few feet of the august Recorder and the other judges assembled to maintain the majesty of the Law. If there be with us a modern HOGARTH to-day, let him hie to the Old

Bailey, and depict with photographic exactness the trials, not of the dock, but of the witness-box Yours irritatedly, DECIMUS DRACO.

Justinian Lodge, Clapham.

### 'ARRY ON DIAMOND JUBILEE CHARITY IN GENERAL.

And the Invalid Children's Aid Association in Particular.

[The Invalid Children's Aid Association, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, is greatly in need of money for surgical appliances and long stays at nursing

DEAR CHARLIE,-You've been on the wonder for weeks, or I reckon you 'ave.

As to wot 'ad become of your chum. Well,

he's 'ad, ah! the narrowest shave!
Flung bang off my bike at a brick wall,
when scorching down hill against time!
Only just wot they call "converlescent"; a
state, my dear boy, as is prime.

I've gone a bit soft in the uptake along of

long danger and pain.
On your back in a bed, with ribs bandaged, and small chance of biking again,

Or padding the hoof e'en on crutches, with fever-dreams spinning like mad

About your shaved head—well, there,

CHARLIE, it limbers you out like, my

Way-oh! I must turn off that tap, CHARLIE! 'Tain't in my line, as you know,

But I've just had a spell at the pypers, fust

time for two months, don'tcherknow, And they're full up with "Diamond Jubi-lee," Prince o' WALES' Fund, and all that.

Well, I tell you this "Charity," CHARLIE, is not wot I fancied, that's flat.

I 'ave called it mollyslop muck, mate, but when you've 'ad Hospital care, When you're down on your luck and broke-up like, then Charity takes on

Which to chaff and to chivvy permiskus is like shying stones at a saint; this Jubilee Charity's real good bizness,

I'm blowed if it ain't.

There's the "Invalid Children," now, Charlie! Nurse Grace has been tel-

Of them poor young kid-cripples whose sufferings would make good old Gordon go pale.

Poor ricketty, twisted, pale morsels—I've seen 'em, old man, and I know—

With their crutches, and cramped limbs, and faces grey-white like a slum in the snow.

They "Surgical Aid" them, these children, at Buckingham Street, in the Strand. Eighteen, Nurse GRACE says is their number. Now, instrument, bandage and band

For their maimed little limbs will cost money. Perhaps my own turn makes me queer;

But wot do you think of this job for our Diamond Jubilee Year?

Not so toffy and taking a Charity, CHARLIE,

as some, I dessay; But long stays at nice Nursing Homes for

poor nippers in pain who can't pay!—
Well, I must cut this short, feeling limplike; but I'll send 'em all I can carry,
And if H.R.H. wouldn't back me like
beans, it's a wonder to 'ARRY.

beans, it's a wonder to



THE GREEK MOTH.



## OVERHEARD AT A CITY RESTAURANT.

"I SAID WELSH RADISH, NOT HORSE RABBIT!"

## AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—I have spoken you of my voyage to Mark Lane. Eh well, I visit the Tower, I find there some things enough curious, some crowns enough superb, and some "beefeaters" in middle-aged costume very picturesque. Ah, the brave eaters of beef! And see there all! Therefore I come again to Charingcross, by the Railway under Ground, where I voyage at present without difficulty, after some rude proofs—de rudes épreuves.

I shall forget never my first voyage in this subterranean. 1 came of to arrive at London. I studied carefully the plan of the town and, for to see this Railway under Ground, I willed to go one day from Charingcross to Gowerstreet, the half of the circle. In that time there I believed that there was but one sole circle, and that all the trains traversed the same road. By consequence, after to have found the quay—thing enough difficult—je m'élançai, I shot myself, in the first train. Having observed on the plan fourteen stations from Charingcross to Gowerstreet, I inquieted myself not of the all that he was to me absolutely impossible that of to distinguish the names of the stations where the train arrested himself. It is true that, at the middle of the obscurity and of the smoke, I saw some names, much of names, evidently some announces, some réclames, but never the name of the station. some announces, some rectames, but never the name of the station. After to have passed of them several we were in full air. I respired again. Then the train advanced at the middle of trees and of gardens, and traversed a river. "Quelle ville énorme!" I thought. "Voilà le beau quartier tout auprès de la Tamise, probablement le Hyd Parc que j'ai remarqué sur le plan." Yet two or three stations and then the train arrested himself during

some minutes.

I attend patiently. A factor opens the portière and says me, "Olchaingiah." Ciel, quel nom! Sans doute une rue, comme la rue Olborn. "No," I respond to him, "Govairestrète." "Blouminnfrennché," says he at low voice, and then he shouts, "Olchaingiah." "I am not deaf," I say, "I have heard the name of this station. I go not to Olchaingiah, but to Govairestrète." "Blouminnfrennché," says he at low voice, and then he shouts, "Olchaingiah." "I am not deaf," I say, "I have heard the name of this station. I go not to Olchaingiah, but to Govairestrète." Then he makes me some signs, I comprehend that I must to the ready," so what better trading firm can there be than "The Ready and Willing"?

change of carriage, I descend, and one employed demands my ticket. "Allo," says he, "Gaouahstrite." Ah, on le prononce comme ça! Then one explicates to me that it is here the station of Richemonde, and that I ought to return to the station of Glossterode for to go to Gaouahstrite.

Eh well, I part, and this time I search very carefully the names of the stations. I see of them several on the lamps, but not Glossterode. After nearly one hour of voyage the train arrests himself during some minutes, and I think that it is the embranchnimself during some minutes, and I think that it is the embranchment of Glossterode, when a factor opens the portière and says me, "Olchaingiah." Sapristi! Après une heure de voyage! C'est assommant! Again I arrive to Olchaingiah by another route! I descend furious. Il y avait de quoi, he had there of what. "How," I demand, "is it again the station of Richemonde, which calls herself Olchaingiah?" "Not Richemonde," responds he very quick, "Mannshnaouss. Richemondes thotheway. Go back in thisire train." way. Go back in thisire train."

I mount again one time in the carriage. I pass again a dozen of stations, and then I become so fatigued that I insleep myself, je m'endors. A cry awakes me. I listen. It is "Olchaingiah." Sacré nom de nom! Encore cette gare! J'en ai assez, I have of it enough. See there three hours that I voyage, and I make but of to arrive to this villain station! I will not to go to Gowerstreet, I shell are direct to the hotel. I throw my I shall go no part, I shall go direct to the hotel. I throw my ticket, I buy one other, I demand at each station if we are arrived to Charingcross, comme ça, as that, I succeed to distingush her, and in fine I quit this miserable railway, suffocated, fatigued, disgusted, but happily without to arrive again one time at Agree, &c., AUGUSTE. Olchaingiáh.

#### HENRY BLACKBURN.

Died at Bordighera, March 9, 1897, Aged 67.

FAREWELL, long-tried and genial friend of Art! "Academy Notes" made yours a household name; In picture-land you bravely bore your part, And earned a place in Britain's roll of fame.

"R.A.," New Gallery, will know no more Their guide and mentor that returned each May; Bound homeward, on the far Italian shore, A kindly soul in sleep has passed away.

## ENGLAND'S PEACEFUL MISSION.

In view of recent events the following regulations are suggested for the conduct of Peaceful Missions to barbarian kings, &c.:— (1.) A punitive expedition shall start at the same time as each peaceful mission.

(2.) The peaceful mission shall march not more than four hundred yards in front of the punitive expedition, or, not more than four hundred yards behind it—as may be considered desirable.

(3.) Each member of a peaceful mission shall carry at least one (loaded) Winchester rifle (not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith), which may be presented to or at the natives as circumstances may direct.

(4.) As a precautionary measure, a Salvation Army band shall accompany each peaceful mission, and in case of emergency shall be ordered to play. The officer in charge of the mission will use his own discretion as to when it is necessary to resort to this extreme measure.

(5.) At least one Maxim gun—properly muzzled according to the regulations of the County Council—will be attached to each peaceful mission.

(6.) A transport waggon will accompany each mission to carry the visiting cards of the members. The officer in charge will be responsible for the proper distribution of these cards among the local chiefs, according to their relative standing and the extent of their families. For convenience of transport, and to ensure prompt delivery, the cards will be made up in the form of

cartridges.
(7.) Should the chief to whom the peaceful mission is sent require explanation on any point connected with the mission, he is to be at once referred to the officer in command of the punitive expedition, who has orders to afford him every satisfaction in his power.

Special note.—In future the Riot Act is to be read after a massacre instead of before, as laid down in former regulations.



Fair Sitter. "Of course I know it's awfully artistic, and I'm sure I couldn't tell it from a Reynolds, or a Raphael, or any of those old Painters; but, still, I do wish you could work in my Bicycle somehow!"

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. Grant Allen has been at considerable pains to write some historical guide-books for the instruction of travellers. They deal in detail with objects of art and antiquity, showing how local habitations grew to what they were once, and then became what habitations grew to what they were once, and then became what they are now. In Paris, for example, our guide, philosopher, and friend, posing as *Le Diable Boiteux*, takes the traveller on a flying visit, passing over the Champs Elysées, le Tour Eiffel, the Musée Grevin, and other "vulgar wonders," letting him drop into Nôtre Dame, then into La Sainte Chapelle, then among the mediæval carvings and tapestries of Cluny, and finally deposits him safe and sound in the galleries of the Louvre. In all these places Mr. Grant Allen will give you, in the pleasantest manner possible, a fuller account of the art treasures and of the history of each place than can be found in the necessarily limited space of a "common or garden," guide-book. Modestly does our place than can be found in the necessarily limited space of a "common or garden" guide-book. Modestly does our Diable Boiteux apologise in his preface for not being invariably correct. He owns that some of his information may be erroneous, and he implores whatever gentle reader may detect the guide's shortcomings not to be too hard on him, but to speak gently of the author's slip, and to set him right without unnecessary harshness, and without causing a rupture between himself and his publisher. Any such errors it will take Mr. Sam Weller's "patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power" to detect, and it may be with certainty affirmed of both these historical Guide-Books to Paris and to Florence that they will be most useful companions to the traveller, and will they will be most useful companions to the traveller, and will afford delightfully instructive entertainment to those who, in consequence of the res angusta domi, or for any other reason, can only make the grand tour in their own comfortable armchair at home.

The Story of Aline (Chapman and Hall) comes to hand in second edition form. My Baronite ventures to predict that before long it will have passed far beyond that satisfactory mark of public esteem. Presumably a first novel, it is marked by rare workmanship. There is nothing particular about the plot, which

is the old, old story of the wrong people marrying whilst the right people were within reach, withheld from possession by temporary accident. But the successive phases are worked out with surpassing skill. Nothing could be cleverer than the way in which Mrs. Edward Ridley lightly withdraws from the scene, taking her puppets with her, just when she has brought her story (or her story has brought her) into a dangerously embarrassing situation. The word puppets is here used without prejudice. The men and women who work out The Story of Aline are real flesh and blood, even those of minor importance being moulded with sure instinct and plastic fingers. Certainly being moulded with sure instinct and plastic fingers. Certainly one of the best novels of the still young year. The Baron.

## " KWAAJE."

If a word more short than civil you should happen to desire, To preserve for future uses in a note-book or cahier, Pious, polished Mr. Kruger can supply what you require In that word of many meanings, that debatable "kwaaje."

Then, if you are somewhat like him, with a Puritanic style, And a simple sort of speaking, saying just "Ah, nay! Ah, yea!" It is possible your pious air may save you for a while
From the kicking which should follow when you call a Queen
"kwaaje."

But perhaps we should remember, when discussing Boer Dutch,
That, in his enlightened country, of the canaux, canaille et
Canards, two are not so frequent—ducks, canals—so there is much Of the third, who speak of ladies so politely as "kwaaje.

Going Cheap.—"A Complete Peerage for Half-a-Crown." Hurry up, and don't miss this chance—you may not get another. But it turns out to be nothing more than the guide to a new work published by the proprietors of Whitaker's Almanack.

FRENCH FOR A GAMBLING CLUB.—" Un Cercle Vicieux."

## THE ARMS-BEARER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is your reason for assuming arms?

Answer. The custom enables me to adorn my note-paper and furniture in a pleasing fashion.

Q. Does the assumption need the sanc-

tion of the Heralds' College?

A. Speaking by the card, "yes," but many arm-bearers are satisfied with the display of their crest and motto by publicity-seeking stationers.

Q. Is there any penalty attaching to the

assumption of unauthorised arms?

A. The earl marshal in olden days had the right to efface a false armorial bearing from a shield or the panels of a carriage.

Q. Is it likely that the earl marshal of to-day would exercise such a right?

A. Most unlikely, as the present Duke of Norfolk is a most courteous gentleman, who would probably shrink from running the risk of being served with a police court summons. Besides, his Grace, as Post-master-General, has other things to do.

Q. Is there any other punishment for the assumption of false armorial bearings? A. An occasional exposure in a newspaper, and the chronic, but partially-concealed, merriment of one's friends.

Q. Is there any defence for assuming a device without the sanction of the authorities that are in Queen Victoria Street?

A. Certainly; had the heralds continued their "visitations" beyond the middle of the seventeenth century, there would have been no difficulty in ascertaining "who's who" at the end of the nineteenth.

Q. Then if SMITH of Tooting assumes the arms of the Duke of SMITHSHIRE, he is

not to blame?

A. He has no ground but "to the best of his belief" upon which to work. As both he and the Peer claim SMITH for a patronymic, it is possible that there may be a blood relationship between them.

Q. Would the assumption receive the sanction of "Garter" and his associates?

A. No; but they might assist SMITH in obtaining arms corrections like the Dale.

obtaining arms something like the Duke's in composition, but twice as elaborate and several times more handsome.

Q. Do you think that there is a univer-

sal blood relationship?

A. Yes, with a common source in NOAH. Q. Can you not carry the human pedigree further?

A. Certainly, it dates back to ADAM.
Q. But you cannot give the direct line of ascent from Noah to Eve's husband.

A. No more can the Heralds' College.

## TWINS.

Two baby girls! My brain, O Fate, At your excessive bounty whirls! With fatuous joy I contemplate Two baby girls!

I'll christen them as one who hurls Defiance at convention strait—
"Bubble" and "Squeak" dyspeptic churls Suggest as names appropriate.

Yet what to call my precious pearls?
I have it—KATE and DUPLI-KATE! Two baby girls!

## Close-fisted.

Mrs. Saveall (after reading contents bill newspaper). What luck the Prince of of newspaper). What luck the Prince of Wales do 'ave! He won the Derby with FitzSimmons, and now 'e's carried off the "Great Contest in America" with same good old 'orse. No, my boy, I don't want to buy the paper; the news is enough!

# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 15. With Education Bill in Committee the nights pass and resemble each other. sidering enormity of interests at issue, depth of passion stirred, proceedings are dolefully dull. John o' Gorst sitting at end of bench a picture of monumental woe is enough of himself to make the soul sad. Beyond is the hopelessness of the whole business. The task of SARK's old friend Sisyphus quite a lively and varied



Sir William declines to "Name the day."

performance compared with that of Members in charge of amendments to Education Bill. After one has been rolled a little way up the hill, PRINCE ARTHUR drops the closure on it, and away it goes to the bot-tom. Another is substituted, and same process takes place.

Not even the excitement of threatened

revolt in Ministerial ranks. Hobhouse occasionally hesitates in doubt; but there is nothing revolutionary about Hobhouse. Courtney more promising of sport. But he labours under disadvantage of being naturally expected to differ from his own side—whichever it may chance to be. The salt of the daily food of the House of Commons is the unexpected. COURTNEY would some day agree with the majority of the moment, then would thrill through the House the joy of the unexpected its and unfailly restall its and unfail i pected, its one unfailing refreshment.

PRINCE ARTHUR, bound to the labouring oar, grows fretful. To sit hour after hour listening to Members opposite saying the same thing over again at slightly increased length is a trial to the brazen Mace. For PRINCE ARTHUR it is torture. Yet if he followed his impulse, went out to put his feet on the mantelpiece of his own room for a glad half hour, he might come back to find the Vice-President of the Council had been "saying things." So he sits it out, and just as when an elderly maiden lady is about to faint she applies her smelling-salts, so Prinom Arthur, when state of coma is almost reached, moves the closure.

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, in happier circumstances, spares himself an occasional hour's attendance. Fortune has given Prince Armur a big majority, tempered by John o' Gorst. Heaven has put the Source of MALWOOD in a minority, but has blessed him with a blameless ex-Vice-President of the Council. Sometimes Prince Arthur, command. It frequently happened at com-

sighing, says Malwoop's is the happier state. Certainly ACLAND, standing at the table discoursing learnedly about the Bill, makes no angry passions rise. His preachments are disturbed only by wonder that he has omitted to put on the surplice and bands good curates usually wear.

The most effective speeches delivered from Front Opposition Bench in the long Brief, palaver are HENRY FOWLER'S. pointed, comprehensive in view, moderaté in tone, they sometimes almost persuade PRINCE ARTHUR to concede an amendment. Resisting the temptation, he pounces instead.

Business done. In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday.-House deeply indebted to JOHN WILSON of Falkirk for making it acquainted with one of the most delightful military forces ever paraded off the operatic The 5th Battalion of the Lanark stage. Volunteer Scottish Rifles is the full style blazoned on the scroll of fame. There has, it appears, been some little difference of opinion between the battalion and the War Office. War Office tyranically used its authority to disband the battalion. Forthwith the heather aflame; public meetings stirred Lanarkshire to lowest depths of its mines; public meetings held in every parish; Secretary of State for War burned in effigy; St. John Brodrick periodically blown up by small charges of cordite.

JOHN WILSON charged to bring matters

under notice of High Court of Parliament. A loyal Ministerialist, he did not shrink from duty imposed upon him. Even moved adjournment in order to discuss, as "mat-



"A definite matter of urgent public importance."
Mr. J. W-ls-n of Falkirk.

ter of urgent public importance," the iniquitous raid on a gallant battalion. This made opening for BRODRICK, who narrated to delighted House the history of the bat-

This pany parades no officer was present. of less importance, since few of them knew the word of command. If it chanced to be forthcoming the men did not understand it. On one occasion a gallant private marched on parade in his slippers. Leaving the parade-ground after triumphantly challenge. Party feeling, long pent up in demonstrating their total ignorance of elementary drill, the men started a feu de downward like a cataract. Cheers and

pacity, they dare not move a vote of censure.

A ringing cheer sent home this shaft. You could almost see it quivering in the broad breast of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD as he stood at the table to answer the



Another Case for Disbandment.

joie, firing off blank cartridges. So pleased with the martial sound that, taking train homeward bound, they in similar measure woke the echoes at every station.

wore one ecnoes at every station.

A right rollicking, light-hearted crew, the 5th Battalion of the Lanark Volunteer Scottish Rifles. SARK says they must have been originally drafted from Little Dunkel', the parish famed in song.

O what a purish, what a terrible parish, O what a parish is Little Dunkel'! They hae hangit the minister, drowned the precentor, Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!

Business done.—Sat up all night with the Education Bill.

Thursday.—The Source lounged in, studiously looking as if he had just come up from Malwood after superintending the planting-out of early pota-toes. "Instead of which," he has been down at Norwich, saying the most awful things about the best of all Governments. The Opposition, who always want someone to be banged on the head, hail with rapturous cheer the roving SQUIRE. A little later, PRINCE ARTHUR coming in, Minis-

later, PRINCE ARTHUR coming in, Ministerialists truculently cheer him as if he had been down at Ipswich saying things about conduct of the Opposition.

Air evidently charged with electricity. Presently forked lightning flashes forth, playing with dangerous energy round two treat benches. Differ not squestion should front benches. DILKE puts question about the inevitable Crete; John Morley sup-plements it; Prince Arthur makes cautious reply on points raised in question. Then, turning with flushed face upon row of archangels seated opposite, he declares he has no satisfaction in answering them. seeing that, whilst by speeches out of doors they endeavour to embarrass the Government to the full limit of their ca-

counter-cheers rang through the Chamber. If only the SQUIRE had been ready to take up the gage of battle and fling it back full in Prince Arthur's face, a dramatic situation of rare intensity would have been complete. It would have been magnifi-

cent; but it wouldn't have been war.
So the wary Old Parliamentary Hand avoiding talk about votes of censure, went back to speech of French Ministry in their Chamber last Monday; to what the Markiss had said about them on Tuesday; and to what a pass we have come, when the Mother of Parliaments, in search of information closely concerning her brood, has to go listening at the door of the French Legislative Chamber.

Business done.—Education Bill passed

through Committee.

Friday.—With my Parliamentary papers from King of King Street comes an anonymous shilling pamphlet entitled *The Earl* and the Knight. Purports to be passages from a Ministerial Diary, with extracts from a political correspondence. The only identity hidden throughout is that of the writer. For the rest we have boldly presented Lord ROSEBERY and his colleagues in the Administration he formed in March, 1894, to see it blown to pieces by cordite in the summer of the following year. A hapless infant

> Called hence by early doom, Came but to show how sweet a flower In Paradice might bloom.

The skit, amusing to those not mentioned in its pages, is cleverly done. Evidently from an inside point of view. Of course Lord Rosebery and Squire of Malwood would not think of each other as they are here represented: much less would they so speak. If they did, their potential manner of saying things is admirably caught.

SARK, guessing at the identity of the writer, says the clever little joke is of the sort George Russell might work off if he had in his nature even a spice of acrimony. The thing is decidedly acrimo-nious, so that guess is ruled out. Besides, GEORGE RUSSELL is himself spoken of as disrespectfully as if he were the Equator. Whoever the author be, he knows the ropes, who pulls them, and how.

Business done.—Navy Votes by hands-

# HER OTHER PARTNER.

Or all the pretty girls around She has the fairest form and face; I have invariably found,
At any dance, that is the case.
I don't care what your taste may be, She is the prettiest to me.

Moreover there is in her glance
A something, which I fancy states My feelings towards her-lucky chance!-She more or less reciprocates. Don't contradict me, I must know What sweetly smiling somethings show.

And see how willingly she hands
Her programme, so that I may choose
Which dance I like. One understands; This is a chance one must not lose. It is as plain as plain can be, She is not plain, and fancies me.

It seems, however, somewhat strange. There are not many dances left; My joyful feelings rather change, Alas, of what am I bereft!
And half of them have gone to "C."
I'm hanged! Why, who the deuce is he?

Perhaps her brother? Hardly so.
Perhaps her cousin? Still some doubt. I must immediately know; I can't ask her to help me out. I take some dances, three or more; She smiles as sweetly as before.

Her smile! That quite enchanting smile I fancied meant she fancied me. I still believe she does, meanwhile I wonder wildly who is " Some passing fancy, girlish whim May make her also smile at him.

If not her relative, why then How dare he write just "C.," and claim What is denied to other men, That she must use his Christian name? While I put "A. B. B." in full, For Alexander Bismarck Bull.

And yet her smiles, could they deceive,
Those looks I thought so sweetly shy? Here's Jones, I'll ask him; I believe
He knows her people more than I.
"Who's C.? Why, Bull, I should infer
That's Charley Smith, quite gone on her."

#### Cautious Criticism at Putney.

Intelligent Waterman (to Inquisitive Stranger). You wants to know which I think'll win?

Inquisitive Stranger. Yes; and I hear

you're a good judge.

I. W. That I oughter be. But may I ax if you belongs to Hoxford or Cambridge?

I.S. Neither; but I take a great interest in the race.

I. W. (slowly). Well, then it's my hopinion there's hevery likeli'ood of another dead 'eat.



Farmer (to Labourer, who is taking it very easy). "Hi! JARGE! YOU CAN LEAN ON THAT SPACE. I'LL RISK IT BREAKIN'!"

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Unhappy Youth, with expertations, having been banished by his Damosel's Mother from the family mansion, draws a simile from the Almond-Tree.

PINK is the almond-bloom to-day, Making the leafless garden gay With daintiness of flowers, Before the buds are fully met. Before the leaves are even set, By sunshine and by showers. Pink is the almond-tree above,
The early promise of that love
In Eden first created.
Shooting its glory to the skies
In rosy wreaths of Paradise, For once regenerated.
Pink is the almond-branch; it tells, In little peals of long-drawn bells, Of coming summer glory! And bidding us forget our grief, Since it can live without a leaf, To wait our future story. Pink is the almond! Just suppose Our life, like it, couleur de rose!
(I only say "Suppose it.")
You know the kind of life I mean, When even almond-trees are green, And need not diagnose it!
Pink is the almond-bloom! And you Are pink of all perfection true, Despite your cruel mater. And so I pray you to reflect On what, one day, I may expect.— Like almonds, 'twill come later!

#### At the Pioneer Club.

Mrs. A. (to Mrs. B.). Which do you favour, Oxford or Cambridge?
Mrs. B. That's where I'm puzzled.
Tom was at Merton, but Aunt Jane was at Girton.

## RESERVED FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

DIAMOND PROCESSION.—An excellently situated Chimney Top (with every recent improvement) on the line of route. Ample accommodation for Six Persons or (with a little crowding) Sixty. Luncheon can be served (by arrangement) under cover in the space between the fifth and sixth floors. Price, cash down, £200.

THE MARCH OF THE CENTURY.—A really splendid panoramic view of the most interesting event of all time. A lofty pole (with real rope ladder) only a thousand yards from the nearest point. Telescopes 12s. 6d. an hour. Glimpses of Windsor Castle, the Tower, the Crystal Palace, and the Reculvers thrown in. Entrance conveniently situated away from the madding crowd. A few places still to let. Twenty guineas a person.

COIGNS OF VANTAGE FOR THE SELECT.—A roomy Cupboard on the direct line of route. Lectures on the passing pageant every five minutes. A boon for the blind. Price (with spare shelf for refreshment) Five guineas a seat.

A PERFECT POSITION. commanding a view of the Procession from START TO FINISH. A party of twelve at £100 apiece. Persons weighing more than thirteen stone, a guinea a pound extra. Conveniently-sized luncheon-baskets (fowl, bread, salt, and half a bottle of medoc) at thirty shillings apiece. The balloon (which will leave Battersea at 10 A.M.) will be under the superintendence of an experienced apprentice to a gas-fitter.

THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN OCCASION. — Five hundred comfortable easy-chairs, in a most convenient spot within the influence of the entire line of route. The company will be guaranteed a vivid impression of the minutest detail of all connected with the Diamond Celebration. The start from Buckingham Palace, the progress through the Strand and Fleet Street,

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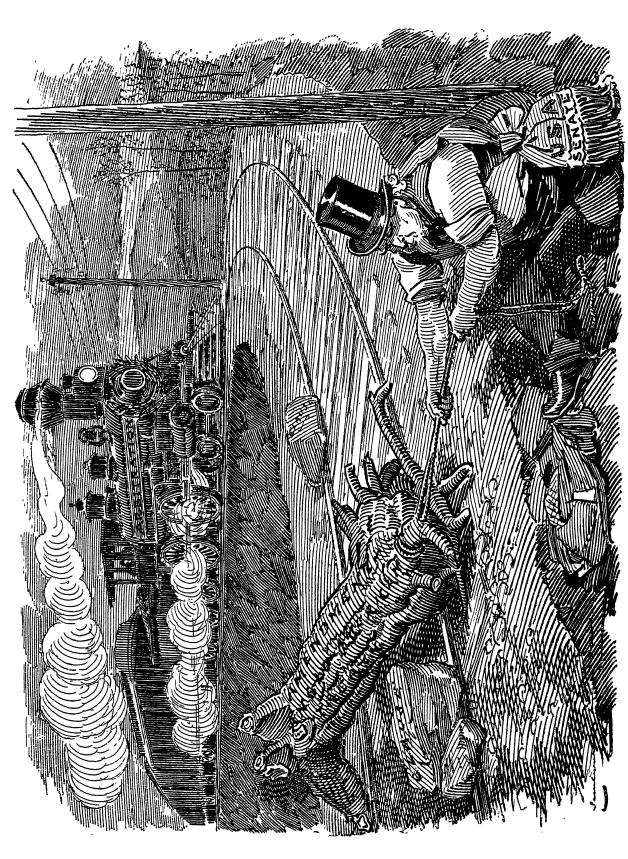
and the ceremony at St. Paul's. To conclude with the immense enthusiasm of the return. Prices from £1 1s. to £500, to suit every pocket. The hypnotic séance will commence at eleven o'clock. For further particulars write to "Professor," Post Office, Tooting.

THE FINEST VIEW OF THE DAY.—A real genuine inspection of the Procession as it passes London Bridge. A beautifully decorated coal barge will be moored in the best part of the river. Only room for three hundred. Tickets Eight guineas apiece. Camp-stools ten shillings extra. Passengers are recommended (so that they may comply with the regulations of the Thames Conservancy) to bring their own life-belts.

THE GRANDEST SITE FOR THE ILLUMINATIONS.—
Professor SALAMANDER (of the principal Continental Gardens) has organised an excursion from Kensington to pass over the chief streets in the West End on the night of June 22. Every passenger will be supplied with a stick with parachute attached. Fare (payable in advance) Five guineas. The flight of rockets will start at 10 P.M. precisely.

CEATS OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S AT SIXPENCE A DOZEN—The best places in St. James's Street, Pall Mall, and Upham Park Road, Chiswick, at fourpence each. Visitors will be
supplied with a champagne luncheon and a free passage to the
colonies. For further particulars apply to MILLIONAIRE OFFISHEDD, Esq., care of the Superintendent, The Retreat, Colwell
Hantchney.

"The Arton affair," said the Times correspondent, "is still enveloped in mystery." The French magistrate obtained papers from London relating to the Panama bribes, which were examined in Arton's presence. Why did not Arton keep cut of the way? Those implicated should have acted on the old adage, "Ars est celare Arton."





"SOCKER" ON THE BRAIN.

Harry. "Smart sort that on the right—forward."

Tom (a devoted "footer"). "Right forward? Oh! no good forward; but looks like making a fair 'half-back'!"

## TALK FOR THE THAMES.

(Suggested by recent revelations of the financial condition of a popular Steamboat Company.)

It must be pleasant to be a man in possession between Batter-sea and Vauxhall when the sun is shining and the trees are coming out in leaf.

But the occupation must be monotonous, unless it be broken by the occasional fiduciary receipt of a County Court summons.

Does it not seem cruel to leave that portly gentleman on the pier at Pimlico when he is evidently anxious to get to Lambeth as soon as the boat will take him?

Yes, it does appear to be slightly inconsiderate, but as the charge for his embarkation would not cover the price of his fare the seeming unkindness is merely a matter of business.

But surely his tears are worthy of consideration? No doubt, from a benevolent point of view, but charity commences in the home of the shareholders.

Would it not be appropriate to change the present names of the fleet to *The Writ, The Application at Chambers*, and titles of a similar character?

It would assuredly be a suitable alteration, but the Court would not be likely to sanction the cost of the paint necessary for carrying the idea into execution.

Is not the course we are taking a little erratic?

It would seem so to a non-nautical eye, but the regulations are averse to any conversation with the man at the wheel.

Do you not know the steersman in his private capacity?

I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but I should not be surprised to learn that he was that praiseworthy representative

of the law, the Official Receiver.

Could not the London County Council intervene to the ad-

vantage of the metropolitan public?
Such a suggestion has already been made, but the L. C. C.

have a project on hand of far greater importance.

Then the river traffic must wait?

Yes, until the representatives of the Capital of the World have spent a few millions in erecting a palace for their personal convenience.

## QUESTIONS THAT SHOULD NEVER BE ASKED.

Of a Gardener.—"Do you find watering the plants very monotonous?"

Of a Hero.—"Isn't it awfully nice to be as brave as that?"
Of a Humorist.—"Do you think of these things beforehand,
or at the time?"

Of a Hostess.—"How large, now, should you say your rooms are?"

Of an Innkeeper.—"What made you think of keeping this inn rather than any other?"

Of a Judge.—"How do you guess whether people are guilty or innocent? I always think it so clever of you!"

Of a Liar.—"Do tell me whether you are joking or serious? I never know!"

I never know!"

of a Milliner.—"Are hats worn on the head this season, or off?"

Of an Omnibus-driver.—"How is it you never lose your way?"

Of a Policeman.—"Don't you find the traffic rather a nuisance?"

Of a Queen.—"How is it you don't get tired of reigning so long over one country?"

Of a Racing Man.—"Do you generally find, now, that the winners come in first?"

Of a Sailor.—"Are you a good sailor?"

Of a Taxidermist.—"Don't you often wish that animals were here styffed?"

born stuffed?" Of a Wheelwright.—"Am I right in supposing that wheels

are not nearly so round as they appear to us, when in motion?"

Of a Youngster.—"Well, little man, and what do you learn at school?"

Of a Zoologist.—"Which do you prefer, emus or alligators? Or have you no choice?"

IT was recently stated that "Three hundred monks from Mount Athos have offered their services to the Greek Government." Do their services mean their religious "services"? These are probably included, but be this as it may, this bellicose body offers a practical illustration of "The Church Militant."



Our Painter's Wife (to Friend, who has called on "Show Sunday"). GOOD-BYE! I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE SCARCELY SEEN THE PICTURES." Friend. "Good-bye, dear Mrs. Gilp! So sorry I have so few moments. I must hope to see your Husband's Pictures here when I call again in a Week or so!"

#### THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

Scene—The Drawing-room; immediately after Fritz's introduction to Mercy.

Spencer. So this Lord Coleshafts is a friend of yours, too, eh, MERCY?

Henrietta (hastily). I don't think MERCY quite said that—did

you, my dear?

Mercy. Oh, I don't suppose I saw so much of him as Baron Gubler did, but our place was quite close to Borings, and my poor Papa, who was a gentleman-farmer, you know, used to go out shooting a good deal with his lordship. Very likely you've met him at one of the big shoots, Baron. I daresay they often asked you down?

Fritz. I do not think I haf seen your Papa out shooding. And if you blease—I haf not the honour to be a Baron, only a simble

Schviss shendleman.

Mercy. Only that? And when I was thinking I was going to have a real live Baron for a brother-in-law! Well, if you never met Papa, you may have heard of me from dear Lady Poppy and Lady BETTY. They were tremendous pals of mine.

Henr. (to herself). She's going too far. Fritz is certain to find

her out if she doesn't take care!

Fritz. Ach, so you are the so charming liddle Mercy that Laty Borry and Laty Perry always rafe apout to me? What a gurious goincidence we meed hier at last!

Mercy. Isn't it? It's funny; but I felt somehow from the first that we should get on together.

Henr. (to herself). She must be all right, or Fritz wouldn't—
I'm afraid I 've been a little uncharitable.

Spen. (to himself). So like my modest little Mercy to say nothing about these grand friends of hers! Well, this fellow Von Gubler seems to have given a correct account of himself, which is so far satisfactory. (Aloud.) So you know all about one another already? Capital! And here comes Maria to tell told-

us dinner is on the table. Von Gubler, will you take Etta? [They go down. MERCY, my darling-

AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

Mercy (to herself). One would almost think from the way he's going on that Frizz was really spoony—with a dowdy old thing like that! Well, I'm sure she's welcome to him! (Aloud.) ETTA, my dear, you and Mr. von GUBLER seem to be having a very interesting conversation over there-but don't mind us, we're too taken up with one another to listen, aren't we, Spen-CER darling?

Fritz (to himself). Can she truly adore the elderly Spencer!

(Aloud.) Ach, Miss Marigolit, the twidder of the loaf pirts nefer disturp the gooings of the turdle-duffs!

Spen. (to himself, vexed). They might remember Maria is in the room! (Aloud.) Mercy, let me give you a little more

Maria (in his ear). There you go again, Mr. Spencer; no one would think, to look at it, that table-cloth was clean on this evening!

Spen. (nervously). Dear me, dear me, very careless of me, MARIA. I—I don't know what's come to me to-night.

Maria. I'm sure I don't, Sir. And there's Miss Henrietta's spilt her claret now. Don't you do nothing, Miss, you'll only make it worse. Leave it to me, do.

[She applies remedies with a severe forbearance which abashes

the offending pair.

Mercy. This wouldn't be at all a bad little place, Spencer, if it was only thoroughly done up, and all this rubbishy old furniture

Spen. We are rather attached to our old furniture, my dear.

It came down to us from our great grandfather.

Mercy. Well, I like something more in the fashion. There are beautiful things in Tottenham Court Road, all the latest styles.

You'll let me refurnish in my taste, won't you, Spenoer darling?

Spen. (troubled). My dear child, I'm afraid you must put up with things as they are. I can't possibly afford——, and I'm quite sure that Etta would never——

Mercy. Etta, why, what has she got to do with it? She'll

Spen. Why, we—we rather thought, you see, that, as this house belongs to ETTA and me, and we're neither of us well enough off to—to make a move without inconvenience, we might try the experiment of-of a joint household, all four of us to-

gether, you know.

Mercy. Oh, that will be nice! (To herself.) No, we don't, not if I can help it! (Aloud.) ETTA, SPENCER's just been telling me that we're all four to live in this dear little house together.

Won't that be delightful, Mr. von Gubler?

Fritz (to himself). With the old Spencer it would be bad enough, but with her also—! (Aloud.) I think we make togetter a fery habby family—berhaps.

He becomes silent and moody. Maria (to herself). Well, Master and Miss Henrietta have made a pair o' fools o' themselves! I don't know what cook'll say to it all when she hears. I'm not going to stay in the house with that little 'ussy!

Mercy (at dessert). I must say, ETTA, my dear, I rather wonder that that parlour-maid of yours hasn't learnt by this time that it's very bad style to knock at a sitting-room door. It's never

done anywhere now, you know!

Spen. Why, my dear, we have thought we'd mention it, but we're rather afraid it might hurt her feelings.

Mercy. What nonsense, STENCER! She can't have any feelings or she wouldn't wear a cap like that! How you can put up with such an old fright at all—— We really must have a smart, nicelocking girl to wait at table. Don't you think so, Mr. von

Henr. My dear, nothing would induce me to part with Maria after all the years she has been with us.

Mercy. Oh, if she came down to you from your great grand-father—with the furniture! Still, I must say I prefer having young and nice-looking faces about me myself. Some people don't, I know, and very likely they have their reasons. Perhaps if you asked Mr. von Gubler his opinion—

Fritz. My obinion is, that yong, goot-looking curls are taincherous, deceedful liddle tevils!

Mercy. Gracious, that is strong language! I hope you're not speaking from experience?

Fritz. I was thinking of a gase; my frient Goleshafts' eldest son; the liddle Lort Pitsmouth. You know him, berhaps?

Mercy. Let me see. Is that the one who was up at college?

Fritz. At gollege, yes. A derrible yong fool.

Spen. (interested). Ah, and he got into some entanglement up there, eh? I never was at a University myself, but I've been

Fritz. It was at home he ged endangled. There was a liddle curl, daughter of one of his father's keebers, who had been taken op and betted and shoiled by the yong laties, and she sed her gap at the boor yong lort, and veedle and veedle till he is retty to marry her.

Spen. Tut-tut. The young idiot! And did he actually-Fritz. No. Yust in dime his father find out, quide by agsi-

dent, and back him off to dravel round the vorit.

Mercy. I remember hearing something about it now. Wasn't there some horrid wretch of a valet, Mr. von Gubler, who was taken into poor Lord Pitsmouth's confidence and went and betrayed him?

Henr. How dreadfully mean of him!

Fritz. Bardon, but Miss MARIGOLT gif a todally false imbression. I habben to know that the valet—a very goot, resbectable fellow—did only his dudy. Pesides, he was himself keebing gombany with the curl, and when he disgover she deceif him—why,

Spen. Well, it was a lucky escape for young Lord PITSMOUTH.

Did she sue him for breach of promise?

Mercy. She would have scorned to lower herself-according to

what I heard.

Fritz. 1 think she would haf dried, only she haf no efidence, and her father, a goot, sensible man, who did not vish to lose his blace, bersuade her to sign a liddle baper, which he gif his lortshib, and find a siduation for his daughter, where she make no more drouble, and nopotty inderfere with her-if she is clefer enough to shud her liddle mouth.

Spen. Poor girl! and now she's lost both the lord and the

valet, eh?

Mercy. Well, the valet wasn't much loss! She's better off as she is—in my opinion.

Fritz, Much pedder, and the valet also.

Spen. Well, they may come across one another again someday and make it up—who knows?

Henr. After all, it is no concern of ours, is it? Meacy, my

dear, shall we go into the drawing-room?

Mercy (to herself). And leave Spencer alone with that doublefaced beast. Not me! (Aloud.) Oh, must 1 go away, Spencer? when I've got such lots of things to talk about. Mayn't I stay a little longer. I'll be so good!

Fritz (to himself). Impossible to trust that she-demon with HENRIETTE! (Aloud.) Ach, mine HENRIETTE, do not desert your Fritz on this first night. Sit yed a liddle. A vort in your ear. (In a whisper.) I dell you somdings: gondrol your face, and schmile bleasantly. If you loaf me, ged rid of this liddle MERCY. She must not marry our goot SBENCER. She is herself the keeber's daughter!,

Mercy (to herself). It drives me wild to see him whispering in her ear like that! But I'll put a spoke in his wheel, whatever comes of it. (In an undertone.) Spencer dear, I—I must tell you. I've been trying to him to poor, dear ETTA, only she won't understand. That valet, he was a Swiss—and—and well, if you can put up with him as a brother-in-law, I can't, so there! Find a way of sending him about his business without a fuss. And for goodness' sake, don't look like that-or he'll suspect something!

[Spencer and Henrietta sit speechless, each overwhelmed by pity for the other, and the extreme difficulty and delicacy of the situation.

## VARIETY IS CHARMING.

ONE of the many attractions at the Palace Theatre of Varieties is The American Biograph, of which moving pictorial series that representing the horses being rushed away from the burnthat representing the horses being rushed away from the burning stables is far and away the best specimen. These Biographic pictures are unsteady; only of course this is an opinion rather dangerous to express in the presence of any malicious friend who smilingly inquires, "Hallo! where have you been dining?" It is as well to be prepared for this, and to choose your audience, or keep your opinion to yourself. However, "all the other gentlemen noticed the pictures were shaky," and that was a consoling thought. The French dancing and singing quartette is full of life, and the fact that these performers, as well as the dancing and acting dolls in the automatic formers, as well as the dancing and acting dolls in the automatic theatre (which is a special attraction in itself), all sing in French, and that their hits in this language are most intelligently applauded, shows how wonderfully the education of the masses, as well as of the classes, has improved within the last few years in England. Charles Morton is to be congratulated; only, let him give a hint to the American Biographical exhibitor, advising him that the mot d'ordre must be "Steady, boys, steady!"



MR. CYCLAMEN IS GLAD TO HEAR THAT THE UNMUZZLING ORDER CEASES TO BE IN FORCE AFTER APRIL 6TH.

## THE PURPLE WEST.

["The fashionable colour this season is to be Royal Purple in honour of the Diamond Jubilee."—Fashion Papers.]

Fashion's ways are very queer, Some new colour every year Becomes the Season's rage at her imperious behest-

And this year the colour new
Is to be the Royal hue,
For all the "Fashion Columns" have foretold a Purple West.

Not mine the muse who sings
All the fashionable "things,"
The lovely gowns and frocks, in which the ladies will be dressed—
I endeavour but to scan
The effect upon the man,
Whom duty or whom pleasure cells to done. Purple West

Whom duty or whom pleasure calls to don a Purple West.

'Tis the colour which will dye

Matutinal scarf and tie,
Even "staining the white radiance" of the vespertinal vest;

And light-fingered gutter-snipes Will prig only purple "wipes,"

As they ply their gentle calling up and down the Purple West.

Some touch of purple hue Everywhere will meet the view-

It will decorate our faces as we jostle with a zest,
When the crowds pour forth this year
In all loyalty to cheer

Our gracious Queen of sixty years throughout the Purple West.

But some things are better—much—
Without any "purple touch,"

If it colours, for example, both the jester and the jest.

And our novel and our play
Will not harmonize, we pray,
With the general scheme of colour for this season in the West!

CALLED TO THE "BA."—The shepherd's dog.



"IT'S A WISE CHILD THAT KNOWS ITS OWN FATHER."

Grace. "Harold, why did Pa call that Mr. Blowhard a Liar?"

Harold. "'Cos he's smaller than Pa!"

# MORE MANNERS FOR MEN.

In a Carriage.—If more than six ladies are going in one brougham—which must not be pronounced "bruffum"—the gentleman should offer to follow in a cab. If they insist on his entering with them, he must stand as well as he can. In such a case he would not usually smoke.

In a Hansom.—If three men ride in a hansom, the one whose ancestors coming over with the Conqueror were least numerous sits forward in the middle. But if he is very fat, one of his companions may offer to take his place

offer to take his place.

In or on an Omnibus.—This is a position where ordinary courtesy is quite in-

sufficient, and where the most elaborate etiquette prevails. We cannot deal with it adequately here, and must refer our readers to our treatise, in six volumes, entitled Beaux and Bounders in Busses.

On Bikeback.—Never ride at more than thirty miles an hour. Never touch the handle with your chin. Never try to run down a traction engine or an elephant.

Games and Recreations.—Chess and whist are very useful, but very difficult. Billiards, backgammon, and baccarat are quite easy. So are draughts and poker. They are all played impartially in the highest circles. Pitch and toss and marbles are less frequent.

Rules of the River on the Road.—In a by les belles tartines.

flood it is not etiquette to offer to carry strange ladies. But if the water is more than six inches deep, and they are in danger of drowning, a gentleman may rescue tnem in a punt or a perambulator. A motor-car is rarely used. Even then it is wiser to be introduced by a mutual friend.

Dinner Parties .- It is not now usual to wear armour at the dinner table. Nor is it customary to carve with one's sword. A young man should avoid anything so oldtashioned. Breastplates are no longer used, but soup plates are. The hat should be left in the hall. It is not worn in the dining-room. A young man must not expect to take down a pretty girl. If his conversation and behaviour are entirely regulated by this manual, a lady of uncertain age, stone deaf and partially blind, will probably fall to his share. He must console himself by practising his small talk upon her. Arrived at the table, he must place his napkin on his knees, and not tie it round his neck. He must hold his knife by the handle, not by the blade. Soup is not eaten with a knife. If the beginner has never before eaten anything anywhere, which is improbable, he can sately eat bread, as a little practice will soon show him how to divide that. It is done with the thumb and fingers, which then convey to the mouth a piece of the correct dimensions. A cubic inch is a safe size. Until he can estimate this correctly, the beginner would do well to carry an inch measure in his pocket. As soon as possible he should learn by heart the proper way to consume asparagus, curry, oyper way to consume asparagus, curry, cysters, Gruyère, nuts, boiled eggs, haggis, grapes, Neapolitan ices, Irish stew, treacle, pâté de foie gras, melon, bouillabaisse, Bath buns, birds'-nest soup, mutton chops, carrange hack deals souptrout polorie. canvas-back duck, sauerkraut, polenta, &c., &c. If he forgets whether the undercut of roast sirloin of beef should be eaten with an egg-spoon or not, he will wisely abstain from the doubtful dish.

At a Ball.—If you can't dance at all, don't. If you can dance a little, avoid falling down. Even if you know her, it is better not to address your partner with such a phrase as "Hullo, here you are! Come along! Look sharp!"

Dress.—This a most important subject. Don't wear pumps in the Park. Don't wear brown boots in a ball-room. Avoid a straw hat at weddings. Never wear one with a frock coat. Your necktie can be any colour you like. So can your braces. Shirt collars are not usually purple. Nor are patent shoes pink. The correct evening costume is black. Green is not customary. The shirt front, according to the lady novelist, must always be "immaculate." Instruct your laundress accordingly, and explain what the word means. An umbrella is not generally carried on horseback. It is unusual to play polo in an Inverness cape.

Personal Speech with Royalty.—If the beginner should be honoured with the friendship of the Queen, which is rather improbable, he must speak to Her Majesty as "Ma'am." But he need not give himself much trouble to learn this mode of address, as it is unlikely that he will want to use it, and this Manual of Manners, at

the same time.

NOTE BY AN OLD AND CRUEL PHILOSO-PHER.—The bread-and-butter misses of my youth appear nowadays to be represented by les belles tartines.

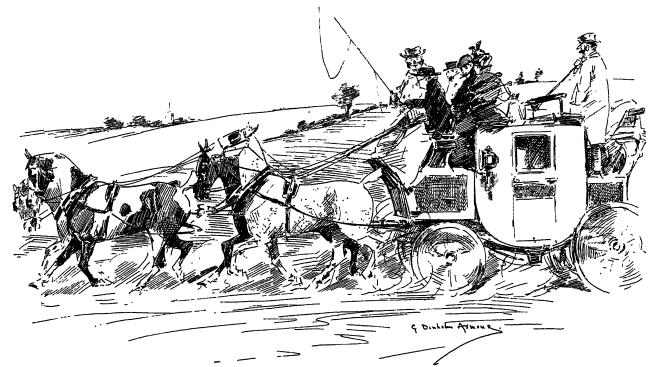


# CHANGE OF TREATMENT.

MISS ERIN. "SHURE, YE NEVER GAVE ME THE 'ROYAL COMMISSION ELIXIR' THAT WAS TO DO ME SO MUCH GOOD."

ARTH-R B-LF-R. "NO, MY DEAR, THERE WAS SOME MISTAKE IN THE FIRST PRESCRIPTION. I'LL MAKE YOU UP ANOTHER DOSE!!"

	,	



"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER."

"What Colour do you call that Horse, Coachman?" "THAT'S A FLEA-BITTEN GREY, SIR." "Dear me! Really! Then what Creature has bitten that one in front?"

#### CLEAR EVIDENCE.

(At Petty Sessions in Ireland.)

Magistrate (to First Prisoner). What's your name?

Prisoner. I'm one PAT MURPHY, your Honour.

Mags. Where do you live?
Pris. Sure, I don't live anywhere, Sorr.
Magis. (to Second Prisoner). What's your name?

Second Pris. I'm DENIS McCARTHY, Sorr.

Magis. Where do you live? Second Pris. Begorra, your Honour, I live next door to PAT MURPHY.

## A Straight Tip for the Boat-Race.

LIGHT blue, or dark! Which of the crews shall I select, Light blue, or dark? "Its hard to choose, I would remark; But then, if neither I reject, l'm sure to win with, l'expect, Light blue, or dark.

#### The Voluntary System.

Idle Apprentice (reading newspaper, looks up and asks). I say, what's "voluntary" mean?

Industrious Apprentice. Why, it means doin' somethin' of your own accord, without bein' forced to do it, as you may

Idle Apprentice. Oh! then wouldn't I vote for Voluntary Schools just! I'd have nothin' but Voluntary Schools everywhere! And wouldn't I just not go to them! Rather!

### DARBY JONES ON GAMBLING AND THE GRAND NATIONAL.

Honoured Sir,—By a process necessitating the outlay of many hundreds of pounds, one Richard Dunn has been fined by the Kingston-on-Thames magistrates the magnificent sum of Twenty Shillings (without costs) in the interests Morality. If I were a member of the Anti-Gambling League, I think I should go and hang myself. The absurdity of the whole business is as self-evident as the Shot Tower on the Surrey side of the Thames. We know the Lords and Commons, who go racing, and we must be as blind as the snake which frequents Hamp-



THE MOTO-GROWLER.

shire hedges not to recognise the eminent legislators (including judges) who plank down their "little bit" on the gee-gee of their choice. We also know the idle Apprentice celebrated by the immortal William Hogarth. He is not the child of Misrortune, but or temptation; but the temptation is not begot in 'lattersall's King, but in the street by means of the half-penny paper. After all, there is no necessity for going to Monte Carlo, when you can gample for buttons or marbles in the gutter.

I was not tar out of it, honoured Sir, over the Grand National Course. The Ourang-outang from balmy Borneo I discarded as easily as it I were playing écarté. But, with a strong sympathy for Red Cross, I gave Filtert in language not to be mistaken by the wise. The Seer is not often out of the first, second, or third, class compartments.

Trusting that you are as salubrious as the March dust has permitted,

I am, Your ever devoted heeler, DARBY JONES.

## INTERNATIONAL.

YES! Patriotism is a splendid thing, And Humour is a most delightful gift. But whose? Here harmony at once takes

And in the lute of love is found a rift. For it is plain to every candid judge, And tends to breed a hopeless melan-

choly, That other people's patriotism's fudge, And other people's fun funereal folly!

THE BLACK DIAMOND JUBILEE.—The drop in the price of coals.



Tourist (who has just given Pat a drink from his flask). "That's a drop of good Whis-

KEY-EH, PAT?"

Pat. "FAITH, YE MAY WELL SAY THAT, SORR. SHURE, IT WINT DOWN MY TROAT LOIKE A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Hilda Strafford (BLACKWOOD) is the title that covers two Californian stories by BEATRICE HARRADEN. In their touches of life on the ranche they recall some of BRET Harre's work—the pathos of it, not the humour. The men are almost idyllically good, generous, unselfish, full of camara-derie. There is only one female on the scene, and Miss Harraden, who knows her sex, has made her serve as the foil for the exceeding goodness of man. The stories are prettily told. But what my Baronite chiefly delights in is the framework in which they are set. Turning over the pages one sniffs the pure air that blows through the Californian spring, is rested by the stretches of emerald grass that cool

by the stretches of emerald grass that cool and cover the feet of the mountains, scents the golden violets, the wild hyacinths, and the pale lavender in the shade. The Young Clanroy, by the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang (SMITH, ELDER), is a stirring romance of the '45. The author discloses how the story was originally told to a party of schoolboys in the dusk of summer evenings. The published edition benefits evenings. The published edition benefits from this origin by reason of the simple, straightforward style of narrative indispensable to such circumstance. A wider circle of boys, some bearded, even greyheaded, will welcome the opportunity of sitting at the feet of the Dean as he prattles about Prince CHARLIE and of some who worked and died for him.

who worked and died for him.

What pleasant memories does not Clement Scott's little book, published by Lawrence Greening, entitled, The Wheel of Life, revive! "Here we go round, round, round,"—or, rather, "here we grow round and rounder," at least, some of us do, and are not quite the light-footed youths we were in days of yore, but, let us hope, as light-hearted now as then. The writer's memory is good, his style easy, and above all, which is the great thing for reminiscences, chatty. The Baron trusts that this little book contains only an instalment of what he is subsequently going to tell us. what he is subsequently going to tell us. Likewise, should our friend C. S. need a refresher or two, he has only to call on one who will be most willing to oblige him, namely, his very truly, THE BARON DE B.-W.

BIRDS OF A "FEATHER."-The Oxford and Cambridge crews.

# THE RACE IN COMMON FORM.

(By our Reporter in advance.)

Nothing could have been - than the sky on Saturday. was much in evidence, and — were seen in all directed of the — of the —. The ladies' costumes were tions warding off the --- of the suited to the occasion, and showed that their judgment was not

at fault in assuming that —— would be a necessity.

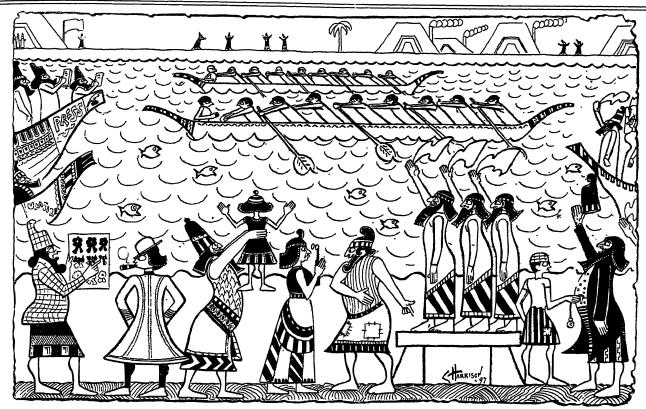
The crowd was —. In years gone by the lack of enthusiasm has been noticeable, but on Saturday critics declared that —— was certainly the order of the day. Of course this was distinctly attributable to the —— conduct of the clerk of the weather.

The Light Blues, as the challengers, were first to put in an appearance. They were quickly followed by their opponents. It was now noticed that —— had won the toss, and consequently was now noticed that — had won the toss, and consequently his crew took their position on the — side of the river. After a few minutes' pause a successful start was made, and — immediately forged ahead, rowing — strokes to the minute. But this slight advantage was soon recovered by —, and at — the boats were nearly equal. The race continued amidst the enthusiasm of the spectators, until at — the lads of the — Blue were leading by about —. At this point some strange strange to the part of the some strange strange and the some strange strange to the some strange strange. coxswain gave an advantage to the —, so that at sistion was, — 1 and — 2. Here a barge floated the position was, —

on to the direct line of route and created considerable confusion. This no doubt encouraged —— to make a spurt, which resulted in the two crews being only —— yards separated when they approached --. - was now rowing thirty-nine to the minute, and — thirty-seven, which, however, was shortly increased to forty-one. At — there was — yards difference between the competitors, which remained unaltered until — was reached. At this point a turn in the river gave a temporary advantage to —, which put matters more upon an equality. —— now quickened his stroke to forty-two to the minute, and the gap between the boats became wider than ever. At —— the —— crew was leading by ——. Again —— called upon his men, a cry that was taken up promptly by them all save ——, who seemed to be pumped out, and nearly in the position of a passenger.

The crews passed -- in the following order: minutes and — seconds, and — in — minutes and — seconds. Although even now scarcely a procession — had the race so well in hand that the chances of —— seemed to be at a minimum. At —— the —— were leading by ——. Once more —— spurted, but the effort was in vain, and —— passed the winning post in —— minutes —— seconds, one of the —— races on record. The crews dined together at —— in the evening.

(Blanks to be filled up—if still in time—in our next edition.)



THE BOAT-RACE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

DESPERATE STRUGGLE OFF THE NINEVEH SOAP-WORKS.

#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 22.—A long time since Caldwell passed such hours of exhilarating delight. From opening of sitting there loomed the Public Health Scotland Bill, a measure of the sort his soul loveth. You should have heard him smack his lips when, holding forth at proportionate length on this Bill, he observed that it contained 126 clauses! Stoutly bound, would make a pleasant book for the library, to be dipped into when de-

pressed or disappointed.

Before the Scotch Public Health Bill reached there was the Military Works (Money) Bill. On this Caldwell took a preliminary canter, a brisk forty minutes, just to get breathed for the real work of evening. House, as usual, emptied when he rose. With exception of one Member asleep on top bench he had sole possession of whole space above Gangway on Opposition side. Not a soul on the Front Bench, over which, in ecstasy of oratory, he perilously bent. The attraction for him was the thin black line of Ministers on Treasury Bench opposite. Brodrick in charge of Bill; Chancellor of Exchequer watching over its money provisions; Chaplin, with tender recollections of himself, with head projecting from Turkish Bath-box, wrestling with influenza; Jorm and Ritchie chatting at lower end of bench about repulse of City in its raid on Southwark. To these Caldwell chatters at rate of two hundred words a minute. Storage apparently illimitable

rently illimitable.

"What is the use," he wants to know,
"of talking about reducing the National
Debt when with the other hand you create
a debt covering thirty years?"

Curious effect of speech on Sir James Fergusson, sole occupant at the moment of benches above Gangway on Ministerial side. As Caldwell's screed continuedlevel, loud, incessant, without inflection or promise of pause, for all the world like one of the rolls of calico in process of printing in the paternal mills at Milton-on-Campsie—Fergusson's eyes rested drowsily on the figure leaning over back of bench as if it were edge of pulpit. He caught sight of



Effect of C-ldw-ll's Eloquerce! (Sir-J-m-s F-rg-ss-n.)

the hat planted, rim uppermost, by the preacher, suggesting that presently it would be carried round the pews, with intent to take up a collection. His head dropped gently forward on his chest; his eyes closed; he dreamed of far off times in South Australia, in New Zealand, in sunny Bombay, and so home to snug anchorage, first at the Foreign Office, then at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The voice rising for a moment to a higher pitch, as Caldwell caught sight of Jokim slinking out behind Speaker's chair, Fergusson awoke; furtively fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket; fished forth a peppermint; meditatively sucked it

James for a moment thought he was in church.

Business done. — Military Works Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—Everyone regrets cause of physical infirmity which deprives Plymouth of a moiety of its voice in the House of Commons. House would admire perseverance and courage with which Charles Harrison ignores a painful fact if they were exhibited elsewhere. But, really, to have, as habitually happened in Committee on Education Bill, a gentleman rising above Gangway apparently, for the space of half-an-hour, making a speech, not a syllable of which travels in articulate form across the floor, is a little trying to human patience.

In such circumstances the House is truly sympathetic, most generously forbearing. If it happened on great emergencies, at long intervals, in briefest form, infliction would be borne, if not gladly, at least patiently. But, habitually, and at prodigious length! Well, the House is, after all, only human, and when, tonight, Harrison comes up quite fresh, full

of figures (not to mention tropes) on position of poor clergy, Members madly make for the door.

"What's the difference," SARK asks, "between BASHMEAD-ARTLETT, Knight, and CHARLES HARRISON? One," he answers himself, "is vox, et præterea nihil; the other is not even vox."

Business done.—Resolution declaring tax-ation of clerical incomes inequitable and excessive carried by 178 votes against 97. House forthwith counted out.

Thursday.—No one looking round House to-night would imagine that its business is final stage of an iniquitous measure, driven roughshod by tyrannous Minister over a roughshoo by tyramous minister over a helpless minority, to the grievous wounding of a great nation. Yet that's about the size of it, as set forth in speeches from Opposition benches. Considering the situation the stuseriousness of the situation, the stu-pendous nature of the crisis, Members admirably succeed in curbing emotion. Almost the only man who seems really in earnest about the matter is Lord HUGH CECIL. For a while he to-night, with the lever of a living speech, lifted the drear mechanical debate above the level of angry assertion and flat denial.

SARK's prophetic soul beholds in the Premier's younger son a Parliamentary de-bater who, if he gives himself up to the work, will in time (and it need not be a long time) recall the success of the Lord ROBERT CECIL who forty years ago sat in the Commons as Member for Stamford. He does not possess—or has not developed -the acrimonious spirit that brought his noble father, even in those far-off days, recognition as a master of flouts and gibes. He is painfully nervous when on his legs; but he always gets through. He has something to say, and says it in phrases that have some of the polish, much of the literary flavour, of his father's public speech. He has strong beliefs, and is terribly in earnest; excellent things to begin with. The rest will come with practice. Already he has secured for himself the advantage, inestimable for a young speaker, of winning the sympathy and favour of the House.

Business done.—Education Bill read a third time by 331 votes against 131.

Saturday, 12.35 A.M. — Interesting, though fragmentary, conversation closed week's hard work. Vote on account agreed to after Prince Arthur had danced round JOHN MORLEY with clenched fists, and invitation to "come on" with threatened vote of censure. Lewis MTver had saved India at Oriel; motion for adjournment of House formally put, when up rose Dr. TANNER.

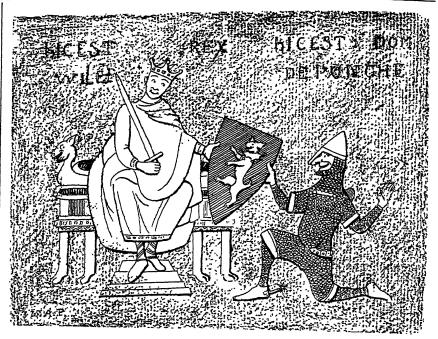
Had shown signs of restiveness earlier Had shown signs of reservences count of in sitting. When vote on account of £10.631,218 put from Chair, and someone challenged division, the Doctor, with scornful wave of arm, deprecated action. "Mr. Lowther," he said. "it's too contemptible to vote on." Further showed his scorn by walking out of House. Now hack again, on his legs: apparently in for

back again, on his legs; apparently in for

long speech.

"Mr. Speaker, Sir," he said. "On the

motion for the adjournment——"
The Speaker: "The House will now adjourn"; and gathering up his robes, takjourn"; and gathering up his robes, taking sharp turn to the right, the Speaker disappeared. The Sergeant-at-Arms marched up, walked off mace; Clerks at table put away their papers; Members hurried towards the door; and no one knows, or ever will know, what, at this



To remove any possible lingering doubt as to the nobility of his own blood, Mr. Punch presents to the Public the above reproduction of a very interesting EARLY TAPESTRY, REPRESENTING WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR MAKING A GRANT OF ARMS (A TOBY UNMUZZLED AND JUBILANT ON A FIELD VERT) TO LE CHEVALIER PONCHE,

ASTON!

Lines on the League Championship. First Division.

Who for the Cup are fortune's fair eyes cast on? Asks everyone; and echo answers

Second Division.

Tis a knotty point, there is not a doubt, To prophesy which at the top will come out. But it seems quite clear to the critical eye That Notts will be found in the "final tie."

NOTE IN NEXT NEW EDITION OF SHAK-SPEARE.—Everything the Weird Sisters prophesied came to pass (in some way or other) except one important item. Generalissimo Macbeth had been promised a Mayoralty. How's that? Well, the sisters were Scotch spirits, Glen Whiskey Witches, and uncommonly neat in appearance, and they would have pronounced "more hereafter" as "mair hereafter," which Macbeth's ambition would have interpreted as "Mayor hereafter." This is a point that WILLIE SHAKSPEARE, from want of familiarity with the Scotch language. has certainly missed. phesied came to pass (in some way or other) the Scotch language, has certainly missed.

Advice to Those who are not Fond of STREET MUSIC.—Reside close to a dentist's. Itinerant organ-men carefully avoid playing anywhere near the house of a practitioner, who can effectually stop or remove all troublesome grinders.

crisis in the world's history, Dr. Tanner was going to say.

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.

Ous attack on the Rural Bank Act was made by Deputy M. Take Jonesco. Take away "co," and plain "Jones" remains. Here is a chance for our eminent dramatist. ENRY HAUTHOR, to translate himself (and his latest play, The Physician, at the Criterion) into Rumanian and become ENRI AUTEUR JONESCO. The SMITHS could fcllow; Smithesco and Brownesco would be mementos of the Jubilee Year.

## In the Name of Charity. (By a much-pestered Pedestrian.)

CHARITY covers many sins, no doubt, But, genteel beggars are too much about; And some of Charity's unlicensed proxies Do bear—unauthorised collecting-boxes! Mercy, of whose just claims we'd not be scorners.

Crieth, methinks, too much at our street corners!

NEW HELLENISM.—There has been such a run on second-hand Lemprières that the traffic in Holywell Street has had to be regulated by the police. The nymph Amalthea of Crete, who nursed Jupiter on goat's milk, has been dragged forth from her wellestablished obscurity, and has received a temporary advertisement, only to have her name misspelt (as Almathea) by a distinguished literary man. The Greek Chargé d'Affaires has learnt the names of twentyeight British authors previously unknown to him. A special correspondent has taken an unfair advantage over his confrères in search of copy by getting arrested as a spy.

#### FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

Q. Why does Mr. Hall Caine belie the Manx cat? A. Because he has so much tale.

IF GALLANT LITTLE GREECE WOULD ONLY UNDERSTAND IT .- The Powers are Con-



Miss Ellen. "This one is for the Academy, Aunt Clara."

Aunt Clara (who feels she must say something). "How very nice! OH, MY DEAR ELLEN, WHAT A PERFECT LOVE OF A FRAME!"

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THOUGH S. BARING-GOULD is not seen at his very best in Guavas the Tanner, which, considering its subject, might be located among his "miner" works, yet does the tale abound in exciting situations, and presents us with a couple of heroines, the one as good, the other as bad, as they make 'em; a manly hero and a contemptible pair or more of villains, on whom poetic justice comes down heavily before the final chapter. The construction of the story is, like its mining technicalities, a bit puzzling, while the explanations are, at all events to the eager reader who would not willingly be a skipper, somewhat tedious. For all that the Baron recommends Guavas the Tanner. Messrs. A. & C. Black, by publishing their most useful Who's Who, show that they decidedly know "What's What." It brings us up to the very latest date of the County Council election of March the ninth; it gives us not only the House of Lords but the Heirs of Peers, which, as a title to a catalogue in Lords but the Heirs of Peers, which, as a title to a catalogue in this work, hath a sound calculated to raise the dander of an antipeerish Radical who might be inclined to say, "See what airs the Peers give themselves!" Army, Academy, Bishops, Corporation, and even "Agents for Cruises," all are here mixed up with Admirals, Deans, Earls, and Field-Marshals; information as to Ireland and India; Mems. about Magistrates and Magazines; notes on Navy and Newspapers, and brief biographies of notabilities from the first to the last letter of the alphabet, giving even the recreations of distinguished individuals, one of whom has recorded how the little time he has to spare away from his multifarious duties is of distinguished individuals, one of whom has recorded how the little time he has to spare away from his multifarious duties is devoted to the "recreation" of "amateur soldiering." Delightful! What charming pictures of infantry drill in the nursery, pickets in the pantry, and the charge of the light brigade on the rocking-horse, does this not suggest! And what is the recreation of the "retired statesman," Mr. Gladstone? It is simply "Literature." No biking and golfing, such as occupy the spare time of Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour, Captain of the Golfers, and President of Cycle-Unionists. Remark a touching entry in the brief biographical note about the Hon. Sir Robert Romer, whose "recreations" are "shooting, cycling," pleasant gathering.

rowing; formerly cricket." The "formerly" might be somewhat sad, were it not that any one of the other three sports and pastimes would be quite enough for any ordinary individual. Still can Mr. Justice blithely sing,

I'm a ROMER, I'm a ROMER, And I'll be a ROMER still!

So "his health and song," and may he long continue to be "the noblest Romer of them all." Who's Who is a most useful and companionable book.

ful and companionable book.

It is pretty obvious that if Clark Russell had never lived and written his unique Tales of the Sea we should never have had Captain Castle (Smith, Elder). There is the same blameless, single female on board a sailing ship; the same villainous, mutinous crew; the same gallant sailor who, almost single-handed, distinguishes himself at every turn of untoward event. There is the same ocean, but with a difference. No one but Clark Russell is able to bring within the binding of a six-shilling novel (or, for that matter, one published at the old price of a guinea and a half) the movement, the very smell of the sea. Nevertheless, my Baronite says, Mr. Carlton Dawe is an admirable understudier, his book being, after the manner of the Master, crammed with vivid incident graphically portrayed. Master, crammed with vivid incident graphically portrayed.

#### THE "MERRY FAMILY" CONCERT.

WE are a merry Concert, sort of Family "Monday Pop." We must play on because, you see, each one's afraid to stop. We all conduct each other, for we couldn't trust a leader, But we don't know what might happen to the one who turned

For all the rest might round on him. Of course, it's awful footle,

But needs must when the—Sultan—drives, so on we twang and

but we all are playing different airs, and none in the same key, So the tutti's awful shaky, and the tempo—oh, dear me!!! Russia plays first fiddle, Germany the big drum, And England—well, I think they say—her instrument's the comb! France has the penny-whistle, Italy the guitar. Oh! we are a merry Concert! Yes, we are, we are, we are!!!

### "In the Queen's Name."

Martha the Cook (to Lizzy the Housemaid). 'Ere's an 'orrible mistake. In 'is subscripshion list the Heditor 'as spelt your name with a "hi" and a "he" instead of a "y."

#### STARTING A SYNDICATE.

A SERIO-COMIC INTERLUDE.

Scene—An Office in the City. TIME-After Lunch. PRESENT- Members of a proposed Syndicate.

First Member. And now, gentlemen, to business. I suppose we may put down the capital at fifty thousand?

Second Mem. Better make it five hundred thousand. Half a

million is so much easier to get.

Third Mem. Of course. Who would look at a paltry fifty?

First Mem. Perhaps you are right. Five pound shares, eh?

Fourth Mem. Better make them sovereigns. Simpler to manipulate.

First Mem. I daresay. Then the same solicitors as our last?
Fifth Mem. Yes, on the condition that they get a firm to undertake the underwriting.
First Mem. Necessarily. The firm I propose, gentlemen, are men of business, and quite recognise that nothing purchases

Second Mem. And they could get the secretary with a thou-

Second Mem. And they could get the secretary with a said to invest.

First Mem. Certainly. Our brokers, bankers, and auditors as before. Eh, gentlemen?

Fifth Mem. On the same conditions.

First Mem. That is understood. And now the prospectus is getting into shape. Is there anything else anyone can suggest?

Fourth Mem. Oughtn't we to have some object in view?

Fourth Mem. Oughtn't we to have some object in view?

First Mem. Assuredly. Making money.

Fourth Mem. Don't be frivolous. But what I mean is, should we not know for what purpose we are going to expend the half million?

First Mem. Oh, you mean the name. Well, that comparatively unimportant detail we might safely leave until our next [Meeting adjourned. Curtain.



"WHERE'S YOUR WHEELIE GLADSTONE NOW?"

WHY, IN HIS STUDY, QUIETLY CONTEMPLATING THE PROBABILITIES OF HIS BEING ANNOUNCED AS A PRACTISED GOLFIST, AN ACCOMPLISHED CYCLIST, A PERFECT PUGILIST, AND AN "ADMIRABLE CRICHTON" IN SPORTS GENERALLY.



Mina (whispering to her mother). "Mummie, isn't Colonel Grimshaw ugly?"

The Colonel. "Don't you know, my little Girl, that it is bude to whisper in Company?"

Mina. "Well, it would be ruder to say it out loud!"

#### UP AND DOWN.

(The Middle-class Taxpayer to Sir Michael.)

["Up, up, up goes the revenue! Again it is advancing by leaps and bounds. This year it has reached the amazing total of £112,198,547; or £2,858,601 over last year's corresponding returns, which was held to be a phenomenal yield." Daily Chronicle.

Am! Here we go up, up! And there we go down, down!
No, no, not a bit of it! Jubilee gifts should a jubilee revenue crown.

But—the Income Tax stands, as so long it has stood, at eightpence—oh lor!—in

the pound,
And whenever "phenomenal yields" do turn up, phenomenal claims, too, are found.

Sir Michael, my boy, we will dub you Saint Michael if only you'll lower that tax,

Which we middle-class camels have patiently borne, but which slowly is breaking our backs.

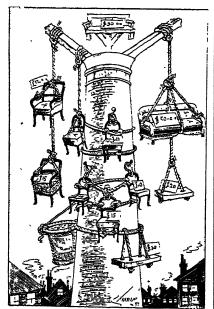
Here we go up, up, up! Well, we're glad in this Jubilee Year

You should have such a bonus. But, mercy upon us! you're apt to forget us, we

We must pay the Old Lady her eightpence, subscribe to the Jubilee Purse.

And eke to the Indian Famine Relief Fund! Our state, my dear Sir, will be worse this Annus Mirabilis, leaping and bounding. We're loyal to country and Crown,

But oh! since the Revenue goes up, up, up, let the Income Tax go down, down, down!!!



A Suggestion to Owners of Factory Chimneys near the route of Royal Procession. You'd get the above prices easily.

## THE TRUE PATRIOT.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in his high-MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERIAN, In his nigh-spirited and patriotic speech at the Royal Colonial Institute, complained of certain unfriendly critics who "appear to be under the impression that nobody but a foreigner has a right to be a patriot." A hit, a palpable hit, Sir! Per contra, however, parable in, Sir! Ter contra, however, there are a yet larger number of people who appear to hold the equally irrational opinion that "nobody but an Englishman has a right to be a patriot"; and that the patriotism of the foreigner is, to say the least of it, a mere superfluity of naughtiness. Which is absurd! If patriotism is a crowning virtue in a Briton it cannot be a crowning virtue in a Briton, it cannot be a vice even in a Boer. Let us, whether common citizens of Colonial Ministers, remember that the worst enemy of Peace is he who would make patriotism a monopoly -anywhere.

A patriot, no doubt, is a fine fellow, Whether he's black, or white, or brown, or yellow; But the wise patriot, foe to strife and schism, Allows for other people's patriotism.

WITH THE S. AFRICAN INQUIRY COM-MITTEE.—Mr. L-B-CH-RE hopes to succeed in carrying out his plan of examination, cheered by the ancient Latin proverb, "Labby omnia vincit."

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PROVERS (by an evicting landlord on the route of the Royal Jubilee Procession).—"An empty house is better than a good tenant."



## A LA MODE.

Madame Jones. "There, Miss! Now don't that Style suit your Ma's FIGURE MOST BEAUTIFUL?"

# THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

VII.

Scene-The Dining-room, as before.

Spencer (to himself). It's awful! Poor dear ETTA! engaged to a Swiss valet, and no more idea of it than— I really don't know what I can say or do. I wonder whether— I'll try it. (Aloud.) Er—Von Gubler, to return to this valet. It strikes me now that he'd much better marry the keeper's daughter.

Fritz (with a short laugh). Fery goot advahice, but a liddle doo lade!

Henrietta (to herself). How blind poor SPEN is! If I could only open his eyes, or work on this girl's better feelings—if she has any—I might— (Aloud, with intention.) Yes, Spencer, Fritz means that the girl, from pique or—or some other motive, has been foolish enough to engage herself to—to somebody more than twice her age.

Spen. (to himself). That's a back-hander for me. It's not kind, or like ETTA—but there, poor girl, I must make allowances for her. (Aloud.) Oh, I was not aware of that. Well, well, such marriages are not always—

Henr. But this one can't turn out well. And how does she 

vacuity.

Mercy. Excuse me, ETTA, my dear, but if Mr. von Gubler told you that, he might have mentioned that the valet—unless I'm very much mistaken—is engaged to be married himself.

Spen. And for purely mercenary reasons, I'm afraid, eh, Mercy, my darling? Still—er—I am sure that, if his fiancée were acquainted with the facts, she wouldn't hesitate a moment in releasing him.

Mercy. Mr. von Gubler hasn't said yet whether the valet wanted to be released. (To Fritz.) Does he?

Fritz. To find himself left out altogetter in the colt? Nod

likely!

Spen. Ah, but there's time yet, you see. He might go back to his old sweetheart, and Mercy has an idea that if he did, she might not be unwilling, even now— (To Mercy, sotto voce.) Back me up, darling, back me up!

Mercy. You're going too far, Spencer. If she's the girl I take her for, she wouldn't have anything to do with a man who's left off carrier for her.

left off caring for her.

Henr. But he hasn't left off, has he, Fritz? And—and we

both think, if she only had the courage to break it off——

Mercy. On the bare chance that he might do the same? I wouldn't, in her place. Besides, how can a girl tell a man like that?

Spen. (thoughtfully). I see the difficulty. But I tell you what I could do, Von Gubler. If I only had this other man's name and address—I mean the man this girl is now engaged to, I'm quite willing to go and call upon him myself, and put it to him delicately, you know.

Mercy. Oh, don't, don't! if you only knew how ridiculous you're making yourself!

Spen. (annoyed). My dear Mercy, you might give me credit for being—er—sufficiently a man of the world to——

Henr. No, no, Spencer. I will undertake to explain it to him. And if Mercy can tell me where to find this other woman, I will go and see her. I'll appeal to her pride and self-respect to give up this man, the valet, who doesn't really care for her, and does care for somebody else. (Mercy gingles hatterically). I appear care for somebody else. (MERCY giggles hysterically.) I appear to amuse you?

Fritz. It is nodings. Miss Marigoli thinks berhaps you will find that laty a liddle diffigult to gonvince.

Mercy. But if they were both free, they wouldn't be a bit forwarder, for the valet has nothing to marry on.

Fritz. I peg bardon. I habben to know he has a schmall broberty, nod much, but enoff to puy a liddle hotel or lotching-

house, and lif bretty gomfordable.

Henr. There, Mercy, you see that if the girl only—— But let us two go upstairs and talk it over, and leave Spencer and FRITZ to smoke in peace. [She rises.

Spen. Yes, go, my dear, for I should like a little quiet chat over this with Von Gubler, and if he will leave it to me—

Fritz (sullenly). It is pedder you leaf it to the yong beoples to seddle. It is fery simble. This yong chab has only to say to the yong vomans, "Look here, if you sack your olt vellow, I gif my olt curl whad you gall the chuck!" There it is in a nudshell. Spen. (disgusted). It that's your idea of putting it delicately! Fritz. Ach, we are oal so deligate and diblomatic we nefer ged nowhere! Henriette, do not leaf pefore I ask Miss Marigolt if she brefer an elterly sugarproker with nod much moneys. a

she brefer an elterly sugarproker with nod much moneys, a schmall house, and a mittle-aged sister to a yong enderbrising Schviss with loaf in his heart and in his pocket a liddle gabital!

Mercy (rushing into his arms). Oh, FRITZ, of course I'd rather have you if you'll give up HENRIETTA! And I'm sure Spencer won't mind. He's such a goodnatured old dear. Now, you

know you are, Spencer!

[Spencer and Henrietta stare wildly at them. Spen. (passing his hand over his brows). But—but, Mercy, you can't be— Why, you told me your father was a gentleman-farmer, and frequently went out shooting with Lord Coleshafts! Fritz. As keeber—quide drue. The rest—well, I subbose that was oal liddle Mercy's von.

Was oal fiddle MERGY'S VOI.

Henr. (faintly, from an armchair into which she has sunk).

But—at least you cannot have been a—a valet? A Von Gubler!

Mercy. Gubler I knew him as. Plain Gubler. I fancy the rest was—well, wasn't little Fritz's von. And I can't help being a little amused, you know, at your being in such a state lest I should shock his aristocratic feelings by letting out that I'd been a servant. And oh, SPENCER, when you volunteered to go and put the case to yourself as one man to another—well, there, it was very nearly the death of me!

Spen. I—I daresay it must have struck you as supremely ridicu-

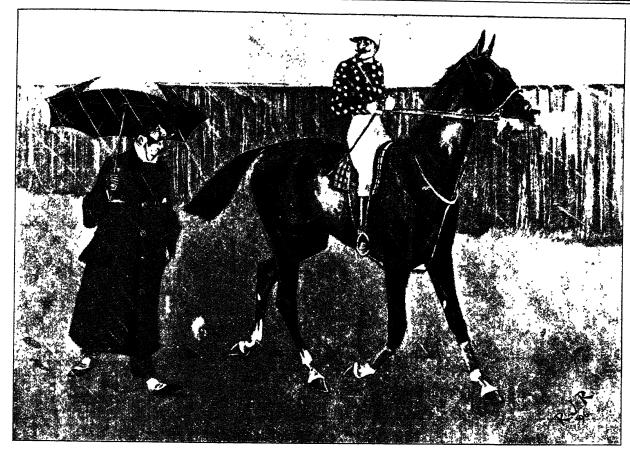
lous. However, I think I may assure you that my sister and I fully recognise now that—that— Ah, MERCY, MERCY, you

might have been frank with me!

Henr. (to Fritz). Do you suppose that if I had known—all this-I should ever have-

Mercy. Oh, it's all very well, but you weren't so particularly frank with us. I shall always think—I always must think myself—that, being both so young and inexperienced, we ought to have been told more, and not deceived into giving a promise by—well, what some would call false pretences!

Fritz (wagging his head with solemn reproach). Yes, valse bretence, that is yust the vort. We haf been imbosed upon.



## REASSURING, BUT MORTIFYING.

Aristocratic but Incompetent Amateur (anxiously). "Have you—er—backed the Horse for much?" Owner. "My dear Sir, should I have given you the Mount if I had?"

Spen.\_(turning on him). Confound you, what do you mean by that? How have you been imposed upon?

Mercy. Why, I'm sure you never said a word about your not being well-off enough to give me a house of my own, and I'd no idea till this evening that I was expected to live in a poky little place like this along with your sister and her husband—let alone that he would turn out to be FRITZ!

Fritz. And Miss VODERSBOON gif me to onderstand that her

broder was always to remain a patchelor and bay rades and I was nefer dolt he vas engaged, and to the curl I loafed, daxes.

and did not exbect efer again to see!

Spen. and Henr. (stammering). But—but—but—we never-Mercy (sweetly). There, never mind, we forgive you. I'm sure, as things have turned out, we ought to feel very much obliged, oughtn't we, Fritz? And now, if Miss Wotherspoon

obliged, oughtn't we, Fritz? And now, if Miss Wotherspoon won't think it offully rude my leaving so early, I must be running away, as I promised aunt I'd be back soon. There needn't be any ill-feeling between us, I'm sure? [She comes towards Spencer. Spen. (indistinctly). I—I shall always wish you well, my dear. Mercy. That's right. And—and I'm sure Fritz won't be jealous if I gave you just one—— (She comes closer; Spencer draws back involuntarily). Oh, well, you needn't be sulky about it! Fritz, you'll see me home to Shepherd's Bush, won't you? Fritz. Cerdainly. Gootbye, mine Hen—I mean, Miss Vodersboon. Do not veep for me. In dime you com to see it is needder we hart.

pedder we bart.

Henr. (with her hand on the bell). I think I have come to see

that already.

Mercy (cheerfully). Oh, yes, it would never have done. We should only have fought like ferrets in a bag. And now—why you two will have your cosy little house, and your old-fashioned things, and your homely housemaid, all to yourselves. Goodbye, and thanks for a most offully pleasant evening. We can let ourselves out. Come, Fritz, I daresay we can find a hansom at the corner.

[She departs, leaving Spencer sitting stupefied, his head in his hands.

Fritz (as he follows her). A hansom—yes. Or a bus.
[The front door is shut. Spencer and Henrietta remain

silent for some time.

Henr. (at length). Well, Spenoer?

Spen. (drearily). Well, Henrietta?

Henr. They were right. We—we are better as we are.

Spen. Yes, it would never have done.

[There is a knock at the door; both start violently. MARIA enters with tray.

Maria. I thought praps it was coffee you rang for, Sir. (She sees Miss W. with surprise.) I've only brought two cups in, Miss HENRIETTA. I was going to give you and the—the young lady yours in the drawing-room.

Henr. Thank you, Maria, but I will take mine here. Andand the other two cups will not be needed-now.

Maria (with comprehension). Well, Miss, I'm sure it's a load off my mind, for, as I've just been saying to cook—(she checks herself at the sight of their expressions)—that coffee-machine don't make coffee, not fit to drink, for four. (To herself, as she goes out). Pore souls, it's easy to see what's happened. I think I'd better tell cook I'd only been gammoning her!

Henr. (rising, and putting her hand on Spencer's shoulder).

SPEN, dear, are you feeling very sore about this?

Spen. I feel I've been an old fool, ETTA, my dear, and it serves me

right. [He draws her down to a seat beside him.

Henr. I've been quite as much a fool. Spen, that—that
wretch had the impertinence to tell me "not to weep for him"! Oh, I wish now I could have said something that would have stung even him. And that girl actually offered to kiss you, after-Did you notice?

Spen. Yes—I noticed. She thought I was sulky, but somehow I couldn't—— (Half to himself.) I wish now I'd——
Henr. One never thinks of the right things till afterwards, and

then it's too late.

Spen. (with a sigh). And then it's too late.
[He puts out his hand, which she takes.

Both sit gazing silently at the fire. THE END.



He. "What pretty Hair that Miss Dashwood has-like Spun Gold!" She (her rival). "YES-FOURTEEN CARROT."

#### ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

(Being some selections from the Correspondence between Mr. Rubert Roundabout, his Nephew at Cambridge, and others.)

No. XI.-OF THE UNDERGRADUATE IN LONDON-OF THE YOUNG TOWN-BIRD-OF YOUTH AND ENJOYMENT-OF A DOG AND A CAT.

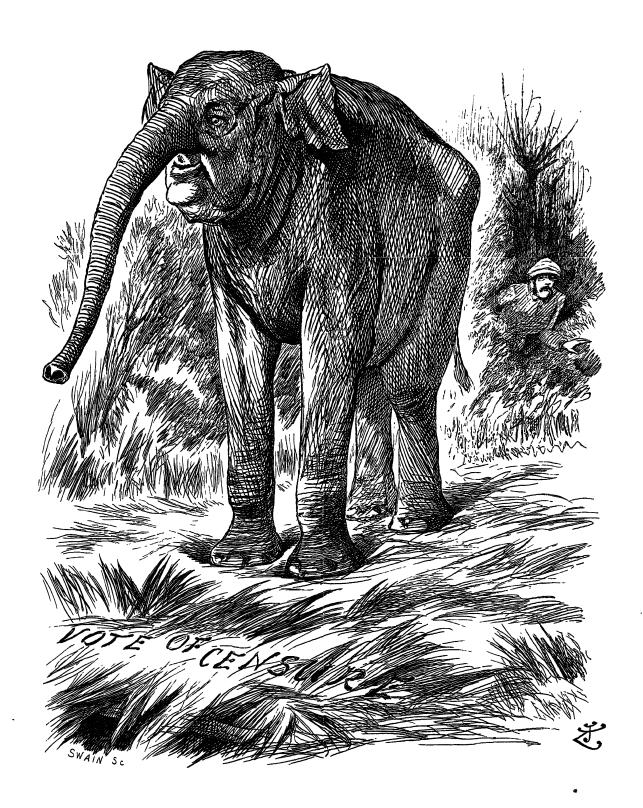
My DEAR JACK,-Lo, how the weeks slip away! Perhaps on MY DEAR JACK,—Lo, how the weeks slip away! Pernaps on the very day of your receiving this letter you will be packing your luggage, paying your bills (ahem!), and descending upon the metropolis to witness, as one who, having been behind the scenes, knows all that is to be known about these two earthshaking events, the Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports and the Boatrace from Putney to Mortlake. If you wish to make my humble rooms your headquarters for a few days before you go home and rejoice the heart of your mother, I need only tell you that you will be heartily welcome, and that a latch-key to you that you will be heartily welcome, and that a latch-key, to

you that you will be heartily welcome, and that a lauch-key, to be used, as I hope, with the modesty and discretion that are the most charming qualities of youth, is at your disposal.

Even if I kept no count of the changing seasons by any other method, I should know the advent of the University Vacation by the appearance of our London streets. At every step you meet the slipe and servings forward of the undergraduates their fresh the appearance of our London streets. At every step you meet the slim and springy figures of the undergraduates, their fresh and cheerful faces somewhat overcast, it must be admitted, by the dread responsibility attaching to frock-coats, patent-leather boots and neckties, that in their ample magnificence leave but little to the imagination. Two of them, it may be, while walk-ing irreproachably down St. James's Street, and reciting to one ing irreproachably down St. James's Street, and reciting to one another the awe-inspiring names of the various clubs they pass, see a friend advancing to meet them. They saw him last at Cambridge two days before, when they parted from him at the end of a Term spent in his society. What does that matter? The three greet one another with a surprised enthusiasm that might be the result of years of separation. There are slappings on the back, hearty welcomings immediate offers of significant might be the result of years of separation. There are slappings on the back, hearty welcomings, immediate offers of cigarettes: "Why, old man, fancy meeting you here! What have you been doing all this time? When did you come down? Where are you off to? Are you doing anything to-night? Capital! Let's dine together and go to a play." And so they hook arminarm and away they go together as if the whole world with all its hopes and pleasures were theirs. The town-bird, even when recently fledged, is of a different order. Heaven forgive him,

he has been through everything and seen through everybody; for him everything is vieux jeu; he sees no more in life than Sir CHARLES COLDSTREAM (I think it was he) saw in the crater of Vesuvius, and he passes on his way, a parched and pleasureless being, to whom the world is as flat as the late Mr. Hampden always maintained it to be. Even amongst undergraduates, I believe, this pattern has its imitators, who ape the man of the world, attempt to disguise themselves in a mask of cynicism, and put away from them forcibly all the joy and freshness and heartiness of youth. These are the youngsters—their numbers, I am thankful to say, are few, but should be fewer—who haunt the pleasure-palaces of London even in Term-time, whose highest ambition is to be mentioned in print as the associates of Lais are Physical and who find whom the unpelleding years have ambition is to be mentioned in print as the associates of Lais or Phryne, and who find, when the unrelenting years have stranded them on the barren shore of middle age, that they have never been young or enjoyed themselves with a genuine enjoyment. Of these are not you. No, my dear Jack, enjoy yourself while you can, and don't be afraid of showing your feelings. It is a great thing to have friends, to hear their welcome as you greet them, to get all the good you can out of this delightful world and all that it contains of fresh, manly, honest pleasure while the fresh capacity for pleasure is still yours. vours.

You say nothing in your letter about the agreeable Tatters. Am I to make provision for that talented terrier, or shall you send him home straight? I ask because, as you know, a large and friendly tabby cat in reality owns this house and all that it ontains, though it does not disdain to be spoken of as the property of the landlady. Selina will have to be consulted on the subject of Tatters' arrival, and it is probable that a temporary senturing will have to be arranged so that there may be rary sanctuary will have to be arranged so that there may be no collisions on the staircase or in the passages. Unlike Tatters, Selina has no tricks. She is a model of furry dignity, with an



THE ELEPHANT TRAP.



## THE FIRST ASPARAGUS OF THE SEASON.

Farmer (at Market Dinner). "Wull, Gen'elmen, I dunno wot be the c'rect way o' servin' these 'ere, but I gen'elly eats just the Ends of 'em myself!" [Helps himself to the tops!

## "ALONE IN LONDON."

Do calls of duty, pleasure, fate, Explain the situation? Or has she accepted—somewhat late— J. Thomson's invitation?' I know not. Knowledge, after all, My woe might only crown For all my pains—the fact remains, AMANDA's out of town!

Though Fashion is a tyrant Queen, Her rule I'm now evading-I am not even to be seen On Sundays church-parading! South Kensington may rail at me, At me Belgravia frown, No more I rush to ball and crush-Amanda's out of town!

At social functions I have ceased To form a pleasing feature, For quite a fortnight at the least I've scarcely seen a creature-Except one day (we met by chance) With May (I mean Miss) Brown I'd just a chat-no more than that-AMANDA's out of town!

Far lonelier seems my lonely room Than ever I remember, For me the sky has all the gloom Of London in November. The sun shines rarelier than it used, The rain beats steadier down, The streets appear more dull and drear-AMANDA's out of town!

Even the theatres for a while For me have lost their magic, In funny plays there's ne'er a smile, And scarce a tear in tragic. A novel seems more hard to read, Black care more hard to drown, The old club-bore to haunt me more-Amanda's out of town!

Yet, happy thought! A maiden's bow To bear two strings is reckoned— Why not a man's, I'd like to know? By Jove! I'll start a second! This very afternoon I'll go And call on Mrs. Brown, And while (with May) an hour away— Amanda's out of town!

\* "Come, dear Amanda, quit the town," &c.,an invitation given a Spring or two ago.

#### Organic Appreciation.

Mrs. Bountiful (after hearing the new organ at the village church). What I most admire, Mr. SIMPLEX, are the wonderfully human tones of the Nux Vomica stop!

NOTE BY DARBY JONES .- "It is the first time in my long experience that I ever heard of a HAWKE protecting pigeons. In some illogical but ornithological way the gentleman in question reminds me of a cuckoo collecting subscriptions for the preservation of the nests of sparrows."

#### THE NEW CHIVALRY.

["It is natural that women should admire figurers. Naturally they think more of a man who can fight than of any other man."—John L. Sullivan on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight.]

O, woman! in our hours of ease. Uncertain, coy," and—all the rest of it, When man is on his second's knees, Tis then your presence makes the best

of it. Once wont to watch in battle's rear, Now in fight's brawling, brutal, bully van

You stand and shout, despising fear-So says the dithyrambic Sullivan. CLARE sat and gazed o'er Flodden's fight

At a remote, respectful distance. Mrs. Fitzsimmons keeps in sight, And renders practical assistance.

ELIZA, on the wood-crowned hill

O'er Linden, watched wild war's vicissi-

tude,
But Mrs. I'., at the great "mill,"
"Conducts herself with great solicitude." Oh, sweet romance of the ring-side! A pugilist must feel complacent,

What time his Amazonian bride With good advice is "close adjacent." How that Pug's buzzum must rejoice Who, true to chivalry's high law alone,

Hears his wife's winning, warning voice, "Keep at his ribs, and leave his jaw alone!!!"

At the old lists the ladies' eyes-So bards who hymn the tourney's shocks

"Rained influence and adjudged the prize." How different in modern boxing! 'Tis now the lady's voice that rains Pithy advice in free vernacular, Urges the blow, the rush restrains, At once inspiring and oracular. Fancy Queen GUINEVERE of old,

When LANCELOT levelled for a casque-hit, Out-shouting to her champion bold, "Give him the lance in the bread-basket!"

"A pugilist at ARTHUR'S Court' Would give Mark Twain, who never spareth,

A chance to show a Yankee "sport," Knocking out LANCELOT and GARETH.

A woman loves a fighter best; ELAINE would now back Bob Fitz-SIMMONS;

King Arthur's self, put to our test, Would never pass our standardwomen's.

The Pug is now the Blameless King Who wins the modern woman's benison; And it is "Idylls of the Ring"

Must give his theme to our next

#### GOLD IN LIVERPOOL.

TENNYSON.

female.

THE following is gleaned from the columns of the Liverpool Daily Post:— OST, Gold-headed Lady's UMBRELLA, between L. and Y. Station and Sandheys Avenue, Waterloo.—Return to, &c. Suitable reward. A "suitable reward" is all very well. But A "suitable reward" is all very well. But what reward can be suitable, in the sense of being adequate, for the honest man or woman who, having happed upon the umbrella of a gold-headed lady, returns the treasure to its owner? Miss Kilmansegy's leg wasn't in it with this strangely-gifted

#### A Great Relief on Boat-race Day.

Little Chris (pointing to a horse with red rosettes). O, Daddy! here's a poor geegee what wasn't at one of the blue schools!



# SENDING-IN-DAY AT THE R. A.

"BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO SEE THE PRESIDENT. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE HIM FOR ?" "I WANT TO SHOW HIM EXACTLY WHERE I WANT MY PICTURE HUNG.

#### THE EASTER PROBLEM.

Mater. Well, dear, I suppose we must try the coast.

Pater. But wouldn't it be rather dangerous—with the equinoctial gales—for the children?

Mater. Yes, 1 suppose it would. Well, then we might go inland—to some sheltered spot.

Pater. Better; but then the country is so dull at this season of the year.

Mater. Yes, so it is. Well, I suppose it would be too expensive to go abroad?

Pater. What, all of us! Of course it would!

Mater. On my word, I can think of nothing else.

Pater. Well, my love, while you are making up your mind I will pop across the Channel and consider the matter in Paris.

[And he does!

# NOT FOR AN AGE.

(From a Dramatic Romance à la P-n-ro.)

"I AM so glad to see you," cried the young girl, as the man with the brown hair

tinged with grey approached her.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, and there was sorrow in his voice. "What is there in common between us?"

"Everything," was the brief but com-

prehensive reply.
"You are mistaken," he continued, with a heartfelt sob; "indeed you are. I tell you that the past stands between us. I am an outcast. My friends that I have not seen for many months are no more. I am alone. The years that are gone have carried away the dreams of youth and

have carried away the dreams of youth and the realities of middle age."

"You surely take a pessimistic view of the situation."

"Indeed, I do not!" he urged mournfully. "What would I not give for my past youth! If I were three years younger there might be some hope. But no, I am too old! The wings of the elderly butterfly are withered, and he no longer can flutter from flower to flower." flutter from flower to flower."

"I do not believe it; I cannot believe it." "But I tell you it is true. I have seen half-a-dozen pantomimes, and can remember the opera for as many seasons. I am out of date. Bond Street has forgotten me, and I scarcely know my way down Piccadilly."

"It is never too late to mend," said the

beautiful girl, encouragingly.

"Your suggestion comes from a half-forgotten copy-book. No, no, it can never forgotten copy-book. No, no, it can never be. All my companions are gone. I will follow their example. I, too, will away to some desert island, where the aged can meet their peers. I live in the past. I have no power of existing in the future." "This is cruel," cried the girl, sobbing bitterly. "Can you not see that I am dying for your proposal, that I am ready to become your wife?" "Believe me, such a thing might have happened five years ago. But now it is too late."

too late."
"Nothing is too late—except perhaps a play in five acts, which commences at a quarter to eight, and ends at about half-past eleven!" Then, summoning up courage, she asked the momentous question, "How old are you?"

He trembled in every limb. Then he breed himself up to go through the tow

braced himself up to go through the ter-

rible ordeal.

"You should know—for I must disillusion you—that I am a fossil of thirty!"

"It is wiser as it is," she returned, after a pause. "Perhaps May had better not mate with Early September."

And so they parted, and lived on happily

for ever afterwards!

# Up to Now.

(After reading the denunciations of Arbitration at the Capetown Meeting, and the Amendments made to the Arbitration Treaty in the American Senate.)

Arbitrate? Yes, about indifferent trifles, Not so important as to warrant war; But stick to the old arbiters, swords and rifles, About all things that are.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—While London is concerned over the water question, Dublin is agitated on the matter of whiskey. Might not the two be amicably mingled in the good oldfashioned way?

THE BEST "FINANCIAL RELATIONS."—Our "Uncles."

#### RECIPROCITY.

Dear Mr. Punch,—No doubt you have observed that the Chancellor of the Diocese of London has decided that Governor Bradford's story of the Pilgrim Fathers shall be handed over to the Ambassador of the United States. Very right and proper, and possibly other records of historical interest to our relatives across the Atlantic might be added to the log of the Mauftower, with the best results. For instance, could not that bill for Shakspeare's bed be recovered and transmitted? If it were receipted (there is a certain virtue in the "if") it is sure to have been preserved somewhere. Then Hampben's ticket for America, which was never used, might be discovered and forwarded with the rest. Perhaps it would be too much to send the original of Magna Charta, but there is (if I am not mistaken) a capital duplicate at Salisbury, which might be brightened up a bit and posted to Boston. There were claims, too, against the British Government, at the commencement of the present century, for compensation for losses incurred during the War of Independence, by the Mandamus Councillors of the King. Maybe, if these were duly forwarded to Washington, they would be honoured in a fashion beneficial to the descendants of those misguided Loyalists who preferred George the Farmer to George of the Stars and Stripes. Such a gift would be something of a set-off to the Alabama Claims that were so promptly honoured in this country. Lastly (if it has not already gone), could we not send out the kind heart of the great British nation? This would be following a precedent set by Sir Henry Irving.

All I would suggest in return for these simple gifts is a present

of a fraternal good will, an article which, wherever it may exist, is certainly not to be found in the American Senate.

JONATHAN'S COUSIN IN ENGLAND. I remain,

A PROPOS DE BOTTES.—At a meeting of "the forward movement" of the Women's Vegetarian Association, it was said that vegetarian boots would shortly be on sale. Of course these feet coverings will be grown on boot-trees.



### MAKING HISTORY.

Young Squire. "AND WHAT, JOHN, DO YOU INTEND DOING TO COMMEMORATE HEE MAJESTY'S GLORIOUS REIGN?"

The "Oldest." "OH, I SHALL TRY TO KEEP SOBER A WEEK!"

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

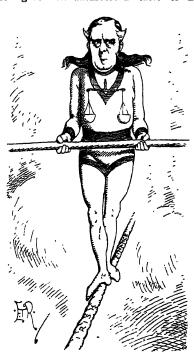
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, March 30, 2 A.M.—Members just streamed forth from like the month the sitting, coming in like a lamb, went out like a lion. Ireland to begin with, Ireland for once almost hysterically unanimous. Report of Royal Commission on Financial Relations appears to promise opportunity of getting an extra million or so per annum out of the imperial exchequer. In such a cause what Irishmen would not be friends? As the Lord Mayor of Dublin—who, dressed all in his best, presented at bar a petition in favour of readjustment of financial relations of the two countries—beautifully said, "Let us, me boys, bury the hatchet of private animosity in the bosom of the public purse."

BLAKE presented Ireland's case in monumental speech. A sort of Whitaker's Almanack-cum-Burdett's Official Intelligence. Crammed with facts and figures; the long procession ably marshalled; the argument forcefully hammered home in lucent language, occasionally ennobled by simple eloquence. When he sat down simple eloquence. simple eloquence. When he sat down there really didn't seem anything left for anyone else to say, unless it were the monosyllabled "No" by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. That would never do in House of Commons, especially in debate on Irish subject. So more speeches followed ell of length commonsurate with lowed, all of length commensurate with

Midnight mercifully intervened; Members instinctively turned their thoughts homeward. but not their steps. Report of Supply next order. This free from domination of Twelve o'Clock Rule; debate may go on as long as there are forty Members awake to keep it going. Philip Stanhope,

the PHILIPPE EGALITE of a milder century, flung on dying embers of sitting a flask of oil fresh from Crete. Instantly they blazed up, filling the erewhile sleepy chamber with ARTHUR, seething with righteous wrall, protested against "fragmentary, inconclusive and unsatisfactory debates" upon a delicate and difficult question. John Dil-LON gave new Members a taste of his



Rope-walking extraordinary by Sir E. Cl-rke.

quality in coercion days. George Curzon ran amuck at gentlemen below Gangway opposite. Tim Healy long resisted temptation to associate himself with anything partaking of the character of a free fight. At end of hour and half was dragged in, and soon made up for lost time.

A lively skirmish presaging the pitched battle that can't be long deferred.

Business done.-Mixture of Ireland and Crete; taken hot.

Tuesday night.—General disposition to regard as exaggerated the note in an eminent Frenchman's diary of his visit to an English country house. "It's a fine morning," he represents his host as saying;

let's go out and kill something."

The libel finds some support in episode in connection with occupation of Crete. After taking part in bombardment of blockhouse at Malaxa Admiral Harris felt irresistible impulse to go and kill something. Turks forbidden; insurgents for the moment quiet; someone suggested snipe. So quiet; someone suggested supe. whilst Europe trembles on brink of war, all its capitals throbbing with excitement, the British Admiral goes a snipe-shooting. Would never have heard of expedition only for fact that insurgents, not to be out-done in activity, tried to pot the Admiral on returning to his ship, a circumstance which to the true sportsman lends addition il charm to snipe shooting in Crete.

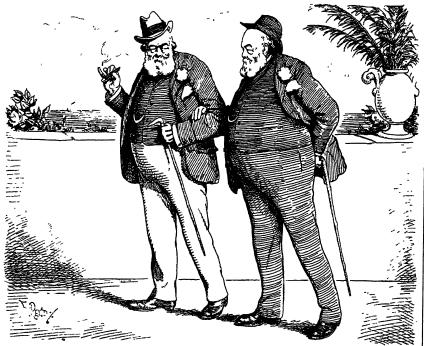
Question about it in House to-night.

TIM HEALY puts another, which, as usual with him, goes straight to the point. "Will the Admiral in future," he asks, "confine himself to snipe shooting?" GEORGE CURzon, not having had even private notice of question, does not feel bound to answer it. House chuckled with delight at this prospect of settlement. Suppose Admirals of united fleets all go a snipe-shooting, leav-ing the Cretans to settle their private long-

standing account with the Turks?

Debate on financial relations of England and Ireland resumed. Debate perhaps not proper name for process. It is the reading or reciting of long essays. EDWARD CLARKE, not to be quite outdone by a gentleman from Canada, spoke for an hour and three quarters against BLAKE's two hours and ten minutes. A pretty spectacle, though the performance a little prolonged. BLONDIN in his prime never so neat in execution as EDWARD CLARKE practising on the tight-rope of Home Rule, and bowed acknowledgment of applause

Challenged for supporters, over three score Liberals rose. Leave accordingly given. Swift MACNEILL submitted his case, bringing guilt home to door of the doubly-absent Minister. Never in Parliamentary history was speech so effective. It literally paralysed the audience. No one with assistance of a pole weighted at one rose either to further indict or to attempt end with "Justice to Ireland," at the extenuation. Nothing to be done but to other with "Unity of the Empire." So put the question, and, motion for adjourn-well done that when he lightly leaped down ment negatived, House proceeded to ordered business.



The Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs take an (un-)" Constitutional" together in the South of France!

no one quite knew what was his exact position with respect to Amendment before House. Business done.—More union among Irish Members. New reading of old saying: "Union is Cash."

Thursday. — Swift MacNeill strode down to House to-day full of fell purpose. In spite of occasionally terrifying attitude and thunderous voice, he is one of the gentlest-hearted men in the world. Wouldn't hurt a fly, even if its Saxon birth stared through its lucent eyes and gentlest-hearted men in the betrayed itself in the movement of its tremulous legs. But there are things which pass the limits of fabulous forbear-The MARKISS's absence from the United Kingdom just now is one such. If he were merely the Premier, 'twere bad. If he were solely Foreign Secretary, 'twere regrettable. He is both, a Ministerial amalgam, the component parts forming most indispensable element in Cabinet.

That he should be making holiday on the Riviera whilst the dogs of war are baying round Crete is the unpardonable sin. SWIFT MACNEILL will, at whatever cost to private feelings, perform a public duty. So, questions over, he rose, asked leave to move adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent public importance the absence from the United Kingdom of the PRIME MINISTER and FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Painful later to observe surprise on faces of crowd of Liberal Members who had supported demand for leave to move adjournment. Standing Order requires that Members approving shall rise to their feet. Being on their legs in token of their burning desire to hear SWIFT MACNEILL'S speech, Members walked out, coming back after brief interval, surprised to find all

Business done. — The Markiss narrowly

escapes being sent to the Tower.

Friday.—PRINCE ARTHUR entering just now, glanced eagerly at Front Opposition Bench, scanning it in vain for towering form of its Captain. Squire of Malwood, careful for a life dear to us all, wisely keeps to his room this bleak April day. PRINCE ARTHUR urgently wants to know how about that Vote of Censure? Nothing would please him better than to have the glove dashed down. Signs on the horizon of restlessness among his own men at news of British ships taking active part in league with fleet coercing Greeks and firing on Cretans. A Vote of Censure would close up their ranks, strengthening

at home and abroad position of Ministry

by overwhelming majority.
"Will you walk into my parlour?" says

"Is it your pleasure that leave be given?" asked the Speaker.
"No." cried the guilty Ministerialists.
"Yes," roared a full-throated Opposiesteemed Leader, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE endeavoured to raise debate on Crete. Didn't raise it much.

## THE MILITIA OFFICER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What advantage do you derive from your commission as a commander in "the old constitutional force?"

Answer. The satisfaction of feeling that I am doing my best to secure my country from invasion.

Q. Is that sentiment universally influential?

A. No; for the militia is sadly in need of officers. The roll is no less than 700 short of the authorised establishment.

Q. Leaving out of the question your conscience, do you obtain other satisfaction?

A. Scarcely; unless it be satisfactory to

be sneered at by the regulars and jeered at by the volunteers.

Q. Are there not social advantages attaching to the commission of a Militiaman?

A. Undoubtedly. It is a qualification for membership to the Senior Service Clubs, but as the elder sons go into the reserve, and the younger brothers to the active battalions, the former are eligible for institutions of equal distinction.

Q. You can put your rank on your cards? A. A questionable advantage, as the grade should be accompanied, to avoid ridicule, with the number of a militia battalion—a reference suggestive of amateur soldiering.

Q. Is the training of the militia, then,

W. Is the training of the minute, when, mere child's play?

A. Certainly not; as a battalion manages to get through more genuine hard work in twenty-seven days than the regularity manages are accounted to the control of the control lars do in a quarter, or even six months.

Q. Is this fact recognised by the public and the Government?

A. The public know nothing about it, and the Government accept it officially, and then ignore it.

Q. Does not a commanding officer take a pride in the efficiency of his militia regiment?

A. If he does, he is still haunted with the knowledge that at the first talk of war about half of his men will be drafted into the active battalion, and their places supplied by raw recruits.

Q. But surely he should be pleased to think that the militia is the nursery of the

regular army?

A. He might regard the reflection with satisfaction if he obtained the slightest recognition of his patriotic unselfishness

Q. Speaking as a patriot, how would you fill the vacancies in the commissioned ranks of the militia?

A. By causing all subalterns to pass from "the old constitutional force" into the regulars, and sending back seasoned warriors into the battalions first associated with their names in the Army List.

Q. Have you any reason for believing that this scheme is the best possible?

A. Yes; as it has already been received with general approval by a body of experts meeting recently at the Royal United Service Institution.

Q. Is such a gathering as that to which you refer to be relied on for sound sense?

A. Unquestionably; when its members are permitted to speak their minds without PRINCE ARTHUR to the SQUIRE. regard to the opinions officially for "Perhaps," says the wary SQUIRE. "By- in Pall Mall or at the Admiralty. regard to the opinions officially formulated



TIME DOES SEEM SO LONG WHEN YOU'RE WAIT-ING FOR YOUR WIFE, WHO IS SHOPPING,

THAT SOMETHING OF THE ABOVE OUGHT REALLY TO BE STARTED FOR THE POOR HUSBANDS.

## MY TEN-ACT COMEDY.

I HAD written a comedy. In my opinion I HAD written a comedy. In my opinion it was bright and sparkling. I am a very unprejudiced person, especially where my own work is concerned. I had sent the manuscript to a well-known London manager, feeling pretty confident that it would be accepted without much hesitation. Imagine then my surprise and an any open when the play complete the play of t noyance, when the play came back with a polite intimation that it was not thought suitable for the Piccadilly Theatre.
"There must be some mistake," said I to

myself. So I drove to the theatre. I sent my card in to Mr. JOHN ASHBURNHAM, the manager, and in less than five minutes was ushered into that gentleman's comfortable

little sanctum.

"I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mr. Willis," he said; "but, if I remember rightly, you have

"but, if I remember rightly, you have written a play."
"It is about that play that I have come to see you," I said.
"I guessed as much," replied Mr. Ashburnham. "I always make a point of seeing authors when they call upon me—especially unknown authors," he added, with that peculiarly sweet smile which has really made his fortune on the stage. "And at present you are an unknown author, are you not?"

you not?"

"I am," I answered, with quiet dignity.

"The comedy which I submitted to you a
fortnight ago is my first dramatic work."

By this time we had settled down into
two comfortable chairs, and I thought it
better to bring him to the point.

"My comedy has been sent back to me
this morning." I remarked. "By mistake,
I presume?"

"Oh! no," he answered, gently; "not
by mistake."

I looked at him in amazement. "Do
you mean to tell me," said I, "that it is
rejected?"

"'Returned' is a softer word," he murmured.

mured.

I felt, of course, intensely indignant, but I managed to control my feelings.
"You owe me an explanation," I said,

very quietly.

"You shall have one," replied Mr. AshBURNHAM. "Your comedy is in ten acts."
I saw what he meant. I had not written enough.

good for business. At the end of the fifth 

He smiled. "Your second act again is talk—all talk."
"You are hypercritical," said I. "Does not the servant in the second act bring on a box of toy bricks to amuse Algernon and his friends? Grown men playing with toy bricks after dinner! Was there ever such a delightful incident!"

"The public would never stand it," said the manager, wearily. "The pit and

the manager, wearily. "The pit and gallery would simply howl."

"And then," he added, "you introduce a long solo on the bassoon in the middle of the third act. Why, that would stop all the action of the piece."

"You are wrong," I exclaimed; "quite wrong. At that point as you request.

wrong. At that point, as you yourself must admit, the action of the piece has not yet commenced. The action cannot

possibly be interrupted when it has not begun."

"There is some truth in what you say," answered Mr. Ashburnham. "Still, if you must have a bassoon solo, I should have

must nave a bassoon solo, I should have preferred it between the acts."

"But you have not noticed my brilliant satire, and my sardonic humour," I urged.

"That is true," said the manager; "I have not. However, I have noticed that you introduce fifty-four speaking characters into your play——"

ters into your play——"

"All good parts," I cried. "You must allow that."

"And it contains just plot enough for a one-act farce," he added, without noticing

my interruption.

"Such an opportunity for costumes, isn't it?" said I.

"Yes; in that respect, I admit, the play is distinctly clever."

"I really think you had better accept it." I suggested.

"I suggested.

it," I suggested.
"Not in its present form," said the manager. "You still have something to learn about the art of dramatic construction."

I demurred.

"Nay, but you have indeed," and he smiled again that fascinating smile. "Take Mr. Pinero as your model. He is a past-"I could make it fifteen, if you wished,"

Mr. Pinero as your model. He is a past—

Dibler. Wel

master in the art of construction. Buy a

divided betwee

copy of The Magistrate, and study that.

Above all things, let your play have a plot. The audience generally feel more interest in a play when it has a plot. Avoid mere talk."

I was nearly heartbroken, and it was with difficulty that I could repress my

emotion.
"Must I cut out my brilliant satire," I asked, with a choking sob, "and my sardonic humour?"

"Only beginners attempt that kind of thing," said Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "Make PINERO your model. Master his Magistrate. Mould yourself upon his methods, and then, depend upon it, you will never write a dull play."

I am going to take Mr. Ashburnham's advice. I have put my ten-act comedy into the fire; I have bought a copy of The Magistrate; and now I am going to imitate Mr. PINERO to the very best of my ability. And what is more, I intend to go next week to the St. James's Theatre, and see his latest piece, *The Princess and the Butterfly*. I hope to learn a great deal Butterfly.from that.

#### AN EXPLANATION.

Tell me not, sweet, I am untrue, Or fickle is my roving fancy,
If sometimes I have sung of "you," Sometimes of PHYLLIS or of NANCY!

And if sometimes my pen has ranged To celebrate Amanda's praises, Tell those who'd say my heart has changed, Colloquially, to "go to blazes!"

Or bid them (if you like) begone To Jericho or far Uganda-Only believe the intent is one In Nancy, Phyllis, and Amanda.

Sweet lady mine, they're all the same-Who else than you to me were sweeter?-

The change is only in the name, Sometimes required by rhyme or metre!

#### Sol Near and yet so Far.

Dibbler (to Nibbler). Going away for change of air at Easter?
Nibbler. Yes. I think I shall try Epping

Forest or Hampstead Heath.

Dibbler. Well, me and my mate is divided between Eel Pie Island and the



Master Curzon. Got to stop in the Office while Master's abroad taking his Easter Holiday, have I? Rather fancy myself in Master's toggery! Quite the Prime Minister!"

[Rt. Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary, is on duty at the Foreign Office during absence of the Prime Minister.]



# MARKET-DAY HUMOURS.

Local Humourist (pointing to hoary veteran). "I ZAY, MISTER AUCTIONEER, DO THIC SIGNIFY TH' AGE O' THAT PEG?"

# THE TWO "N'S."

Scene-The Shades. Great English Admiral and great French General discovered in conversation.

Admiral (after glancing at a newspaper). Really most gratifying. In spite of what they said in the House of Commons, I am very pleased to find that I was represented as a model of virtue at the Avenue.

General. By Mr. Forbes Robertson? Yes, certainly.

Admiral. And they treated me fairly well at the Olympic, too. I came down all the way to Deal to be embraced by the france of a common sailor; conducted a courtmartial, acting as witness, prosecutor, counsel for the defence, and ultimately as judge; and finally, to comply with tradition, desired when dying to be kissed by a gentleman whose name was apparently ARDY, without the aspirate. Altogether a

YARDY, without the aspirate. Altogether a very pleasant evening.

General (gloomily). Ah! you have been lucky always, but I have ever been unfortunate—in England. At Astley's—once popularly known as "Hashley's"—I used to share a horse with Wellington—which was ridiculous! And then there was the late Mr. Jackson. He was clever: he was was ridiculous! And then there was the late Mr. Jackson. He was clever; he was well made up. But did he suggest my glory? Did he present me as a conqueror? No; he only showed me taking snuff!

Admiral. Well, on my word! Talk of ingratitude! Well, I never!

gratitude! well, I hevel!

General. I do not comprehend.

Admiral. Why, man alive! Say that you are not appreciated! Why, have you seen the programme at the Lyceum?

General. No. Since I was—what is your The history of civilization in nuce. expression?—taken round the halls, I have Aha! It is perfectly clear, I suppose,

lost all sympathy with the drama. And am I really to be seen in Wellington Street? Admiral. I should rather think you were! Why, HENRY IRVING appears for you every evening.

General (greatly relieved and delighted). Henry Irving! My character could not be in better hands!

[Congratulations become mulual as the Shades fade away.

# SCENTS VERSUS SENSE.

[Dr. I. Robinson, in Blackwood's, deduces the development of man's intellectual faculties from the restricted sense of smell in his primeval

Dr. Robinson says that mankind has done

Ever since it "restricted" its "fine sense of smell."

Our reasoning powers are based on the fact That "olfactory shortcomings" led us to

Upon ocular evidence rather than nasal These subtle deductions the intellect dazzle.

When man was arboreal, and lived "up a tree."

He found it less useful to scent than to see. And when he descended and dwelt in a hut, His optics grew wide, though his nostrils got shut.

When men could depend, not on noses, but

From hunters they soon became civilised

And there, if you understand Robinson,

Man was savage and silly whilst "led by the nose."

It was this maxim made him so wise and so strong:

"If you follow your nose you are sure to go-wrong!"

# THE VERSATILITY OF MODERN ART.

Editor of Illustrated Journal (to aspirant for position as Special Artist and Correspondent). I understand that you

have a world-wide experience?

Aspirant. You may bet on that. At the present moment I'm doing Crete, the Venezuela Commission, the Greek Frontier, the Centenary of the first German Emperor, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, and the Brigade Steeplechases,—all sketches

signed. I can also—

Editor (warmly). Say no more, my dear
Sir, consider yourself engaged. Would
you kindly commence on the Indian you kindly commence on the musa Famine, and Kruger dismissing his grand-

"Water, Water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the new Thames Steamboats, or rather the old Thames Steamboats, re-painted, are to be "run on temperance principles." Never "run on temperance principles." Never having been on a Thames Steamboat which could by any stretch of imagination be said to run, I should be very much obliged if you could determine whether the "running on temperance principles" means the adoption of some fresh and powerful hydraulic method of propulsion? Yours curiously,

Wilfrid Nieblechick.

Waterbutt House Peckham.

Waterbutt House, Peckham.



"DADDY, AS YOU'VE GOT TO GET A NEW MUZZLE FOR CASAR, HADN'T WE BETTER KEEP HIS OLD ONE TILL TINY GROWS UP?

#### AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER, -In face the dragon at the entry of the City that dragon of pantomime to make to die of to laugh—finds himself an all other monument, an edifice of the most lugubrious, the Palace of Justice. The façade is one can not more gothic and severe, and the tower is suchly heavy and menacing that one forgets almost the gaiety of the dragon at the middle of the street. The Conciergerie at Paris is of the same style, equally sombre, but she was anciently a prison. Our Palace of Justice to us is not as the yours. Nor the one nor the other is as great as the Palace of Justice at Brussels. "Savez-vous," as say the brave Belgers, they can to vaunt themselves là-bas, there low, of an edifice of the most enormous. Savez-vous, he takes a cake, as say the English. But, savez-vous, he has cost to them almost as much as their State of the Congo!

A mister of my acquaintance has told me that, at place of to mount to the public galleries in your Palace of Justice, a man in hat high of form can to pass the agents of police at the door

if he marches all right, tout droit, and that he has the air very occupied and very pressed. I do as that one certain morning, and I arrive without difficulty to the Hall of Lost Steps.

There is not there anyone! Quelle salle énorme, absolument déserte! Salle des Pas Perdus? Its ne sont pas perdus, il n'y a pas de pas, perdus ou non pas perdus. In fine I perceive, at the end of the immense hall, one sole man, evidently a commissioner. Quel édifice, grand comme une cathédrale, nour missioner. Quel édifice, grand comme une cathédrale, pour abriter un seul commissionnaire! He is probably one of the Commissioners of the National Debt. I have heard to speak of them. The hall has cost too much dear, and he is that which one calls "the man of possession" who represents the creditors

Then at side I perceive, on a species of etiquette, the names of several courts. It is at the entry of a tunnel. My friend has counselled me of to advance without to hesitate. Therefore I enter immediately in the tunnel. For the moment I believe myself in the Railway under Ground. However, at the end of

an instant I perceive the feeble glimmer of a beak of gas, and, tatonnant in the obscurity, I encounter all suddenly the wall in face, actually at the end of the nose. Then searching still I find that I can to advance at side, and, marching thus with some

find that I can to advance at side, and, marching thus with some infinite precautions, I hear the noise of a fall.

I arrest myself. The moment of after something rolls at my feet. I search my carry-matches, and lighting a match while the object lifts himself I see a fat mister, tout ensouffle, who is fallen in descending a spiral staircase of whom I perceive the first marches. If I were not actually in the Palace of Justice of the free England, country of the "Habeas Corpus Bill," I should believe myself in an oublitte of a middle-aged castle. At the least I am arrived by error in the caves in the subterrangens believe myself in an oubliette of a middle-aged castle. At the least I am arrived by error in the caves, in the subterraneans, of the Palace. But no! The fat mister, having refound his hat and his umbrella, at the aid of some ones of my matches, explicates to me that all the staircases are as that. And suspecting probably that I am stranger, he counsels me of not to essay an ascension so dangerous. Then he disappears in the obscurity.

Que faire? I must to essay it. Lighting still some matches I mount the staircase very slowly and very carefully, and in fine I arrive at the summit where finds herself an all little window, a veritable "loop-hole." For the first time I can to admire the matches of my country! Mon Dieu! Il faut se servir d'allumettes françaises pour monter l'escalier du Palais de Justice de l'Angleterre!

Justice de l'Angleterre!

Eh well, I arrive in a narrow corridor, also very sombre, but I can to see a small little, un petit peu. I find there much of world, entering and coming out of the doors all the long of the corridor. Me I go to enter. I push one of the doors, who shuts herself behind me. I find myself in complete obscurity, surrounded of a curtain. Not only that, but someone, perhaps a second of the corridor of the good of the corridor. essaying of to go out, attacks me from the other side of the curtain, marches on my feet, hits me on the chest, and smashes curtain, marches on my feet, hits me on the chest, and smashes my hat. In this terrible moment another invisible assailant crushes me in opening the door. Enveloped of the curtain, incapable of to defend myself, suffocated, smashed, I push a cry of anguish, and I lance a good blow of foot in before. Quel Palais de Justice! Un veritable coupe-gorge! Un guet-apens du moyen âge! On se croirait dans les cachots de l'ancienne Venise! But I will die in hero! I will combat until the death! I essay of to disengage myself the arms, for better to defend myself, and I cry at high voice, "Au secours!" From the other side of the curtain a voice responds "Silence!" and I hear some murmurs. By blue! Are they then some savages, who will

nurmurs. By blue! Are they then some savages, who will leave me to perish as that? The curtain covers me the mouth, I respire at pain, and, making all my efforts, I push violently in arrear, en arrière. The door yields suddenly, and I fall outside in the arms of a commissioner.

side in the arms of a commissioner.

Unuseful to demand help, unuseful to explicate to him all the affair, unuseful of anything to say! In vain I demand the arrestation of my assailants, in vain I proclaim myself a citizen of the French Republic! He says me only, "Are you a witness?" "No," I respond to him furious, "I see not anything. Enveloped of a curtain, it would be impossible. I demand——"
"Thennoutchougo," interrupts he, and I am forced of to go myself of it by the corridor, by the staircase so dangerous, and by the tunnel to the Hall of Lost Steps, and in fine to the street.

As that, Mister Punch, I see but very little of your Palace of

As that, Mister Punch, I see but very little of your Palace of stice. But I shall go perhaps one other time, accompanied of an English friend, grand amateur de la boxe, who would could to defend me. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

#### Little Eloff.

WHEN little Eloff, full of spite and spleen, Presumes to splutter at our gracious QUEEN, The world replies with universal scoff And Echo answers little Eloff—Off!!!

#### A Question of Headgear.

Mrs. Giniper (to Mrs. Rumbold, at the "Cat and Candlestick"). Wot's the matter, Maria? You look as 'ow you'd bin cryin'!

Mrs. Rumbold. Cryin'! So would you 'ave bin if jest as you're a-goin' to buy yourself a spring 'at hout comes a Royal horder makin' yer get a new bonnet for the dawg!

#### Bluff.

One Leader. Strike, if you dare! That's the way among men, sure!

Why don't you tread on the tail of my coat?

The Other. Yah! What you'd like is a Vote of Censure— We'd like to censure without the Vote.

#### UNDER CONTROL AGAIN!

(Extracted from the Diary of a Sad Dog.)

Thought there was something wrong when I got up. Trilby, who understands human talk better than I do, was pretty cheerful—and that was a bad sign. How I do hate that cat! Then Master Harry was very angry because he couldn't find something. He went out without me. That was in the morning. But in the afternoon he had evidently got what he wanted. He called me, and I came up as fresh as paint. Thought I might have a chance of showing my enemy the butcher-boy what's what. A little late, but perhaps might catch him outside the shop. But to my horror I found that the article whose loss had caused Master Happy or much approximate article whose loss had caused Master HARRY so much annoyance in the earlier part of the day was no less a thing than my muzzle! I don't like using bad language—even in dog-latin—but cuss it! However, there was nothing to be done. I pretended that I had outgrown it But it was no good. Master HARRY got it over my head, and although I tried rubbing it against a lamp-post and the Square railings I could not get it off. Beastly thing! Enough to drive one mad. However, in course of time I think I shall be able to work my mouth through it, and then I will square accounts with the butcher-boy. Of course now wanted to avoid him. With my usual bad luck, came across him delivering a leg of mutton to No. 76 in our Square. He grinned like a baboon (idiot!) when he saw my muzzle. Then he whistled. His whistling when he saw my muzzle. Then he whistled. His whistling always makes me wild! Did as much barking as I could with my jaws in straps. Brute of a boy seemed rather pleased than otherwise. Didn't enjoy my walk one bit, although Master Harry took me into St. James's Park, where I generally manage to chivy the ducks. But on this occasion they seemed to be turning up their beaks at me. Evidently thought I had been muzzled for some crime—possibly for taking something from the larder. As if I would be capable of such meanness! Leave that sort of thing to Trilby, who, when anyone's back is turned, stealthily laps up the milk. So came home with my muzzle on my head and my tail between my legs. Trilby said that she thought the London County Council were quite right. So I suppose it's to that meddling body I owe my loss of freedom. Wish I could get at them! Still, I find that I may go free in the house. Well, that's a comfort at any rate. Buttons had better be on his best behaviour! And then I can have some fun with the handy-man. I always refuse to recognise him. I had better be on his best behaviour! And then I can have some fun with the handy-man. I always refuse to recognise him. I pretend to take him for a burglar, and treat him accordingly! So if I cannot amuse myself out of doors, I can, at any rate, find rational recreation at home. And now I must stop, as I see that the handy-man has a large picture in his hands on the top step of a ladder. It will be a real treat to have a good bark and perhaps a bite without the bother of a muzzle!

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HENRY FROWDE lays at the feet of his Sovereign the tribute of a Diamond Jubilee Bible and Prayer Book. The volumes are produced in the perfection of style and workmanship that marks the Oxford University Press. The Bible contains two portraits, one a reproduction of a picture of the girl-Queen as she looked forth from the recesses of a charming selection of the girl-Queen as the looked forth from the recesses of a charming selection. the girl-Queen as she looked forth from the recesses of a charming poke-bonnet in the first year of her reign. The other is, apparently, the latest photograph taken of the venerable Sovereign. The volume is further enriched by reproductions of the cartoons painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1778 for the window of New College, Oxford. There are two other portraits of the Queen in the Prayer Book, one taken from a painting by Aglaio about 1837, the other a recent photograph. In both she is presented standing, crowned, and wearing her robes of State. But, my Baronite writes, between the two lies the long journey of sixty years.

of sixty years.

The Book of Parliament, by Michael MacDonagh (Isbister & Co.), is a masterpiece of compendious information. It tells in lucid manner everything that may be known about the Constitu-tion and Procedure of both Houses of Parliament. Considering the mass of detail dealt with, and the amount of information conveyed, the range of accuracy attained is remarkable. My Baronite observes only one error in date, and that is probably a misprint. A more serious blemish is misquotation of what Mr. MacDonaen calls "the famous saying of Lord Roseberr," privily addressed to my Baronite immediately after the fall of the Ministry in 1895. In A Diary of the Home Rule Parliament the text will be found to run thus:—"There are two supreme pleasures in life. One is ideal, the other real. The ideal is when a man receives the seals of office from the hands of his Sovereign. The real pleasure comes when he hands them back." Lord Rosebert is such a master of phrase that we cannot have his germs reset. veyed, the range of accuracy attained is remarkable. My Baronite is such a master of phrase that we cannot have his gems reset



#### IT DOESN'T SOUND NICE.

His Better Half. "Now, Edwin, about the Queen's Procession. Did you get the Best Place you could for me?"

Her Lord and Master. "Yes, Maria Jane, I did. It's—it's in St. Clement's Churchyard!"

by other hands. As Mr. MacDonagh does not quote the authority he probably gives the marred quotation at second hand. THE BARON. (Signed)

#### SUGGESTION FOR THE R.A.

5. The Studios, St. John's Wood, N.W.

Dear Mr. Punch,—The R.A. having once more rejected all my eight pictures, I think it high time that steps should be taken to check the tyrannical conduct of this autocratic body. It is an axiom now generally accepted (by "The Studio" set) that the better the picture the less chance it has of being accepted; the reason being this that the R.A.'s are neturally cepted; the reason being this, that the R.A.'s are naturally afraid to admit any canvases that might eclipse their own.

"Which of the Forty," says my wife, standing before her portrait as "Desdemona" (15ft. by 22), "which of the Forty could have painted that?" And I, looking sadly at my masterpiece, can only shake my head and echo, "Which?"

I have home it long anough Mr. Pomeh Mrs. Rose-Man-

piece, can only shake my head and echo, "Which?"

I have borne it long enough, Mr. Punch. Mrs. Rose-Madden's wardrobe is reduced to the lay-figure's shroud, while little Titian's knickers would hardly pass muster as calecons. This state of things is so obviously unjust that it cannot continue, and I therefore beg that you will assist me in giving publicity to the following resolutions which were passed this afternoon at a mass-meeting of "The Studios."

I. That the present President and Council of the R.A. be sholished

abolished.

II. That a new President and Council be appointed. III. That the said new Council consist of and be solely selected from "The Studios."

IV. That the said new President be

Your obedient Servant, PERCY ROSE-MADDER.



Mrs. Ghoul. 'Ah, Funerals isn't what they used to be in my time! I recollect when we 'ad 'Am Sangwishes and Sherry Wine; but now it's as much as you can get a bit o' Cake and a Cup o' Tea. Ah!"

#### SIR WALTER'S WAY.

"Self-praise is no recommendation."
. Old (and obsolete) Proverb.

["Sir Walter Besant discloses, in the Corn-hill, a grave national weakness. Englishmen do not make enough of patriotic sentiment... The Americans have two days of patriotic uplifting, and we have not one."—Daily Ohronicle.]

Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself has said,

This is my own, my native land, This is my own, my native land,
The rich, the dominant, the grand?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As Russ he flouted, Boer he spurned,
And all the band of "foreigners" banned?
Found all the virtues bound in British;
Called Teutons rude and Frenchmen skit-

tish;

Dubbed Austrian rude, Italian cranky, And saw the yahoo in the Yankee; Traced nothing good, great, brave, wise, glorious,

Save in Old England the victorious? If such there be, let him not falter, Or with his patriotism palter, But go at once to good Sir Walter! He'll teach him wisely, coach him well, And make his manly bosom swell

With any number of fine stories Concerning Britain's gains and glories; Will make him recognise with glee Our racial supremacy' Show the solution of earth's riddle
Is "England playing the first fiddle";
That "Days of patriot uplifting
Are indispensable for gifting
The modest Briton with a sense Of his own super-eminence. Bull is so mighty and—what's oddest-So most preposterously modest, High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, He will forget, in chase of pelf, To worship earth's great god—Himself! He does not know his own renown As wisdom's top and valour's crown.
But now Sir Walter has well hit on
A scheme to make the foolish Briton, By "patriotic sentiment,"
With his high merits more content; He'll praise himself in style not cursory, But start a National Anniversary, Wherein, by his own matchless tongue, His dominance mankind among May be more adequately sung!

And then, O gracious heaven above us How the whole universe will love us!!!

#### WHO WROTE THIS?

THE following postcard was picked up near our office on Tuesday. Unfortunately the address and signature are illegible:-

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your well-meant and, as I deem it, indiscreet question, 'Should Greece be blockaded?' I can only say that it is quite without the possibilities of a private person to gauge with accuracy the conditions of the situation in Eastern Europe. Nor is it within the scope of one, who has retired into purely philosophical studies, to determine the balance which hangs between the Hellenes and the so-called Great Powers. At the same time I have no hesitation in saying that the traditions of Marathon must be maintained, and that some remembrance of Salamis should act as a preventive to further aggression on the part of nations possessing no qualification for attempting the duties of marine police amid Homeric remains."

THE STAFF, WHICH HELPS MOST HUMAN BEINGS TO BED.—The Candle-stick.



THE EASTERN EGG.

WHAT WILL COME OF IT?



#### A DEFINITION.

(An Easter Monday Sketch by the Sea.)

First 'Arry. "What's a Gen'leman Rider, old Pal?"
Second 'Arry. "Why, a Cove like you an' me o' course, as ain't a bloomin' Perfessional!"

#### THE LIMITS OF CHIVALRY.

O Woman! in your hour of wrong, Not vainly shall you seek My voice and aid against the strong, Who would oppress the weak. Whenas I hear the whispered word (Albeit sometimes true) That you are fickle, vain, absurd— Then I stand up for you.

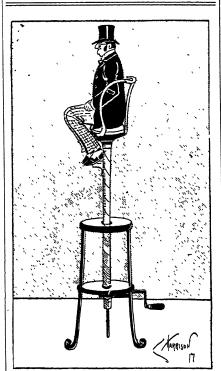
And be you fair, or be you plain, Of lineage high or low, In me a champion you shall gain, If you will have it so. Dear lady, you may even be The woman known as "new." It matters not one jot to me-I'll e'en stand up for you.

Whoever in your praise is dumb, My voice at least I'll raise, Who worship you in spite of some Of your less pleasing ways. At matinées, if you but hark, Or at a private view, Your hat excites adverse remark-Yet I stand up for you.

Ape man without one frown from me, Go out with dog and gun-If of your party I may be Excused from making one. Make speeches, if you like, and wear The "rational" tenue— I do not come myself to hear, Still—I stand up for you.

But when the omnibus is packed, And you come pushing in; When there are "six each side," in fact, And none of us are thin;

And when you murmur soft and sweet "I'll stand," a gentle cue For me to give you up my seat-I don't stand up for you!



Selling in Thousands! Nupkins' Patent Jubilee Chair, on the Pianoforte Stool principle. Packs up into a small portmanteau or hat case. Can be purchased on the Three Years' System.

#### A BAR TO THE BAR. 1

To the Editor of Punch.

DEAR AND LEARNED SIR,—As you are admittedly the mouthpiece of Justice, will you allow me to call your attention to the resolution which has recently been passed by the General Council of the Bar objecting to counsel "holding the office of Town Clerk, Clerk to Guardians, or any similar public office" taking private practice? The Committee have gone further. They have sent a resolution to the Benchers of the four Inns of Court, contending that "It is undesirable that a person holding any such office should be called to the Bar." I can quite understand the feeling that has prompted this action. Competition is keen in our profession, and we—no doubt—would prefer to keep Town Clerks and the like to their work to the exclusion of any other duty. But the suggestion that a other duty. But the suggestion that a person holding the positions referred to should not be called to the Bar hints at the undesirability of Barristers themselves accepting such appointments. To this, for reasons of a self-evident character, I cannot possibly agree. And as I speak as the representative of a very large majority of my colleagues, I trust you will give publicity to my opinion. Yours truly, my colleagues, . . . . Yours true, licity to my opinion. Yours true, A. Briefless, Junior.

Pump-Handle Court.

I may say that were I offered such an appointment I would relinquish my private practice at once. I may add, that with some such career in view I have for many years past been reducing the number of my clients. Should corroboration be needed my clerk, Mr. Portington, will be happy to show my fee-book. Of course, only to members of the profession.



Publisher (impatiently). "Well, Sir, what is it?" Poet (timidly). "O-er-are you Mr. Jobson?" Publisher (irritably). "Yes."

Poet (more timidly). "Mr. George Jobson?" Publisher (excitably). "Yes, Sir, that's my Name."

Poet (more timidly still). "Of the Firm of Messrs. Jobson and Doodle?" Publisher (angrily). "Yes. What do you want?"

Poet. "Oh-I want to see Mr. Doodle!"

#### OUR HOTEL DRAWING-ROOM.

(Tout compris.)

Hôtel de Midi, N'Importe Où, Basses Pyrénées.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I am staying in a first-class hotel, "replete" with every comfort, with magnificent scenery laid on every floor, a snow-capped mountain-range in the back-garden, and a romantic gave, or river, in the foreground. All this you will see from the hotel note-paper, which, in accordance with custom, shows all the other adjacent establishments very properly dwarfed to an insignificant size. But what I want specially to point out to your discriminating readers is the superexcellence of the literature in our Salon de Lecture. I have just been taking a rough inventory, and find there is something to suit every taste. The centenarian will discover here the newspapers of his early youth, the hypochondriac can study the illustrated Album des Villes d'Eaux et de Bains de Mer and the Medical Press of sixteen months ago, and the golf-maniac has The Little Folks' History of England and The British Journal of Commerce for October, 1896, provided for him—in fact, the assortment is as completely varied and classic as the interesting collections usually to be seen on the tables in dentists' waiting-rooms. Besides these, there is a well-preserved copy of Westralia (dated July 23, 1896), and a Post-Office Directory, which I am sure would appeal to the lady visitors, when they are tired of looking at the Annuaire de Commerce for 1890, or the Time-table of the London and North Western Railway. And there are several fascinating back numbers of the Gentlewoman, and Hearth and Home, not more than ten months old, which the stray gentlemen who wander hither from the smoke-room will no doubt be delighted to read from cover to cover. I notice they always do at home, being highly (and naturally) interested in the advertisement pictures.

The drawing-room table also contains several important French publications, such as L'Ami des Campagnes, Le Monde Thermal, and La Collection de Mme. Roland, which, I regret to say, are not as much appreciated as they should be. The French journals, Labby-rinth.

also, which give some intensely thrilling provincial news, with occasionally a foreign telegram of certainly within the last week, I regret to say, are scarcely ever removed from their wrappers. The Financial News and various Store catalogues are taken in for the benefit of the invalids, who derive much pleasure in turning the familiar pages over and over again. There is a charming work on Russia (in French), with only a few pages missing, on a what-not in the corner; a handy-guide to the Peak of Derbyshire, and a Visitors' List of the Swiss Resorts form not unattractive additions to the collection; while the pièce de resistance is perhaps the Album Naturel de la Fabrique et de l'Industrie. This is truly light reading after the heavy and excellent dinners provided us.

For those who shun newspapers, even though a year old, there is a beautiful and novel toy in the shape of a stereoscope. This would be a still greater success if the photographs, which exhibit family groups in the costume of the sixties, were not somewhat tattered and fragmentary. This about completes the contents of our Salon, but I think I have written enough to shew that, though far from Fleet Street, we are not without food for the mind.

Yours fatuously, Z. Y. X.

P.S.—Could you favour me with a London evening paper from time to time? Even a halfpenny one would be a godsend.

#### "THE VISION."

I DREAMED, but 'twas only a passing dream, That from London milk you could skim thick cream; That cats in the night had ceased to squall, And formed the choir of the Albert Hall; That the person leading the Tory Van Was known by the name of the "Grand Old Man." I woke, and said to myself, "Ah me! If this were true, what a change there'd be!"

Appropriate Name for the South African Committee.—The Labby-rinth,

#### "MINE EASE IN MINE INN."

"The Porters and Police have orders to remove all persons making a noise within this Inn."

Notice Boards in Lincoln's Inn.

TEMPLE of monastic quiet! Shrine where noise becomes a sin! Let no turmoil, no rude riot, Mar thy peace, O Lincoln's Inn!

Far from madding crowds the Bencher Samples some old special bin, Proves himself a valiant trencher--man in peaceful Lincoln's Inn.

Leaders there in fat briefs revel. And renown and fortune win. Working hard the willing "devil,"
In the peace of Lincoln's Inn.

Juniors old and grey, who crave its Shelter, webs of pleading spin, Draw vast deeds and affidavits, Peacefully in Lincoln's Inn.

Save the "Devil's Own," when drilling— Line of heroes somewhat thin!— There no sounds the air are filling Peace holds sway in Lincoln's Inn.

Callous organ-grinders dare not There their repertoire begin, There stentorian costers fare not— All is peace in Lincoln's Inn.

Paper-boys and bands Teutonic Are to nuisance near akin-These a notice stern, laconic, Bars from peaceful Lincoln's Inn.

"Porters and Police have orders To prevent all noise and din "-Thanks to these efficient warders There is peace in Lincoln's Inn!

#### QUESTIONS FOR THE EASTER OUTING.

(To be ignored by the Patriotic Volunteer.)

Is there any benefit to the British race in

rising at five to parade at six?
What is the advantage to our Indian Empire of going to the coast in an over-crowded train in heavy marching order?

Will the Empire be saved by your joining your battalion half asleep and nearly starv-

ing?
Will Britannia rule the waves with greater freedom if you manœuvre in the rain for an indefinite period?

Will JOHN BULL sleep more soundly if you deafen yourself and your neighbours by firing off an unlimited number of blank cartridges?

Will the Concert of Europe be strengthened by your putting off your breakfast until after your lunch, and taking that meal later than your customary dinner-time?

Will the cause of International Federation be furthered by your tramping through ploughed fields for eight hours at a stretch?

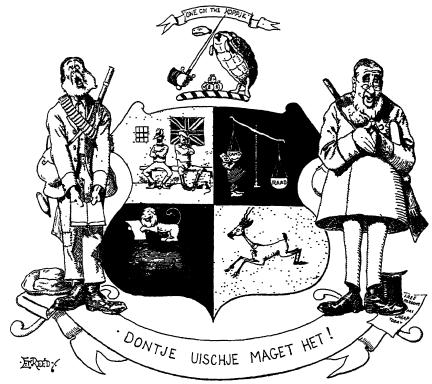
Will Australia advance at a quicker pace by your marching past a flag-staff on the bleakest of bleak downs?

Will Canada love the mother more dearly because you stagger into a railway station at eight in the evening with a prospect of passing the greater part of the night in a third-class carriage?

Finally, don't you think that England might continue to be England still, even were you to shirk your martial duties and stay quietly at home?

A SOUVENIR OF LENT.—A ticket issued by a pawnbroker.

# READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



Oom Paul, 1st Earl of Krugersdorp.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, two british cage-birds still vulning themselves on a ground of excessive patriotism; 2nd, a pair of scales-of-justice patent controllable and adjustable at will proper; 3rd, a lion in eachinnation roaring over a boar charging to absurdity for moral and intellectual damage; 4th, a dog's-eared "hym-bok" bound in veldt with covert designs. Crest: A reform tortoise of the rand emergent couped at the neck proper disarmed and voided of assets. Supporters: Dexter, a burgher rampant in piety armed to the teeth; sinister, an antique dopper also in piety habited proper in broadcloth homemade and moth-eaten to the last; both singing in unison falsette the indermiddel from "simplicita rusticana." Second Motto: "Who said Rhodes!"

#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.,

House of Commons, Monday, April 5 .--Everyone glad to see the SQUIRE OF MAL-WOOD back again to-night. PRINCE ARTHUR, who instinctively does the gracious thing, said so amid cheers from both sides. Young bloods on Tory benches sometimes affect to make light of the SQUIRE, interrupt him when he is speaking, jeer when he rises to purple heights of oratory. But in its secret heart the House, independent of party, is proud of the SQUIRE, recognising in him the greatest Parliamentarian left, the final practitioner in an old school which Time has long been busy breaking up.

Coming back in rather subdued mood after a week's wrestling with that practised athlete the Influenza, the SQUIRE is, perhaps, just a little mild in manner. Has brought with him notice of a resolu-tion forbidding employment of forces of the Crown against the kingdom of Greece or the people of Crete. PRINCE ARTHUR, jumping at opportunity, wants him to call it a Vote of Censure. In his mellowed mood the SQUIRE declines. How, he asks, can they move a vote of censure upon the Government till they know precisely what is their line of policy? All his proposed motion designs is to bring out a full declaration of the intentions of Her Majesty's Government with respect to Greece and Crete.

His coyness increases desire of PRINCE ARTHUR to be assailed. Amid loud cheers from Ministerialists spoiling for a fight PRINCE ARTHUR walks up and down before Front Opposition Bench, temptingly trailing his frock coat. Won't Source tread on its tail? Words cannot describe the look of ineffable benevolence that mantles the broad visage of the SQUIRE. Why should he tread on anyone's coat, least of all on the garment of his interesting and amiable young friend? A man of peace, he desires, above all things, to avoid strife. Moreover than which, if yielding to sudden temptation he were to accept the challenge persistently fluttered in his face, he would contain the contained by the contained the con fer great tactical advantage upon the enemy. At the first sound of pitched battle Ministerial ranks would close up; the faintest murmur of independent critipitched cism would be hushed; Ministers would obtain a rattling majority that would enable them to go their way for rest of Session, snapping their fingers in face of discredited Opposition.

These, however, mere details. It is because moved by larger, nobler passion for peace and quietness, that the SQUIRE smilingly shakes his head and keeps his foot clear of the temptingly trailed coat.

Business done.—The Minister for Education of the service of

Business done.—The Minister for tion brings in an Education Bill.

Tuesday.—Mr. Weir, meditating in the night season on the position of the country over whose weal he ever watches, is struck by strategical possibilities of Iceland. What if the Concert of the

what Dr. Jameson would call a jumping-off ground to seize Orkney and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland? Day



A HEARTRENDING APPEAL!

Mr. B-lf-r sings-"Won't anybody move a Vote of Censure now on me?"

(Popular Music-hall Song slightly amended.)

and night the fear has haunted him. He and night the rear has natured him. He thought of calling upon Lord WOLSELEY to discuss the situation. But he knows that military men in high command are absurdly jealous of their position, and resent suggestions from civilians. The advantage of adopting such a course is evident. The communication would have been private. The other alternative, questioning the Ministers in the House of Commons, would put the enemy on the alert, might even suggest to him the masterly manœuvre.

However, for reasons stated, Mr. Weir decided to risk consequences. To-night confronted UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR with problem. BRODRICK put best face on matter. Mr. Wein's suggestion is, that in order to resist any swooping down of a piratical power from Iceland, steps should be taken to fortify the north-west coast of Scotland. St. John Brodrick frigidly replied that the joint Naval and Military Committee do not consider Iceland a source of danger. Consequently they have not recommended works on the north-west

coast of Scotland.

House laughed, but a little hysterically. t felt that with unerring military instinct Mr. Wein had put his finger on a weak spot in the national armour; was only half assured by the jaunty confidence of UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR.

The little incident appropriately led the way to debate opened by SETON-KARR,

England rests. Showed how, war breaking out, England would be beleaguered, would in a week eat up all its bread stuffs, and Famine would Stalk through the Land. DILKE said there are peas and lentils. True. Also there are old boots. But in no case is the supply illimitable.

On the whole spent quite a cheerful evening, Mr. Were frightening the life out of us with prospect of an invasion from Iceland, and Seton-Karr, like the voice of one crying in a granary, "We have no corn." By eight o'clock everyone in such a blue funk that we were glad to see each other home before it got later.

Business done .- House counted out at eight o'clock.

Thursday. — "TIM HEALY reminds me," said SARK, "of the waiter not unknown to fame, who, having a rare holiday, spent it in assisting a pal to serve a big dinner."

No Irish business to the fore just now. Other Irish Members take advantage of the lull, either to go back to their muchloved country or spend the evening with their friends in town. TIM, on the contrary, hearing that the Welsh Members mean to oppose the Berriew School Bill, tucks his serviette under his arm, and goes to spend the evening helping them. Quite a brisk debate, having the additional charm that very few knew what it was about. Honest Cap'en Tommy Bowles frankly avowed that frame of mind as sufficient reason why he should vote for Second Reading. It would have served equally well Reading. It would have served equally well as logical reason for opposing the Bill. But with the Cap'en benevolence always predominates. To gentle minds it is easier to say "yes" than "no." So when the SPEAKER put the question that the Bill be read a second time, the Cap'en answered with a cheery "Ay, ay, Sir!"

This Berriew School Bill has from the first succeeded in attracting exceptional

first succeeded in attracting exceptional attention. Members recalled how, on the night when PRINCE ARTHUR, shelving the Vice-President of the Council, proposed to introduce the Voluntary Schools Bill, John o' Gorst adroitly and dramatically prefaced the unusual procedure by humbly walking up the floor, bringing in the Berriew School Bill. Here it was come up for Second Reading, with a pack of Welsh Members in full cry, TRUCULENT TIM leading the way. Fought it step by step on motion for Second Reading, and on motion to refer it to Grand Committee on motion to refer it to Grand Committee on Law. This last Trm denounced as "simply an expedient for ramrodding the Bill through the House."

I thank thee. Tim, for teaching me that verb. Not to be found in the dictionary; but it ought to be.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Friday. — Since CAWMELL-BANNERMAN left War Office, we don't look to that part of Pall Mall for wit and humour. But, as Sark says, you may break, you may shatter the vase as you will, the scent of the roses will cling to it still. though Cawmell-Bannerman was, nearly two years ago, blown out of War Office by cordite explosion, engineered by that great military strategist St. John Brodrick, the building still gives forth echoes of good things.

One such stands to credit of Financial Secretary. In course of conversation across the table, CALDWELL affirmed that something had been said by an earlier speaker.
"But," said Powell Williams, "the

Great Powers being broken one of them in which he demonstrated how thin is the hon. Member was not present at the were to swoop down on Iceland, making it crust of the crater on which the safety of moment."

"Oh yes," said CALDWELL, "I'm always here."

"Ah!" murmured Powell WILLIAMS, "but you're not always there."



Sir "Fregoli" L-ckw-d, the "quick change" artist, appears as one of Her Majesty's Ministers in raiment kindly lent by Sir R. F-nl-y.

No; it must be admitted that, considering his extreme fluency of tepid speech, Homocea Caldwell doesn't often touch the spot.

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates in Committee of Supply. Caldwell all over the shop. Had, as he says, a real good evening.

# RINGING THE CHANGES.

THE sweet old days of Long-ago We thought could never, never change; Our hearts were all too young to know That they could ever, ever change

My darling! O my darling! When you were just a maiden coy, And I was but a bashful boy, When time was meant for endless joy-

Ah me! that we should find the change, My darling! O my darling!

The promises of Spring were fain; We thought that love could never change, 'Mid winds of March and April rain, And so from Spring to Summer change, My darling! O my darling!

The daffodils sprang into sheen With gold encrowned upon the green;

Each one, like you, a gentle queen.

Ah me! that we should find the change,

My darling! O my darling!

The hopes of Spring are buried, fled \_Into the life that yet must change; The love is lost, forgotten, dead As memories that ever change,

My darling! O my darling! No longer we meet now by stealth. I have my heart and you your wealth. Upon my word I'd drink your health-Ah me! if I could find the change, My darling! O my darling!



Celebrated Minor Poet. "AH, Hostess, how 'do? Did you get my BOOK I SENT YOU YESTERDAY? Hostess. "Delightful! I couldn't sleep till I'd read it!"

#### CHANGE OF AIR.

["There is really no reason why we should not soon be ordering bottles of country air in a stuffy room, just as we call for ice in hot weather."

DEAR SIR,—In submitting our new price-list for the ensuing season, we beg once more to call your attention to the great boon conferred upon the public by our system, which enables persons of all classes, for very moderate charges, to have any climate they prefer delivered in bottles or cases at their homes.

As the weather, unfortunately, seems likely to be less favourable during this summer than it was at the time of the last Jubilee festivities, we are glad to say that we have in stock a large quantity of superb Summer Temperature (very dry) laid down in 1887. It is only necessary to open one of these bottles in your hall, when your house will at once be filled with the warm, glowing atmosphere of a sunny June day. As the demand for this brand is likely to be very large, your orders for this special "Queen's Weather" quality should be forwarded as soon as possible soon as possible.

we count with confidence upon doing a very large Summer Holiday business this year. The well-known inconveniences inseparable from travel, and the expense occasioned by the removal of a large family to the seaside, can now be disregarded entirely. You have but to send us an order to secure a cask of guaranteed superfine sea-air, which can be opened in your own home at any time you please. Should the requirements of different members of your family demand it, you can fill one room with Torquay air, another with the Scarborough brand, a third with the provider atmosphere of a chean foreign hotel (duly with Torquay air, another with the Scarborough brand, a third with the peculiar atmosphere of a cheap foreign hotel (duly impregnated with the customary microbes), and a fourth with our special "Nansen" brand—a particularly bracing variety, imported direct from the Arctic regions. The last-named may be utilised with great advantage in the bedrooms of rich, elderly relatives of asthmatic tendencies, and our bottled Malarial Vapour (from the West Coast of Africa) is often used by lovers seeking to dispose of an inconvenient rival.

It is scarcely necessary to point out how suitable a case or two of selected atmospheres is for a present, especially when the recipient is abroad. For this purpose we confidently recommend our double-distilled Fog (London Particular). The unhappy exile from England will indeed be delighted with such a gift, for immediately he opens the bottle (which he will believe, from its appearance, to contain champagne) his house in the Riviera or his log-cabin in America will at once be filled with the orange-coloured, pungent atmosphere of the London fog which he has

missed so long, and he will readily imagine himself returned once more to his beloved metropolis.

No class of the public values our system more than the artists, poets, writers of time-tables, and others whose work is mainly the product of their imaginations, which may be agreeably stimulated by our Bottled Atmospheres. For instance, the poet who lives in London, and desires to write an Ode to Summer on a cold winter's day, can be supplied with a bottle of air collected a cold winter's day, can be supplied with a bottle of air collected on a Devonshire farm in June, which (even if it gives him hayfever) cannot fail to place him thoroughly en rapport with his theme. Similarly, the novelist who has never been out of England, but prefers, in deference to public taste, to make Africa the scene of his story, will succeed far more easily when he has emptied a bottle of our very Old Sahara in his study. We also are prepared to supply theatrical managers on special terms with atmospheres from any part of the world, whereby the scenic illusion will be very much enhanced.

For further particulars we beg to refer you to our price-list. All atmospheres are most carefully bottled and packed, so that a repetition of the recent accident (when a bottle of Double Arctic burst in a train and froze the guard to death) is now quite impossible.

quite impossible.

Confidently awaiting your orders, which shall receive our most

prompt and careful attention, We are, Dear Sir, Your obedient servants, THE ATMOSPHERIC SUPPLY STORES, UNLIMITED.

#### THE MAN IN THE STREET.

THERE'S a good bit o' chat, Mister Punch, abaout Me, And a deal on it's kibosh and fiddle-de-dee.
There you are, Sir, that's strite! Lor! it do myke me grin When the spouters and penny-a-liners begin
To trot out yours truly! Who spotted me fust,
With my love of a gawp and my stiddy old thust,
I am sure I carn't sy. But I meet my own nyme With my love of a gawp and my study old thust,
I am sure I carn't sy. But I meet my own nyme
All over the bill as a part o' the gyme.
Sort o' super, I s'pose, standin' by with a flag,
And a-quizzin' the "Stars" who 're all straddle and brag,
And cop all the coin and the kudos. P'r'aps so!
Lookers-on do see most of the gyme, dontcherknow.
When you're plying your part, with the foot-lights a-flare,
With daubed cheeks, toppin' togs and some other cove's hair
Frizzled up on your tibby, you're tempted, I s'pose,
To tyke yerself serous. A cockney's flat nose
Ruddled out to a Roman's with grease, paint and stuff
Mykes him feel like a swell though he may be a muff.
I ain't got no properties, bar a white 'at
Now and then in the summer, and shabby at that,
And my hair is my own, what there is of it left;
But at sizing things up, and a-tyking the heft
Of padded-out parties 'arf sordust and wool,
Well, I've larned a good bit as they don't teach at school.
The street 'as bin my only 'Varsity! Yus;
And for warming yer wits like there 's many a wuss.
What we do larn we know, and don't heasy forget;
Worked-out wisdom washed down with a tankard o' wet. What we do larn we know, and don't heavy forget; Worked-out wisdom, washed down with a tankard o' wet, And knowledge druv in like a nyle in a post, And knowledge dry in like a lyte in a post,
By necessity's 'ammer's a fixture—with most.
Our "coach" is the grinstone, and if we don't "cram"
Like a goose, but feed heasy at large, like a lamb
In the still grassy springtime, I hold, Mister Punch, Hasty stodge ain't a patch on deliberate munch.

Grub rushed is grub spiled! Rylewy trav'llers know that.

But the quill-driving lot don't know what they are at.

When they trot aout "The Man in the Street." Jimney whiz! He must back their hideas, wich is mighty good biz For their side or their argyment, better or wuss, For their side or their argyment, better or wuss,
But for wich, very likely, he don't care a cuss!
I 'ave my own knowledge, likeways my own views,
But a lot of the truck that they call "Art," and "news,"
I call tommy-rot and stale fourpenny! Great Scott,
I'm as ignerent as dirt of a thunderin' lot
Of their patter and pickters. Dunno what they mean,
And what's more I don't mant to! The guffins are green
Who farcy I studdy aout all sorts o' stodge,
Abaout furrin flamfudge and perlitikle dodge,
'Igh Art and Harmenians, Rooshian and Greek,
Them two bloomin' mystries the Turk and "teckneek,"
That bimetal fake, or why PAT is so queer
That he won't dodge the taxes by stickin' to beer!
They don't know me, pussonal, Punch, that is plain;
So I drop you a line, and may do so again;
For you'll have the savyy to know when you meet
That much-talked-of party

THE MAN IN THE STREE THE MAN IN THE STREET.



# GERMANIA ARMING KRUGER.

["The Vossische Zeitung chronicles with satisfaction the recent arrival at Lorenzo Marquez, on board the German East African liner Kaiser, of 1,650 cases of war material for the Transvaal, including a whole battery of heavy guns, and states its conviction that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are 'determined to maintain their independence.'"—Globe, April 13.]

#### A VENERABLE ANTI-MUZZLER.

ESTREMED MR. PUNCH,—Has the present generation totally forgotten, or has it never heard of, my once celebrated "hymns," on which most of their fathers, and all their grandfathers, were brought up? Is there not to be found in one of the most popular of my inspired compositions these lines:—

> "Let dogs delight To bark and bite,
> For 'tis their nature to''?

Would I have advocated the muzzle, think you? Nay, indeed. I remain, Your old friend's shade,

DR. WATTS.

#### BRUSSELS BARRICADED!

SCENES IN THE STREETS.

THE POLICE HELPLESS! THE ARMY INACTIVE! OUR EXTRA SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT STOPPED!!

INTENTIONS OF THE GREAT POWERS.

THE usually tranquil capital of peaceful Belgium is in the throes of a revolution. By some extraordinary censorship the news has hitherto been kept from the English newspapers. The Daily Chronicle has not been aroused to fiery denunciation; even M. DE BLOWITZ has remained silent. the fact cannot be denied. Our Extra Special Correspondent, sent regardless of expense (since he paid it himself) communicates to us the following exclusive and astounding information by special post-card. We think that even any one as parsimonious as he might have run to a  $2\frac{1}{2}d$ . letter, as, by some treachery, the exclusive information on his post-card might have reached the *Times* or the *Daily Chronicle*. Happily it did not, and this morning we alone give to an astonished world the first description of the Barricades of Brussels. These are his words:

This city is in a condition of terrible disorder. The Place Royale is occupied by barricades and trenches, the Avenue Louise, once the fashionable route to the Bois de la Cambre, is impassable, and even in front of the King's Palace all is in confusion. The trenches are occupied by determined men of the lowest classes, armed with rough weapons, pick-axes, even spades. The police are helpless; the army, probably sympathising with the disturbers of the peace, remains inactive. I myself have been stopped! This final and culminate in the stopped in the latest and the stopped in t nating outrage took place yesterday in broad daylight, as I was peacefully crossing the Place Royale to reach my hotel. The barricade was formed by an omnibus and by a dog-cart (drawn by dogs) meeting on the narrow bridge over the trenches. I displayed a copy of the last issue of this journal, but without effect. I, your Extra Special Correspondent, was stopped! I can write no more, partly because there is no more room on this post-card. Up to the present time I have heard nothing of combined action on the part of the Great Powers.

Later-by supplementary special post-card.

I forgot to say the trenches are for the subterranean electric mechanism of the Brussels tramways. The situation remains unchanged. In the intervals of working, between the hours of repose, three or four men are going on slowly. It is hoped that order will be re-established before the end of the century.



AN ADMONITION.

Bridget. "Now then, Miss Effie, you must behave yourself properly, or not at all!"

#### SOME FAVOURITE RECREATIONS.

(Omitted from "Who's Who" for 1897.)

H.I.M. the G-RM-N EMP-R-R - sending

Potsdamograms."
President Kr-c-r—suspending his grand-

son for insulting the QUEEN.

The King of GR-CE—being interviewed by special correspondents.

President McK-NL-Y — shaking 2,500

free and independent hands per hour.

The Emperor N-CH-L-S-pigeon-shooting off a bicycle in the grounds of Tsarskoye Selo.

The Sultan of T-RK-Y - attending the Selamlik on Friday mornings.

The G.O.M.—denouncing the "Great Assassin." Prince B-sm-rok - inspiring the Ham-

burger Nachrichten. Lord S-L-SB-RY - wishing Crete was at

the bottom of the sea. Mr. RH-D-s-facing the music.

Mr. L-B-CH-RE-putting his tongue in his cheek.

The P-t L-r-te-working night and day over his forthcoming Diamond Jubilee Ode.

Mr. WH-STI-R-the gentle art of appearing in a witness-box.

C-rb-tr — wishing he had never been born, now that the cinematographs of the great fight have proved a failure.
FR-G-LI—imitating B-NDI.
B-NDI—imitating FR-G-LI.

Shopkeepers along the line of route of the Procession—waiting for the Americans, and rubbing their hands.
Mr. and Mrs. Br-DL-Y-M-RT-N-travel-

ling incognito.
The L-RD CH-MB-RL-N—arranging the Tables of Precedence for June 22nd.

The Leading Members of the Profession waiting for baronetcies on that occasion,

Provincial mayors, popular authors, com-mon councilmen, chairmen of railway companies, recorders, brewers, stock-jobbers, wine merchants, mine-owners, and nearly everybody else—expecting knighthoods at least.



"Why, Teddy dear, what is the matter? Don't you like Asparagus?"
"Yes, Miss Birchem; but the Handles are so hor!"

# TO BE (MUZZLED) OR NOT, TOBY?

DEAR SIR AND HONOURED MASTER,

Dear Sir and Honoured Master,

I write these few lines hoping you are having a holiday as they leave me at present. I take advantage of the comparative leisure to address you on the subject of dogs muzzled and unmuzzled. I need hardly say that, personally, it does not affect me. Like Mr. Gladstone after leaving Oxford I am unmuzzled. But I have a heart that can feel for another's woe. Unspoiled by associations at Westminster I still, in off days, dwell among my own people, know their feelings, and sympathise dwell among my own people, know their feelings, and sympathise with their aspirations.

with their aspirations.

What they—what we—want is, not to be free from the muzzling order. One of your poets has written about a dog who, to serve his private ends, went mad and bit a man. That shows to serve his private ends, went mad and bit a man. That shows how little we are understood. We desire to be delivered from madness, and would patiently suffer inconvenience to attain that end. What we object to is the absurd defect of your legislation which makes the muzzles peremptory in one parish and unnecessary in another. Somewhere or other in the counties or parishes where the muzzle is imposed there comes a line touching the boundary of a parish or county where there is no muzzle. On one side is Freedom, and possibly Disease; on the other is Slavery and Safety.

Slavery and Satety.

Apart from consideration for the wounded feelings of the muzzled dog looking across the street at the unmuzzled brother, there is the danger of the unmuzzled dog biting his defenceless neighbour, and, peradventure, imparting rabies. What I say is, neighbour, and, peradventure, imparting rabies. What I say is, let there be one law and order throughout the kingdom. Let all be muzzled or let all go free.

With much respect, Yours faithfully, TOBY. The Kennel, Barks. Easter Day.

"THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."—Already secured for the First Night at Her Majesty's Theatre.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THOUGH not as good as his Banishment of Jessop Blythe, and not up to two or three other novels of his that most of us could mention, yet, in The Dagger and the Cross, Joseph Hatton has struck out for himself a new line, and, although it is a line I would prefer to see struck out altogether, as being suggestive of the Corelliesque scriptural romance and the Wilson-Barrettian semi-sacred drama, yet is this book of his worthy of much praise, and will certainly repay the reader if he be not in too lightsome a humour, and can give the work the attention it demands. Joseph Hatton's health and work.

As one of the excellent series of "Little Novels" published by FISHER UNWIN, CLARK RUSSELL'S A Noble Haul is a little novel

FISHER UNWIN, CLARK RUSSELL'S A Noble Haul is a little novel worth several ordinary big ones. It is a sailor's story, admirably told, and in the smallest compass possible—quite a pocket compass. For rail, road, or trip by sea, strongly recommended, as enlivening and shortening the journey, by

THE BARON.

#### A PLEA FOR POOR-LAW OFFICERS.

(Dedicated to our Civic "Guardian" Angels.)

'In hard to call a civic gent a sinner Because he's fond—who's not?—of a good dinner. The hand that has to wield Law's sword, or truncheon, Needs strengthening—by a luxurious luncheon.
You can't expect bigwigs, at Bow or Sutton,
To keep their wisdom working on cold mutton.
Though paupers stoop to "skilly" or "cold scran"—well, Their guardians at Homerton or Hanwell Their strength must renovate, its loss recoup On rump-steak pudding after ox-tail soup; String up their nerves, by generous labour shaken, On a hot saddle, or roast fowls and bacon: Shall not the guardian soothe his anguished heart On Bakewell pudding or on rhubarb tart, Or his dejected spirit strive to cheer With limpid sherry or cool bitter beer? Nay; grudge not poor-law patrons beef or wine! Paupers must fast that guardians may dine.

#### THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was inspecting a quantity of ribbons to-day, manufactured specially, so I was informed by the intelli-gent and courteous haberdasher, for display on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee. As all of the fabrics in question were, In the Majesty's Jubilee. As all of the fabrics in question were, I noticed, made in France, Germany, and Switzerland, I was not surprised to note that the combinations represented with great accuracy the national Tricolors of the French Republic and the Dutch Monarchy. Don't you think that some Union Jack stuff would be more appropriate to this splendid anniversary? And can't some of our own silk weavers turn out the Jack sturr would be more appropriate to this spiendid anniversary? And can't some of our own silk weavers turn out the article? Or has the art of Spitalfields and Coventry been for ever destroyed by the glorious era of Free Trade?

Yours loyally and patriotically,

Portsmouth.

John Starboard.

# Holiday Wisdom.

(An Easter Homily.)

What shall we do for a holiday task, Just to ensure us a useful and jolly day? Loll by the sea, in the sun idly bask; Sand-heap for pillow, and kerchief for mask.
Lazily, drowsily, briar and flask
Ready at elbow when yearning shall ask
Peace from the pipe-bowl, and joy from the cask.
The best holiday task is—enjoying one's holiday!

#### At the New Restaurant.

Customer. Waiter! Bring me a beefsteak!

Waiter. Yessir. Would you like it stamped "Made in Canada," or branded "Cut in South America?"

# "As Seeing the Invisible."

WE hear a deal now of "invisible light." By which savans see through the opaque and the murky. This surely must aid our Silomio's sight,
Which sees "signs of improvement in Turkey"!!!

#### THE SINEWS OF WAR AT A DISCOUNT.

SCENE-An Audience Chamber in Constantinople. Autocrat and his Minister discovered in consultation.

Autocrat (imperatively). We must send the cavalry to the front at once!

Minister. Impossible, your Majesty. We haven't a single reliable saddle in the place.

Autocrat (with determination). Then move up the artillery

with the least possible delay.

Minister. Out of the question! All the wheels of the guns are out of repair, and we can't purchase new ones.

Autocrat (with determination). Then let the infantry advance at

the double.

Minister. Not to be thought of, your Majesty! They have no boots, are months in arrear with their pay, and won't march a step, and, frankly, we haven't the money for their railway fores.

Autocrat (in a plaintive tone). Then what can we afford?

Minister (after reflection). Well, Sire, I think we might manage to squeeze out of the Treasury enough to buy a rocket, two squibs, and a catherine wheel.

[Curtain.

two squibs, and a catherine wheel. [Curtain.

#### A REAL GOOD TIME!

(An American Girl's Anticipation of the Jubilee Year.)

["A 'Titled Lady' advertises in the Times that she would 'chaperon and introduce a young lady into the very highest Society.'...' American and Colonial girls wishing to have a good season in town are invited to communicate.'"—Westminster Gazette.]

Snakes!!! "Lady of Title," what solid requital, In dollars and cents, Marm, Will you be requiring for labour so tiring?

Do tell! You're immense, Marm!!!

I've travelled, with Poppa, from Paris to Joppa,

But, just for variety,

Should like introduction, 'neath "Titled" conduction,

To "highest Society."

Of course you're a Duchess! I wonder how much is

A Duchess's tariff Of course you're a Duchess! I wonder how much is A Duchess's tariff

For trotting this girl out! It takes all my curl out, And unbangs my hair! If
One's shoddy or shady, will this "Titled Lady"
Show—say Lord Tom Nondy,—
A nice gyurl (Amurrican) "goes" like a hurricane,
Though Pop be shoddy?

My Pop's petroleum. Ma was linoleum.
Pop is an odd-fish.
But I and Carry, I reckon, have nary
A touch of the cod-fish.

A touch of the cod-fish.

High-toned? You bet it. And don't you forget it! I calculate CARRY

Is Marlborough-House-ish, although her hair's mouseish. She just means to marry

Some Duke, not built boobily—during this Jubilee.

Worst of you British,
Your Dukes are such duffers! A Yankee gyurl suffers,
If smeart, spry, and skittish,
A big "noble" noodle, who's after the "boodle,"

Will turn "nicey-picey";
Put the deart appellish him.

But that don't embellish him. Guess I more relish him

Uppish and icy.
These seem "confessions," perhaps. But, 0 Sessions!
'Twill be kinder funny

If Dukes, with lean coffers, aren't spry in their offers,
Our style, and Pop's money,
Did ought to be fetchin! Fact, Carry is sketchin'
Her path to a Peerage.
But this "Titled Lady"? Well, England is "grady,"

And as I've a reason to "wish a good Season,"
And "knock out" that puny KATE,
Pop's pardner's daughter, who's dead for Duke-slaughter,
I guess I'll "communicate"!

Gaining Time.—To reduce the journey from Liverpool to Berlin by a matter of "five and a half hours," as the London and North Western Company are about to do by using the London, Chatham and Dover's Queenborough branch to Holland, is an item of no inconsiderable consideration to all travellers, specially those in a hurry. If "time is money," then here is a saving indeed! It seems a good thing all round, and the "taking a quantity" is pretty certain to follow the "reduction."



Sculptor. "YOU\_PAINTER CHAPS HAVE ALL THE LUCK; NO MATTER HOW BADLY YOU PAINT, YOUR PICTURES ALWAYS LOOK BETTER AFTER A FEW YEARS. NOW TIME NEVER IMPROVES OUR THINGS!"

Painter. "Well, NO, UNLESS—PERHAPS—IT KNOCKS OFF A HEAD OR AN ARM!"

#### "THE CANDID FRIEND'S GUIDE."

THE courtesy of the learned author has enabled us to obtain

The courtesy of the learned author has enabled us to obtain a brief glance at the proof sheets of this interesting work.

The author begins his labours, as all good authors ought to do, with a great pretace, in which he is at much pains to trace the Rise, Origin, and Progress of the Candid Friend.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting, and, from a metaphysical point of view, valuable, portion of the Guide is the admirable collection of maxims, for the use of those who aspire to become Candid Friends with which our author terminates his become Candid Friends, with which our author terminates his learned labours. We have space, and the author's permission,

Under the head of "Friends in Difficulties" we find the following judicious maxim. "Never encourage a friend in difficulty ing judicious maxim. Never encourage a friend in terms to believe for an instant that you have either the power or the inclination to assist him, for if you do you will certainly ruin him, and you, on your part, will forfeit all claim to the title of Candid Friend. On the other hand, do not neglect the excellent opportunity provided you by his misfortune to rebuke him severely on the subject of his extravagance, rashness, want of principle, or whatever the particular indiscretion may be that has caused him to seek your assistance. Under no circumstances whatever lend him any money."

The following admirable maxim will be found under the head of "Conceited Friends." "People who are unreasonably happy or prosperous stand sadly in need of the services of the Candid Friend, who should do everything in his power to discourage them. Perhaps the best way to do this is to talk dismally, and to make the most melancholy grimaces whenever he meets them. Should they, however, survive this spirited treatment, the best thing the Candid Friend can do under these circumstances is, to 'cut' them."



Lady. "I was awfully sorry, Professor, I was unable to come to your Lecture last night. WERE THERE MANY THERE?" The Professor (Irish). "UM-WELL-NOT SO MANY AS I EXPECTED. BUT I NEVER THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE!"

#### QUITE AN EASTER HOLIDAY.

(By Our Own Impressionist.)

ONLY a few days for a jaunt. Must be home almost before I have started. Crowd at the Victoria Station. Pause at Herne Hill. Long tunnel. Beckenham Junction. Chatham. Slowed down to see castle and cathedral from half-a-dozen points of view. Faversham. Canterbury. Dover. Lord Warden. The other side. French territory. Good buffet. Amiens. Paris. Boulevards. Breakfast. In the train again. Lyons. Marseilles. Nice. Monte Carlo. Twenty minutes for refreshment. Ten minutes at a Napoleon per five seconds. Last turn comes up right. more time for roulette. The Corniche Road. Genoa. Venice. Lounging in gondolas. Impressed with San Marco. Also with the Café Florian. Off again. Rome. St. Peter's. Ancient ruins. Modern improvements. Impressive. Off to Pisa. Leaning Tower a fraud. Does not lean nearly enough. Florence. Pictures and a good English chemist. Lago Maggiore. Stresa. Isola Bella a mistake. Gardens not equal to Hampton Court. Over the Simplon. Domo d'Ossola, although frontier town, the most Italian-locking place yet seen. Brigue. From various points of view. Mount and descend. Vevey good place for tiny cigars. Steamboat on the Lake of Geneva. Prisoner in tower. Ouchy. Better than Lausanne. Table d'hôte at Beau Rivage excellent. Blanc in the distance. Geneva. Mont Train to Paris.

Grande Vitesse. Once more in Paris. Tour of the Bois. Dinner in the Champs Ladies looking cold in open-air Night mail. Amiens as before. Elysées. concert. Calais. Dover sea-front. Lighted by electricity. Arrival. Departure. Early morning. Canterbury, Faversham, Chatham, and Herne Hill. Victoria. Luggage. morning. Canterbury, Faversham, Chaham, and Herne Hill. Victoria. Luggag Home once more. And glad to be there.

#### À BERLIN!

(Song by the Right Hon. G. C-rz-n, M.P.)

I will not be "the Boy in charge"
At the "F. O." to stay, While all the others are at large, And S-L-sb-RY away! (So boldly I expressed my views.)
I won't be kept at work I won to be kept at work
In town, awaiting any news
Of Cretan or of Turk.
When the Punch "cut" I saw, where I
Was shown as being left
To do the work of S To do the work of S-L-SB-ry, Of holiday bereft, Says I, "I'll do 'a cut'! I'll go Abroad! I've time and tin! So, au revoir to the 'F. O. Address me 'at Berlin'!"

## Domestic Economy.

Why can the simple letter "s" Make housewives, for the future, heedless Of holes in stockings, rents in dress?-Because it renders needles—needless.

#### WATTS FOR WHITECHAPEL.

[Canon Barnett's Easter Picture Show at Whitechapel this year includes Mr. Watts's pictures. The Westminster Gazette says, "Watts's tures. The Westminster Gazette says, "WATTES pictures, explained as they will be to the White-chapel workers, will be as good as sermons, and probably more attractive than many." Canon BARNETT appeals for £20,000 to build a Picture Gallery in High Street, Whitechapel, as a Diamond Jubilee Gift to the East End. Of this sum £7,000 has already hear affered 1 has already been offered.]

OH! East is East, and West is West, as RUDYARD KIPLING says.

When the poor East enjoys the Art for which the rich West pays, See East and West linked at their best!

With the Art-wants of Whitechapel Good Canon BARNETT is just the man who best knows how to grapple. So charge this Canon, load to the muzzle,

all ye great Jubilee guns.
Pictures as good as sermons? Ay; much
better than some poor ones.
Where Whitechapel's darkness the weary

eyes of the dreary workers dims, It may be found that Warrs's pictures do better than Watts's hymns.

#### Out of Evil, Good.

Johnson (meeting Thompson in the Park). My dear fellow, what on earth is that canary doing in your dog's muzzle?

Thompson. Well, you see, the bird and the terrier are great friends, and now, owing to the new Order, I'm able to take them out for an airing together.



# THE CRISIS!!!

Telegraph Boy. "HERE! TELEGRAM FROM THE FAST—'SALISBURY'—'URGENT'!"

CARETAKER. "DRAT THE BOY! THERE'S NOBODY 'ERE, AND WON'T BE FOR A FORTNIT!"

#### A NAPPY THOUGHT AT THE LYCEUM.

But was this idea of playing Nap an "'appy thought" on the part of our Henry IRVLAG or not? Did it show our HENRY very wide awake, or was he for once and "caught napping"! That is the away question.

That Miss Ellen Terry should be the life and soul of SARDOU'S and MOREAU'S rrench play, Madame Sans-Gene, was what any one conversant with the English stage would have expected. She charming Madame Sans-Gêne. She is a washer-woman is not quite so vulgar as was that of Madame REJANE, and therefore our English actress's portrayal of the character is not so life-like, not so "convincing," to adopt the modern critical cant-word, as was the French actress's impersonation of the character. But it is ELLEN TERRY as Madame Sans-Gêne, and that, for most

play-goers, is enough.

That the play, not a particularly good one to start with, loses in this translation, is evidenced not only by the adapter having made the French washer-woman of 1782 talk London slang of 1897, but also by the absurdity of retaining the scene where Napoleon and his sisters "drop into Corsican," when they are having a ramily squabble. This lapsus lingua was natural enough in the French play, but it is all "sound and tury signifying nothing" in this English version. It must be supposed either that the common sense of the translating adapter, Mr. CARR, was overruled, or that he could not find it in his heart to sacrifice to the exigencies of the English stage what had been so taking a scene,

because so natural, with a French audience.

That Sir Henry Inving could ever have imagined that the English public, perfectly familiar with the face and figure of Naro-LEON, would accept him as the counterpart of "le petit caporal," is a proof that he knows his public and has rightly gauged his own popularity. HENRY lRVING is as like Napoleon as he can be; and if Napoleon wasn't like Henry Irving, so much the worse for Napoleon. It is as simply impossible for him to give us in himself an exact "living picture" of Napoleon, as it would be for him to appear as the dwarf Sir Groffrey Hudson. All else is beside the question. Napoleonic attitudes do not make Napoleon; but the piece, which is remarkable neither for striking novelty of plot nor for brilliancy of dialogue, must depend for its success mainly on public curiosity to see how Sir Henry Inving contrives to reduce himself to physical Napoleonic proportions, and how delightful is the Madame Sans-Gêne of Miss Ellen TERRY.

TERRY.

Mr. Frank Cooper is good as the brusque soldier Lefebvre, afterwards Duc de Dantzig; and Mr. Mackintosh gives his own idea of what Fouché, the celebrated Minister of Police, might have been had he been created by Mr. Mackintosh. For the stale device of creaking the snuff-box lid as a warning, Messrs. Sarbou and Moreau are indebted to the same "business" in Robert Macaire, whenever that accomplished scoundrel wishes to hint to his accomplice, Jacques Strom, that he had better be care-

character of Napoleon in a piece called The Pretty Girls of Stilberg. That was a mar-vellous impersonation; but then Ben WEBSTER, though a trifle too tall, had just the very face for the Emperor. His wig with the notable lock of hair was perfect; Sir Henry's wig does not remind one of the best known portraits of Napoleon.



ONLY HALF A NAP, -- HIS BETTER HALF. Sir Henry as Napoleon reflects that if only he could have worn



The familiar grey overcoat and the well-known cocked hat, and played the part sitting down, how much more like he could have looked!

Perhaps the cleverest stage impersonation Macaire, whenever that accomplished scoundrel wishes to hint to his accomplice, Jacques Strop, that he had better be careful. Surely this very unoriginal idea of Messis. Sarbou and Morray might have been improved upon by the English adapter.

Years age the present writer can call to mind Benjamin Webster assuming the score of Byron's burlesque of The Lady of Lyons at the Strand Theatre. Sir Henry's im-

personation may be courteously termed an ideal NAPOLEON.

If Sir HENRY IRVING is as pleased with Mr. COMYNS CARR'S version of Madame Sans-Gêne as, in his first-night speech before the curtain, he professed himself to be, and as, of course, he must have been to have produced it at all, then such a gra-tuitous assurance from his own lips must be good enough for the public, seeing that praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is approbation indeed!" It would be well for dramatic authors generally, whenever there may be any doubt as to the author's share in the success of a new play, were the manager, following Sir Henry's example, to step before the curtain, and courteously but decidedly deprecate all criticism antagonistic to the dramatist, by candidly avowing his own entire satisfaction with the new work, whatever might have been its reception. For the production of any piece the manager alone is responsible to the public. Mr. CARR, representing Messrs. SARDOU and MOREAU, is to be heartily congratulated on having his work played by so excellent a company, and having his praises sung by so generous and loyal a manager; and, as the play is splendidly put on the stage, and as from first to last ELLEN TERRY is seen at her brightest, Madame Sans-Gêne, with some judicious pruning, will probably prove a considerable attraction "in this Year of Jubilee!"

#### TO HELLAS.

(By a Perplexed "Power." A long way after E. A. Poe's "To Helen.")

["In the name of our great mother Hellas, who has called us together in this sacred struggle from all lands where Greeks live."—Proclamation of Dr. Politis to the Ethnike Hetairia.]

HELLAS, thy shindy is to me Like GARIBALDI'S bark of yore. Our ships are on the Cretan sea, Thy bands are on the Cretan shore; Which is a beastly bore!

On desperate games long wont to roam, Thy nyacinth hair, thy classic face, Thy quilted skirts, make bardlings foam Of the glory that was Greece, Of the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, trying to queer the Concert's pitch, Bellona-like I see thee stand, The torch of war within thine hand! Ah, Mischief, from the regions which Were great and grand!

#### DURING THE RECESS.

LORD S-L-SB-RY will appear in a tourist suit by the sad sea waves down south.

Mr. ARTH-R B-LF-R will show the natives how to play golf.

Mr. C-rz-n will not stay in town, but enjoy himself away from the cares of office.

Mr. CH-MB-RI-N will accompany Sir FR-NK L-CKW-D in a tour round the "monuments" of Paris.

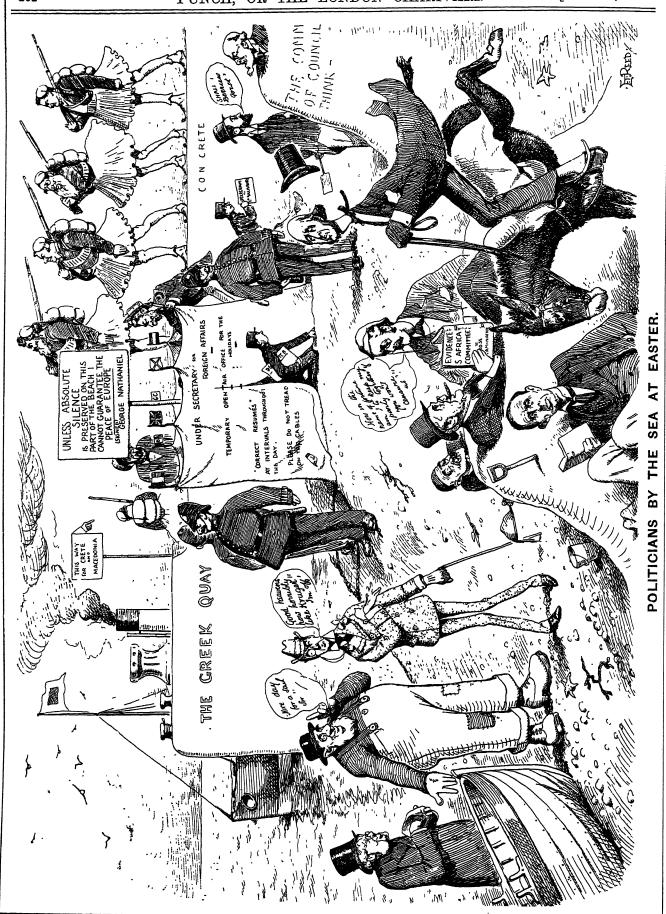
The L-RD M-Y-R will appear by deputy in the Mansion House.

Mr. Br-wn will announce his departure from town in one daily paper.

Mr. J-N-s will inform the world of his arrival on the continent in a second journal.

Mr. R-B-NS-N will publish a list of his movements in a third periodical. The ordinary events of the universe will

go on as per usual.



#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 12.

—Principal business of to-day's meeting was to arrange for Easter Holidays. Incidentally there were some speeches about affairs in Crete; but actual business was the adjournment over Easter. When question about to be put, Sage of Queen Anne's Gate moved amendment proposing that instead of making holiday, Members should remain at Westminster and keep their eye on the Government. A grim sort of joke, submitted with great gravity, treated by Speaker with imperturbable mien. His not to reason why. Here was resolution moved by the Leader, that on rising the House do adjourn till Monday, 26th of April. Another Member moved to omit certain words. If amendment were carried there would be no holidays for anydered, sit on Good Friday.

Nothing more nobly unselfish recently performed on public stage. When the division was taken, it appeared that, tellers included, there were fifty-one men who held their country dearer than their own delight, a gallant half-hundred ready to sacrifice a well-earned holiday in order to keep unwinking eye on Her Majesty's Ministers. It was a forlorn hone. The battle was lost before the first blow was struck. But what of that? It is even possible that, had the Sace and his faithful fifty been certain that in the Division Lobby they would have overcome, they would have shrunk from the encounter. Anyone could win who commanded a numerical majority. For some brave hearts the irresistible attraction lies in the certainty of everwhelming defeat. So, silently, doggedly, they passed into the lobby, and were swamped by the Ministerial horde.

SARK savs it reminds him of a scene in Corneille's Horace, where Horace is lamenting the discrace he supposes has been brought upon him by the flight of his son in combat with the Curiaces. "Que voulieznous au'il fit contre trais?" asks Julie. "Qu'il mourat!" the old man passionately exclaims. What could the Sage and his fearless fifty do against the more than two hundred kept together by the Whins? They could have died; and (of course using the word in a Parliamentary sense) so they did, each one faced by four.

It is true they had their reward, for they got their holiday in addition to having nosed as ready to scorn delights and live laborious days for their country. But that was a mere accident of the situation, and does not dim its heroism. Since the hundred Members signed a memorial to the King of Greece bidding him keep on fighting, and then, getting into the family 'bus, went off to their several homes, no such gallant deed has been done at Westminster.

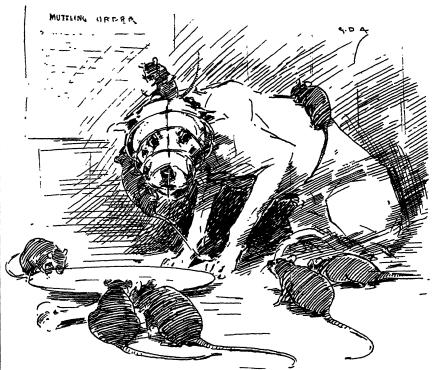
Business done. — Adjourned for Easter Holidays.

#### On the Basingstoke Road.

Farmer (to stalwart sergeant of police). Hullo! what was the matter with those lady cyclists, whom you stopped?

lady cyclists, whom you stopped?

Sergeant. Well, I can stand a good deal from the fair sex, but I'm blowed if it isn't past a joke when three of 'em come riding on the footpath, ringing their bells for me to get off it!



SIDE LIGHTS ON THE NEW MUZZLING ORDER.

WHAT IT MIGHT COME TO.

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Officer crippled in action reminds a former Partner of the Jubilee of 1887.

Only ten years since first we met!
A century it seems to me.
Can either of us e'er forget
That joyous time of Jubilee?
When you had only just come out,
Quite chicken-like from schoolroom shell,
And I was but a dreadful lout
Who deemed himself a London swell.

At Lady Tweedleder's you sat
With such a mute, appealing glance,
Until—bis dat qui lente dat—
I nerved myself to crave a dance.
A pretty blush and bow, then dumb
With joint delight we whirled away.
A polka! Ah!its rum-ti-tum
Is throbbing in my head to-day!

You wore a robe of clinging white,
Such as a fairy queen might choose,
With lilies of the water sprite
And roses of the faintest hues.
Your gems were sapphires blue as sea,
That shone beside your dainty nose,
And pearls in coral shown to me
Whene'er I trod upon your toes.

And so we danced the season through,
As happy as young hearts could be;
Was I in love? I scarcely knew.
Were you in love?—well, not with me!
I never dared to gauge your mind,
But distance now enchantment lends,
Perhaps you might have been more kind
Instead of being the best of friends.

And here's another Jubilee,
And all the world is just as gay
As when there shone for you and me
That other sun of yesterday!

My dancing seems a wretched ghost
That haunts a cripple for his sins,
While you, I see by Thursday's Post,
Have just enriched the world with twins!

#### ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE MILLION.

A NGELINA. — Pray forgive me. I have bought the Patent Self-grinding Coffee Pot. It is the best of its kind, and the cheapest. I paid 12s. 6d. for it at SLOCUMS, Buncomb Street. So now you must be satisfied. Come home.—EDWIN.

DEAREST MOTHER.—Have you seen the Union Jack Parasol? It will be the rage of the Diamond Jubilee. You can get it at all the shops and stores. The design has been registered by BLISTERBOROUGH, the celebrated drapers in St. Peter's Churchyard. Cousin BESSY has bought four. We thought we must tell you the news.—Your loving daughters, MAY and ALEXANDRA.

NAPOLEON is the rage. Not only at the Lyceum, for he is popular, too, in the St. James's Arcade. It is the universal opinion of the traders there that had he used SKIP & Run's Champion Boots, he would have been the victor at Waterloo!

TO JOHN JONES, Esc., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.—Pray take notice that the Eureka Kokalorum Head-wash is the best preparation for strengthening and increasing the growth of the hair.—Kosts, Retainer & Exis, Solicitors.

THE HON. MRS. VERE DE VERE BELGRAVIA. of No. 379A, Windsor Castle Residences, W., begs to recommend Kurl's Wigs to all her friends, relatives and acquaintances. A perfect fit guaranteed. At home first Mondays.



THE LONDON POLICEMAN'S SUMMER COSTUME.

A Possible Future Development.

### THAT CONCERT.

TALK about the Gordian Knot! That a tangle? Rubbish! rot! It was nothing to our general mix to-day.

It was nothing to our general mix to-day.

A modern Alexander would be looked on as a gander,
For you see "decisive action" does not pay.

We've a "European Concert," and by Jove, if anyone's hurt,
He must not cry out and so disturb the tutti.
For our mighty "Monday Pop," at the least excuse would stop,
And to keep it going's everyone's first duty,
For if the big drum burst, or the fiddle known as first
Were to break a string—a whisper slight might do it!—
All the players left and right would at once begin to fight,
And then, by Jingo, all the world would rue it.

"Go, lovely Peace!" Oh, yes! Lovely Peace would go, I guess.
No, you mustn't stir or whisper, cough or jar,
And if there's any "spoken" straight that Concert will be broken,
And then there'd be a European War!!!
Oh, Orpheus, when you twangled not a wild beast growled or
wrangled,
The Bear the couching Lion laid his head on;

The Bear the couching Lion laid his head on;

But now it is the Brutes play the fiddles, fifes and flutes, And if Orpheus interferes it 's—Armageddon!

#### At Brighton.

Visitor. Why, Mrs. FLINTER, your lodgings are a pound a week dearer than they were last year!

Mrs. F. Yes, Ma'am, but you see there's so many antiquariums come down to inspect the ruins of the Chain Pier that we don't know where to put'em!

#### TRULY NATIONAL!

(Prophetic Report of a Coming Council.)

"THERE seems to be no doubt," observed the General Commanding, "that the mission of the Volunteers has been entirely

"With the greatest possible respect I beg to differ," returned the Auxiliary C. O. "Our motto is defence, and not defiance."

"My good Sir," continued the Regular, "what earthly use can you be protecting Putney or Paddington, instead of carrying the war into the enemy's country? At this moment at such a crisis you should be marching on the enemy's capital."

"Not at all," replied another Volunteer Colonel. "We are essentially for home use. Let the foe tread our sacred soil and we take the advice of the First Duke of Wellington and 'rise up and at 'em.' That is our object, and no other."

"Well, then, you must wait until you have the chance."

'em.' That is our object, and no other."

"Well, then, you must wait until you have the chance. I am aware that the Fleet is away off the coast of China, but as yet we have not heard of an invasion."

"Of course not," said the Commanding Royal Engineer.

"How could we? Why, all the wires were cut at eight o'clock this morning. I should have considered the matter serious were it not that I know that schoolboys are thoughtless and mischievous. No doubt the interruption of our communication is due to a silly practical joke."

"Well, in the face of no further communication," returned the General, "we will accept that as authentic. And now let us continue the discussion."

"I do not see the use. With all due submission to the better

"I do not see the use. With all due submission to the better opinion of my superiors, I venture to declare, that as the Volunteers were established by Acts of Parliament we can do nothing

teers were established by Acts of Farnament we can do nothing to alter their constitution away from Westminster."

"I am afraid you are right," acquiesced the Regular, after a few minutes of the deepest cogitation. "The military power is subservient to the civil. This is regrettable at all times, but it is especially lamentable just now, as the enemy is, so to speak, at

our gates."

"Beg pardon, Sir," interrupted an A.-D.-C., who had just come to attention, "but the foe is a bit nearer than that. They have taken the town and we are surrounded, and practically

prisoners."

"And they select this moment," indignantly exclaimed the Volunteer, "when we are considering our organisation, to take us unawares! It is unsoldierly, it is ungentlemanly, it is bad

However, there was no more time for denunciations, as an officer of the enemy appeared and demanded the swords of all

"Gentlemen," said the now ex-Commander-in-Chief, when the ceremony of disarming had been completed, "there is but one other thing to do, and we will do it. We will adjourn the consideration of the Volunteers until the next invasion."

And as this appeared to be sensible, the proposal was adopted unanimously, but without enthusiasm.

# EXPERIENCES OF A FRENCH PHANTOM.

(Extract from the Diary of a Ghost.)

Now I am really very comfortable. Crossed the Channel in a gale and frightened none of the passengers. Fact was, some of them were so feeble that they appeared quite pleased to see me. Now I am here in a very well appointed château. If the press will only leave me alone I shall get on nicely. I am jotting down my notes in the library. A newspaper! Had a presentipress will only leave me alone I shall get on nicely. I am jotting down my notes in the library. . . A newspaper! Had a presentiment I should find one. And of course, "strange noises, knockings—bell-ringing!" Yes, all that's meant for me! Thought they wouldn't leave me alone for long! I suppose they consider me "good copy" when the war news is scarce, and the last murder is a fortnight old. Now a lot of idiots will follow me up to discover what I am. Doctors, lawyers, and the rest of them. Well, I had better make the most of my time. . . Got a lot of raps out of that panelling, and set the bells all over the house "a-ringing for Sarah!" Great fun! . . Thought it would be so! There's one of the lunatics taking a pot-shot at me with a Kodak, and another attempting to riddle me with the contents of a revolver! No peace nor quiet! Well, I suppose there's nothing to be done—I must be off to England again! And ch! I am so tired of ruined castles and the interiors of dried-up wells!

NEW FABRIC DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' KENNEL Association.—Dog-muslin.



Lambertson (who is nervous, and weighs about a cart-load of bricks, to Dapperton, who has just nipped across, and weighs about nine stone "OH, YES! ALL VERY FINE FOR YOU TO SAY 'DON'T DWELL ON IT,' B-B-BUT nothing).

#### A CYCLE OF CATHAY.

[According to the Novoye Vremya, In Hung Chang has recently stated that the bicycle was a Chinese invention, known as the "happy dragon" in the year 2300 B.C., when it became so popular among Chinese ladies that their household duties were neglected; the result being that cycling was suppressed by order of the Emperor.]

A good old Li! Our ancient friend Chung Tong Has beat the record with his "happy dragon"; Four thousand years ago 'twas flying strong, Or All Fools' Day has set some Russian wag on To draw a bow that's long!

It must have been a marvel to behold Celestial ladies, alias "tottering lilies,"
Endeavouring to bike in days of old With feet all cramped—the slit-eyed little sillies
Soon over would have rolled!

A phantom "prehistoric peep" we take, And feel ourselves belated "foreign devils," To see each yellow dame her home forsake,
And hold with pig-tail squire her flow'ry revels
On wheels of wondrous make.

O worthy Li, the shade of Kong-fu-tse Warns you, I'm sure, in language most emphatic, That China's wares were chop-sticks, opium, tea, Joss-houses, junks, and not the fleet pneumatic Those centuries B.C.

Your "happy dragon" doubtless was a "pram" Or early rickshaw, miserably laden With Mrs. Mandarin, meek as a lamb Inside, with babies and Manchu hand-maiden Packed in a solid jam.

Perhaps a reason for this fable gay
May be its author has been dimly musing
O'er "Locksley Hall," and let his fancy play
On damsels of the Middle Kingdom using
A "Cycle of Cathay!"

#### NOW AND THEN.

(According to the latest University Authorities.)

The Present.—Representatives of the Stronger and Weaker Sexes considering the Situation.

She. I can assure you that all we desire is suitable recognition. He. But, really, a degree is useless. Nearly all the professions are closed (and I think properly) to the weaker sex. She. You forget we are permitted to dabble a little in medicine.

He. But really under protest.

She. Still, a degree would give a woman a certificate of having attained a certain educational standard.

He. But, my dear madam, you would never be satisfied with at. You would require a voice in the government of our

ancient institutions.

She. Pardon me, but you suggest an impossibility. It has always been admitted that woman has been the weaker sex.

[The concession is granted. He (smiling). In theory! THE FUTURE. -The Position as before.

He. Pray take my word for it, that all we ask is to be granted suitable recognition.

She. You must admit that a degree for men in these days is absolutely valueless. All the professions (with scarcely an exception) are filled (and rightly filled) by the stronger sex.

He. You forget that the clergy are still of the masculine

gender.

She. But our foremost feminine thinkers regard the reservation

He. Then think of the social value of a degree to a man. It would be a proof that he had a mind above rounders, and lawn-

She. But, my dear Sir, a man once writing B.A. after his name would never be satisfied with that. It would be the thin end of the wedge. He would next be asking to have a voice in the government of our ancient institutions.

He. Pray let me correct you. I can assure you that you speak of a ridiculous impossibility. It has ever been found that man has been the weaker sex.

She (smiling). In fact!

The concession is refused.



ALL GONE!

Sir M-ch-l H-cks-B-ch (Kennel-Master—to good dog "Income-Tax Payer"). "Poor old Box! There's nothing left for you!"

#### A MANIFESTO OF THE FUTURE.

(To be issued when there is a deficiency of Food in England in time of War.)

Soldiers! You have again proved victorious! The French have been beaten at Herne Bay, and have had to take refuge in and put to sea in the local bathing machines. The Russians, compelled by your bayonets, have evacuated Hythe! The Swiss have disappeared from Ramsgate, and the foot of the invading Swede is no longer set on the sacred sands of Pegwell!

Soldiers, this is glorious! For these triumphs follow a series of still well-remembered successes. Were not the Germans driven from Scarborough, the Austrians from Folkestone, and the Italians from Southend? And above all, did not your colleagues in the sister service send to the bottom of the ocean the combined fleets of the five Great Powers, Turkey, Spain and Portugal, Greece, and the Principality of Monaco

Yes, soldiers, Britannia has conquered Europe in arms! And the result? Why, I have the satisfaction of announcing to you in displayed type that

BREAD IS DOWN AGAIN AT 2s. 9D. THE HALF-QUARTERN LOAF!

> (Signed) BUNKUM. General Commanding-in-Chief.

#### THE CRY OF THE INCOME-TAX PAYER.

It is "Tax! Tax! Tax!" Whether Tory's in or Rad; And it's "Tax! Tax! Tax!" Whether times be good or bad. The Surplus swells and swells,
And the doles are fast and free; But whosoe'er may have less to bear The burden's the same for Me! For the rate is eightpence still,

Though they lessen the load on the land, And though they willingly fill

The parson's outstretched hand. Of the squire they acknowledge the claim,
And they don't forget the Church; But the Income Tax payer, O, thundering

shame! Is eternally left in the lurch.

Tax! Tax! Tax!

In the time of war or peace; Till, tired of the pain in our aching backs, We call all the Chancellors greedy quacks, Who let the parsons and squires go snacks, And make us furnish whatever lacks; Whatever wanes, our load will wax.

The patience it passes Of camels or asses; Tis worse than treacle upon molasses. And, though we are patriots, loads like these.

Which are always swelling, and never cease, Make us call the land of the Income Tax The Land of the Golden Fleece!

#### ONE-DAY WONDERS.

(Page from the Diary of a Constant Reader.)

Monday.—Terrible! What am awful state of things! And to fancy that we should have submitted to such a matter for so long a time! Well, now that public attention is at last aroused, we are sure to see the end of it. The Press is full

Tuesday.—At last it has begun. pected for months, but now at hand. We shall learn the truth. Leaders every-



ART IN WHITECHAPEL.

"Well, that's what I calls a himpossible Persition to get yerself into!"

where, and any number of opinions. Weather quite forgotten in the present excitement. The Press is full of it!

Wednesday.—What a scandal! Well, it might have been expected. Still, the details are startling. The public conscience tails are startling. The public conscience seems this time to be absolutely shocked! Go where one will, nothing else is discussed. The Press is full of it!

Thursday.—Something like a crisis!
Troops hurrying hither and thither. The fleets all in motion. The money-market rising and falling like a tennis-ball! What will be the end of it? Was ever the like

seen before? The Press is full of it!

Friday.—Of course the fund should be supported. England is a wealthy nation and should be equal to the occasion. It Leaders every- is strange that no one should have sug- when we chooses, and does what we likes.

gested it before. Well, now that it has been proposed the cash will flow in abundance. The Press is full of it!

Saturday.—Something else! Dear me, we can't get one sensation on the tapis without it being elbowed out by a fresher excitement. Just been looking at my first entry this week, and can't remember in the least to what it referred. Well, whatever it might have been, the Press was full of it!

Possibly a Misapprehension of Title.

Employer (to Working Man). You haven't been near the factory for a week, SMITH. How's that?

Working Man. Well, Sir, I belongs to the Independent Labour Party. We works



Professor Scoop, F.N.S. (the great Anatomist, who rather funcies himself something of a lady-killer). "AH, MY DEAR MRS. PUMPPIM, THIS IS A MOMENT I HAVE LONG WISHED FOR!

Mrs. Felicia Pumppim (who believes herself so keen on all scientific matters). "And so have I, Professor! Now we have a minute TO OURSELVES, DO TELL ME ALL ABOUT THOSE DEAR OLD BONES OF

#### SAMPLING THE SALON.

(By Our Impressionist in Paris.)

FIND myself on the Boulevards for the Easter Holidays and not visit the "Ouvrages de Peinture, Sculpture, Architecture, Gravure et Lithographie des Artistes vivants exposés au Palais des Champs-Elysées"—impossible! So direct my steps to the principal entrance of the first of the Paris International Exhibitions. Building, by the way, doomed. New one ordered, and soon to take its place. Great crowd entering, great crowd watching the enterers. Reminds me of a first night at the Lyceum, when lion-hunters in humble life watch the celebrities flocking to the theatre leased by Henry Irving. It is the flocking to the theatre leased by Henry Irving. It is the "Vernissage"—French equivalent to our Private View at the R.A. At Burlington House only the cream of the cream of all that is most artistic, most intellectual, most respectable. "Instead of which," at the Palais de l'Industrie, officials, painters, and los a west recipient property of the force.

ratas de l'industrie, ometais, panters, and (as a vast majority) payers of ten francs.

Passed the turn-style and bought a catalogue. And this is "All Paris." "All Paris" is disinclined to look at pictures.

"All Paris" is in the garden in which appears the sculpture. Statues are neglected. Everyone talks, and (when of the femina gander) wears a blazing red hat. Or rather honnet. Statues are neglected. Everyone talks, and (when of the feminine gender) wears a blazing red hat. Or rather bonnet. Matinée hats no longer the thing—quite old-fashioned. Bonnets arrangements of straw worn four inches in rear of the forehead. On straw foundation a low brushwood of flowers. Except on the left—there a May-pole of the prevailing bloom. Simple and effective. Men's hats much the same as in England. Except now and again a perfectly level brim to the regulation stovepipe. Seen something like it before on the heads of an eminent artist-writer recently in the witness-box, and a very accomplished actor-manager now in retreat. But why this talk about the mode? Because it is the chief topic of conversation at the "Vernissage"—or nearly so.

"Vernissage"—or nearly so.

But are there no pictures? Certainly. Well-known Parisian journalist (born an aristocrat, developed into a democrat) has

indicated one or two in the pages of a French paper printed in English. Search the catalogue for it. No good. "Explication" alphabetically arranged as to artists, but nothing said about position of pictures. Still, this may be it. A pose of the nude. Four or five bouncing hoydens on a river bank chatting with a man. From their costume—or rather want of it—hoydens on a river bank chatting with a man. From their costume—or rather want of it—hoydens on a river bank chatting with a man. with a man. From their costume—or rather want of it—hoydens have evidently been bathing. River in the background. One hoyden has her arm round the man's neck. Ah, to be sure! the neck belongs to a donkey's head. Quite so. The picture represents "The Madness of Titania." French version of a scene from A Midsummer Night's Dream. Wouldn't do for England. Examiner of Plays would object. Might do for "the halls." Wrinkle for Mr. Morton. In their present peaceable condition of mind L.C.C.'s would be rather pleased than otherwise. Almost opposite Titania admired the wreck of a fishing smack in the open sea. By the painter of "the useless mouths starving in the snow" in last year's Salon. Quite a different treatment. Not nearly so sensational. Eminent French critic calls attention to the pathos of an outstretched hand emerging from a "great big the pathos of an outstretched hand emerging from a "great big wave." Nonsense! Hand too small to attract attention—almost requires a microscope. Might just as well talk of the grandeur of the gilt frame. Find other exhibits noted by Pargrandeur of the gut frame. Find on the exhibits noted by French soldiers. The first two or three rooms. The scribs seems to have tired of his subject. Hunt up a reception of the CZAR by French soldiers. The Parisian journalist calls attention to the excellent lustre of his black silk hat! Ah, to be sure, French sarcasm!

Take my own impressions. Several crayon-coloured creations. Paintings look as if they had been produced under the direction of Master Jacky, Member of the Nursery School of Art. Sea made of small circular discs of yellow and pink cheese. So it appears to an outsider. Fields of the same tone, but greater finish. Then one wonderful picture—the admiration of all lovers finish. Then one wonderful picture—the admiration of all lovers of pots and pans. Girl pouring vinegar into a bottle of gherkins. Glass marvellous. Ditto brass. See reflections of the rest of the room in both. Two ladies with the head of St. John the Baptist. One is spoiling her "Sunday best" with it. The other carries it on a platter, although she has nothing on to spoil. Or next to nothing. Less blood than usual. Most notable shows a German soldier with his two boon companions silenced by a shell. Teutonic warrior singing a song. Music stopped shows a German soldier with his two boon companions silenced by a shell. Teutonic warrior singing a song. Music stopped by the explosion. Some portraits. "Le Comte de — " in one room, looking slightly feeble. "La Comtesse de — " in the next — masterful. Betting five to one on the lady. Some landscapes. Many functions connected with the Russian visit. An eagle seizing a hare. A husband about to shoot "a cousin" (with accessories) in a hotel. Several "first communions." A child kneeling by a grave (murmurs of "sweetly pretty" from female symmetriers with tander hearts) and numerous symmetry symmetry. sympathisers with tender hearts), and numerous nymphs turning

their backs upon the public.

Ah, what is this! Art is entirely forgotten! Everyone is crowding round a central figure in the gardens! There is much enthusiasm. The private viewers are applauding a lady of striking appearance. The cheers are received with appreciation. And who is the lady? The papers of the next day give the information. The lady is one who has recently been divorced from her coroneted husband, and who is anxious to secure a "turn" at a music-hall! The scene contrasts with the dignified calm incidental to the holding of the Private View at our own Royal Academy. You shrug your shoulders, and come to the conclusion that after all there are some things managed better in England than in France.

#### HAY, HAY, SIR!

(Punch to the new American Ambassador, greeting.)

When the Mayflower sailed, nigh three centuries since, She began a new "Log." It is now packed with wonders. Here goes a new entry! Our love to evince,

Forgiving old wrongs, and forgetting old blunders,
We log, "Hailed the good Yankee bark, Colonel Hay."
The world is not ruled by post-prandial speeches.
Alas! If it were Peace would come—and to stay.
But, Sir, we know you, and we love "Little Breeches."
A pleasant beginning fast friendship for winning.
"Shake. Sir! May that friendship last firm and unshak.

Shake, Sir! May that friendship last firm and unshaken. Since strife between your folk and ours were sheer sinning 'Gainst nature and reason, each step that is taken
To knit friendly bonds, without bunkum or blether,
Is one to the good. PHELPS and LOWELL and BAYARD
Have done their joint best to bring brethren together.

You're on the same track, and may nought make your way hard,

Our May will soon flower. Be sure, Colonel Hay, Like the Mayflower, you're 'welcome as flowers in May!'"

#### TO AMARYLLIS (OF AUBURN).

(To explain why Daphnis cannot come.)

["The smockfrock is seen sometimes, though not on Sundays, and here and there the plough is even now drawn by Virgilian oxen. But the worst of the depression seems to be over; Auburn is looking up, and Daphnis may as well come home from the city. His place is not in London, but here, in the fields, where Amaryllis still wears a lilac sun-bonnet."—Article in the "Times" on "Auburn revisited."]

DEAR Amaryllis, basking in the shade-If not on that account the least bit shady-Led to the country though I'd be, afraid I am you cannot be my leading lady.

You may be all that fancy pictures you,
And varied charms, may be, you do not lack.
In any case, of course, it's always true
Your Auburn hair is streaming down your back.

With you one sees anon the homely smock, "Virgilian oxen," also, plough the tillage, Yet these, alas! are joys that do but mock Since I'm resolved to choose some other village.

Try as I will I cannot quite forget-I hope it will not cause you needless pain— Though Auburn is "the loveliest village," yet It is "the loveliest village of the plain."

# AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—Having encountered there is some time one of the deputies, I have seized the occasion of to visit the Palace of the Parliament. One afternoon I go there, and following the instructions of the brave policemans I arrive to a great octagon hall, where I give my card of visit to another policeman—partout des policemans!—who indicates to me that I must rest at the end of a range of persons at side of the entry. I attend there patiently while that a fet policeman marches of long in there patiently while that a fat policeman marches of long in large, de long en large, almost on our foots. C'est ennuyant. I attend as that during one half hour. Of time in time a huissier comes to the entry and cries a name, but never the name of the

comes to the entry and cries a name, but never the name of the deputy whom I desire to visit, ni le mien non plus, nor the mine not more. C'est très, très-fatigant.

At the moment where I go to ask if I may to seat myself on the pavement of the hall, I hear a hurling, un hurlement, at the entry. It are the policemans and the huissier who call. The hall resounds of the cry "Béssmpiah." In fine I comprehend that it is my name Bassaranan programmed at the English that it is my name, BASSOMPIEREE, pronounced at the English mode. Enfin! I disengage myself from the other persons, and I go at rapid step to the entry where I find the deputy. I shall call him Mr. X.

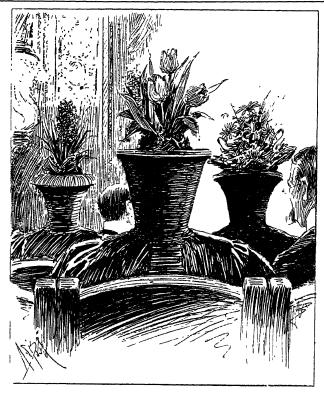
He receives me very politely and conducts me around of the rooms of the fashion the most amiable. At first we enter in the "Lobby," and from there we pass in a couloir, as sombre as the corridors of the Palace of Justice. Toujours the gothic style, but of another epoch. If they love the gothic style, the English, and that in a climate so sad, so black! We arrest our solves at the classed door of a quite little room, where I persolves at the classed door of a quite little room, where I persolves at the classed door of a quite little room, where I persolves at the classed door of a quite little room, where I persolves at the classed door of a quite little room, where I persolves at the classed door of a quite little room.

soyle, but of another epoch. It they love the gouinc style, the English, and that in a climate so sad, so black! We arrest ourselves at the glassed door of a quite little room, where I perceive some men reading some journals. Evidemment une petite salle d'attente des huissiers, ou des agents de la police de sûreté, that which you call "detectors." But no! Mister X. says to me that this little room, enough sad and enough sombre, is the cabinet de lecture of the deputies themselves, the "Newspaper Room" of the most great, or at the least of the most ancient, of the parliaments of the world. What droll of idea!

And of more! There is not there one sole stranger journal, un seul journal étranger. In vain the brave journalists of Paris discuss the question of Egypt, in vain the most violent of the german writers say thousand injuries, mille injures, to your country, your deputies can only read all that translated and compressed in the english journals. And of more! There is there but one sole illustrated journal. It is true that, among all, the deputies have chosen the most respectable, the most illustrious, that magnificent journal, of which I am, dear Mister Punch, the collaborateur the most humble and the most indignant, indigne. But the others in your country—the Illustrated nant, indigne. But the others in your country—the Illustrated Graphic, the Black and Blue, the Policemans News—they ap-

pear never in this little room.

Then we arrive to some other little rooms, encore plus mesquines et plus mornes, where the deputies can to invite their friends to dine. Mister X. celibataire, who has perhaps forty years, or less, complains himself much of these rooms so "shabby." He desires to invite some ladies and some misters of his friends, and he must to receive them in a salle-à-manger



#### FLOWERS OF SPRING.

A SKETCH AT A DRAUGHTY MATINÉE?

which resembles to a little salle d'attente of an english railway.

Ce n'est pas grand'chose, that is not great thing.

And the charming english misses of his acquaintance, whom he invites to the fivoclock! It is terrible. The other deputies are perhaps more aged, and the beautiful misses come not to render visit to them. But Mister X., truly I pity him! However, in summer, if he makes fine—that which arrives sometimes in your country—Mister X. can to receive these ladies on the terrace which gives on the Thames. That must to be very agreeable. I figure to myself a beautiful afternoon of June, the air soft and perfumed of roses, and, on the terrace, reposing himself at the shade, the illustrious legislator surrounded of adorable misses. What charming fashion of to serve his country! Moi je voudrais travailler comme ça! Agree, &c., Auguste.

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Le Morte Darthur, by Sir Thomas Malory, Part Third. A new volume. The series to which this belongs, published by J. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House, is the daintiest, handsomest, and handiest, ever as yet issued by any publishing house. Portable gems every one of them.

able gems every one of them.

I do not remember ever having read any work by Eden Philports previous to his Lying Prophets, published by Innes & Co.,
but if his others are equal to this his latest, then is there in store
for me, quoth the Baron, a great treat, for a more masterly
novel, both for analysis of character, exact reproduction of local
dialect, poetic appreciation of scenery, and sustained interest
in the events of a very simple and probable story, it would
be difficult to find. Where Thackeray, supposing he had
chosen such a theme, would have assumed the showman and
would have stopped to moralise on the action of his puppets,
Mr. Eden Philipotts, on almost all occasions save two or three,
continues his story as a narrator, and does not distract the continues his story as a narrator, and does not distract the attention of the reader at the risk of wearying him by becoming an apologist for each action of the beings of his own creation. Nor does he fill pages with sordid unnecessary details, as does Cola, though he fearlessly calls a spade a spade, when thereto compelled by the necessity of the case. It is a pathetic tragedy of homely and very real life, and if we would have had it end otherwise than it has seemed good to the author to end it, it is because, while reading, we have come to love, pity, or sympathise with, the principal characters in the story. THE BARON DE B.-W.



#### A REMOTE CONTINGENCY.

"For goodness' sake, don't fidget so, 'Enery! You'll have me in the Water!"

# SPORTIVE SONGS.

A young Britisher, having taken a fair American "round the Town," resents the intrusion and anger of her Father.

Our escapade was very sweet
The while it lasted, darling;
Some day the joke we may repeat
Without your father snarling.
You see that he was born discreet, Bred up with views severest, Mid bell-topped hats and chokers neat-Not what I wear, my dearest!

I know 'twas wrong when you and I Devised that morning ramble, When I cried, "We must do or die!"— You bravely answered "Gamble!" And so you joined me in the Square, Where with the cab I waited: I made the crossing-sweeper stare, With proof of being elated!

Then merrily, I think you'll say, We did a round of shopping,

It seemed a kind of business day, When I did all the stopping. And thus at length with such a bunch Of springtide buds and blossoms, We went to Regent Street to lunch On "fricasseed opossums."

That was your simile, not mine, You're Yankier than a Yankee And when I touch your lips with mine I've hardly time to thank ye.
The "fricasseed opossum" jokes
Would make a Scotchman shiver,
They're all about the "Haggis-Hoax" That haunts the Hudson River!

'Twas when I'd lighted my cigar, And your sweet eyes were merry, I felt a touch of strong catarrh, And tried my nose to bury, For there before us both revealed Your gallant sire was scowling His language was most unconcealed, 'Twas pure primeval howling!

Wipe out your tears with Belfast lawn! Destroy your pain with powder! Meet me at eve, at midday, dawn, And let your laugh be louder! For with these versicules I send The proof of Daddy's hard case; He quite forgot his lady friend Had dropped her pretty card case!

#### ATTENTION AT THE PLAY.

(As performed at many London Theatres.)

Scene-Interior of a Private Box. TIME-Towards the end of the First Act of an established success.

#### PRESENT-A Party of Four.

No. 1 (gazing through opera glasses). A good house. Do you know anyone?
No. 2. Not a soul. Stay, aren't those the FITZSNOOKS?

No. 3 (also using a magnifier). You mean the woman in the red feather at the end of the third row of the stalls?

No. 4. You have spotted them. They have got Bobby Tenterfore with them.

have got Bobby Tenterfore with them. You know, the Johnnie in the F.O. No. 1. I thought Mr. Tenterfore was at Vienna.

No. 4. No; he was going, but they sent another chap. Brought him back from somewhere in the tropics.

No. 3. Then what is Mr. Tenterfore doing in town?

doing in town?

No. 4. Oh! come home on leave. Lots of that sort of thing at the F. O.

No. 1 (having grown weary of looking at the audience). By the way, à propos de bottes, I have some money to invest. Can you suggest anything?

No. 3. They say that Diddlers Deferred

will turn up trumps.

No. 1. What do you mean by that? I only want to pop in and out between the accounts.

No. 3. Then the Diddlers ought to suit you. They rose six last week, and ought to

No. 1. Then I am on. Thanks very much for the information. Ah! the curmuch for the information. Ah! the curtain has fallen. So much for the first act! (Enter visitor.) Ah! how are you? Where are you?

Visitor. Well, I have got a stall, but I have only just come into the house. What

are they playing?

No. 2. I am sure I don't know; but if you are curious about it, here's the programme.

Visitor. And what's it all about? No.1 (on behalf of self and companions). We haven't the faintest notion.

[Conversation becomes general, and remains so until the end of the evening, regardless of the dialogue on the stage side of the curtain.

#### Lawn-Tennis versus Bicycling. (After Goldsmith.)

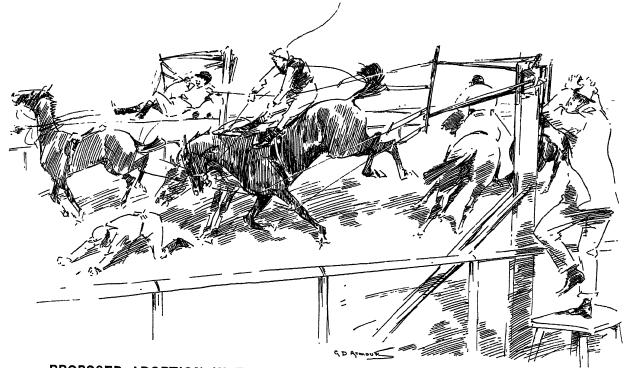
WHEN lovely woman strives to "volley," But finds that men her strokes despise, What art can soothe her melancholy, And reinstate her in their eyes?

The only art her loss to cover-To charm and to subdue alike-To bring back her repentant lover, And fire his bosom—is to "bike."

IMPERIUM IN IMPERIO.—The KAISER in Austria.



"ENOUGH!"



# PROPOSED ADOPTION IN THIS COUNTRY OF THE AUTOMATIC STARTER.

REMOTE POSSIBILITIES: -- "Something Wrong with the Works."

#### THE BEAR'S SHARE.

(Dr. Watts Up-to-date.)

LET Turks delight to blast and blight, For 'tis their nature to; Let angry Pashas rage and fight, For fate has planned it so.

But, Cretans, you should never let Your angry passions rise. Your patriot bands were never meant To mould your destinies.

The egregious Greek in vain shall seek To raise a patriot fuss;
The Concert checks Hellenic cheek— Obedient to the Russ.

The Bear and Lion growl no more,
They're banded friends of Peace.
But—when the Turk's estate is shared, Then it will be Bear's Greece!

#### A Question of Reciprocity.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice that one EYLOFF has been placed on his trial for speaking disrespectfully of Her Most Graspeaking disrespectfully of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, he being an officer of the Transvaal Republic. I could not help wondering, when I read the intelligence, where we should be able to try all the British officers, who have spoken, and speak, disrespectfully of President Kruger. I fancy that they could not be accommodated with any comfort either at accommodated with any comfort either at the Crystal Palace or the Albert Hall—at least, such is my calculation.
Yours in doubt, Cornelius Cocker.

Logathrim Club, W.

CURIOUS MILITARY FACT.—The seat of war is always the spot where two forces are standing up to one another.

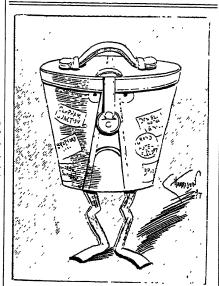
#### "ELEGANCE AND EASE."

JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE stood six feet two, His calves were pink and his livery blue; His head was powdered, and proud his mien

As in nobleman's gentleman e'er was seen. But JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE had a social club.

Where he took what he called his "hextry grub,"

Where he smoked his pipe with a jovial air, And forgot the deportment of Belgrave



"Oh, there's going to be a grand fuss about the High Hat Centenary, but nobody's taking a bit of notice of me!—and what would a High Hat be without me?"

#### ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE MILLION.

HARLES, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE give up your present life. Discard whist-playing, horse-racing, and roulette. They will be your ruin. If you want rational recreation, buy the new patented game, "It's a great big shame," price one shilling. My best love to you.—Your heart-broken MOTHER.

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT would keep better time if they purchased BRUMMAGEM'S Pure Gold Watches, at 5s. 6d. apiece, as supplied to Royalties throughout the world.

ARLING! Don't forget to supply your sweet self with Kough's Lozenges (in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 3s. 7½d., and 48s.) until my return.—Your guardian angel, The Devour Lover.

H! DARLING PAPA, do use the lastdividend you collected for me in buying Pure English Cigarettes, instead of nasty foreign cigars. If you do, I shall "tank you so much, booty puppy."—Your own daughter (with a separate estate), LITTLE TODDLEKINS.

A DVERTISEMENTS intended for this page, if not received to-day, will, if they arrive in time, be gladly inserted tomorrow.

#### In East Dorsetshire.

Pedestrian (to Native, pointing to inviting-looking Park). Is there any right of way through those grounds?

Native. I doan't know nothing 'bout a right o' way, but if thee happens to meet Squire's keeper I guess thee 'll find there's a gra-at wrong o' ro-ad.



#### BACK TO BUSINESS!

AFTER A RELIEF IN A PARLIAMENTARY RECESS

#### GOING FOR GRACCHUS.

["Gracohus" has suggested signalising the Diamond Jubilee Year by the abolition of the silk hat.]

GREAT Scott! At the suggestion wisdom smiles; Wild spasms of sardonic laughter rack us. Fancy the "chimney-pots" from 'midst the "tiles" Banished by "Gracohus"!

Jubilee japes are many, but this jest
Is sure "no joke"! It stirs impetuous passion
In plodding Trade's mild, imperturbable breast,
And "riles up" Fashion.

Abolish the Pot-Hat? Æsthetic craze!
"Gracohus" hath heart of flint and brains of batter.
Now, now we know the meaning of the phrase
"Mad as a hatter."

What? Celebrate the Diamond Jubilee
By leaving hundreds of poor hatters "clemming"?
Nay, save us from that dismal destiny,
BENJAMIN HEMMING!

That noble champion, of Nelson Square,
Is square, and a true hero, the Trade's Nelson!
He writes a right smart letter, too, to air
The theme he dwells on.

"Go it, great Hemming, Hero of the Hat!"
The Trade exclaims. "Æsthetic prigs attack us,
But he, our Benjamin, lays Gower just flat,
And knocks out 'Gracchus.'

"The artists of this era are a pest,
With all their twaddle of technique,—sheer fudgment!
And as to when a gentleman's well drest
Who'll trust their judgment?

"Their art's all footle and their hat all flop;
Trimness and tightness, symmetry and sleekness,
They cock the nose at, but a Hatter's shop
Might teach them meekness.

"Swashbucklers and art-students, clowns and cads, Cowboys and organ-grinders, prigs and costers Love floppiness; so do the finick fads Who paint our posters.

"But Gentlemen—and some still serve our QUEEN,
Thanks most to H.R.H. and England's Hatters!—
Know stiffness, silkiness, and spotless sheen
Are mighty matters.

"'GRACCHUS' would mark the Diamond Jubilee By levelling England down to Buffalo Billiness. Oh, hideous mixture of disloyalty And utter silliness!

"There's safety in Silk Hats! Other head-gear Brings a vile blend of rascalry and dowdiness. Shall we perpetuate in this Jubilee Year The rule of rowdiness?

"Forbid it, Heaven, and the Hatting Trade!!!
Squash-hat Kerr Hardie's levelling tide for stemming,
Cry 'Down with "Gracohus," of the Downward Grade,
And up with Hemming!!!'"

Toby on the True "Unspeakable."

The cruel Mussulman men flout,
But there's a man more cruel than
The Turk, and that's beyond all doubt,
The cruel Muzzle-man.
The Turk may call his foeman dog, may be,
But does not treat him as my "friends" treat me!



#### AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Landlord (who has been listening to his Tenant's grumbles). "Well, Smithers, you must admit you 've had good luck with THE LAMBS. Tenant. "Umph! There are Too Many by half. Look what a sight of Money they 'll cost to rear!"

#### THE PHANTOM VEHICLE.

The youth was almost crazy with excitement. It had been a sad disappointment to have been absent from the great meet which had taken place while he was abroad. He had longed to join in the shout of enthusiastic exultation that had greeted the commencement of the movement that practically was to revolutionise the universe. He had read eagerly the newspapers teeming with descriptions and prospectuses, and then had travelled post-haste from the Antipodes to his native land.

"It is a great thing for the nineteenth century!" he exclaimed.
"It would have been a thousand pities had the honour been delayed until the twentieth could have claimed the distinction.

delayed until the twentieth could have claimed the distinction. But now to work! I must see them with my own eyes! Oh, the joy, the triumph of it!"

He hastily left his house. He expected to meet the object of his search outside his door. But it was not there.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "I shall find them in the busy streets, in the public places, where the men of commerce most do congregate." congregate.

But again he was disappointed. His quest was fruitless in the Strand, Fleet Street, Oxford Circus, the Poultry, and Cornhill.

"How absurd!" he murmured. "Of course, they are in the suburbs. Greater London is the place for them. It will be time when Brixton and Tooting are occupied for Lombard Street to be invaded."

But a visit to the delightful localities to which he had referred Richmond, Putney, Chiswick, and Wimbledon.

"Ah, the parks! I shall find them in the parks!"

But he did not. Hampton Court was free, and so were the graceful grounds adjacent to the Albert Memorial.

"The provinces are always in advance of the metropolis," he thought. "I will go farther afield."

Then he remounted his bicycle. He journeyed to Westward Ho; he sped to Birmingham. He was found in Chester, Scarborough, Cardiff, Stoke, Oxford, Cambridge, and Crewe Junction.

And the result was ever the same. Nothing to be seen. They were nowhere.

He had grown prematurely old. He was dispirited. But still he would have continued his examination had not fatigue bade him halt. At last he fainted. When he recovered he told his

"But what have you been looking for?" asked the doctor.

Then came the reply which showed how hopeless had been his perambulatory investigation from the first. He murmured, with a deep sigh, "I have been searching for a motor-car!"

"But you have not found one?" queried the medical man.

"I have not."

"No more has anyone else," returned the disciple of Æsculapius. And the statement had the admirable accuracy of scientific research.

#### PROVERBS FROM THE PLAY.

You may fill a comedy with tons of talk, but that won't give

it a plot.

A line after a time freshens up nine hundred and ninety-nine.

A woman may be called, on the stage, trente-six, but that won't make her appear older than twenty in her dressing-room.

Look after the stalls and boxes and the pit and gallery will

take care of themselves.

A hiss is not so good as a smile.

A notice that is one man's bread may be another man's poison. If silence before the curtain is silver, signed letters in the newspapers are golden.

#### Scotland for Ever!

"Why," asked the old customer of the MacTavish, "have you changed the name of this apartment from the Milton to the Burns Room?"

"Frae puir patriotism," replied the Laird. "'Deed, mon, wherefore shouldna one blind poet take the place o' anither? Ye'd no be wanting me to name the chamber the Wilfrid



VIVE LA POLITESSE! LADIES FIRST!

# SUBURBAN.

HONOURED SIR, -I feel assured that, during the visit of the eminent Dr. NANSEN to this country, he must have left a specimen of the North Pole in the keeping of the Royal Geographical Society, or some other influential body, for never do I remember the Newmarket Craven Meeting to have been so afflicted with that chilliness, which is more suited to Mr. Harry DE WINDT on the bleak shores of Behring's Straits, or Mr. Jackson amid the none too congenial surroundings of Franz Josef Land, than to yours truly in the vicinity of the famous Ditch, to which we invariably raise the chimney-pot or bowler of commerce and conventionality. The victory of the Prince of Wales with Mousme on Thursday, however, threw a little warmth into the meeting; and will Mr. HAWKE and the Anti-Gambling League be down on H.R.H. when I state that he had a bit on his pretty child of St. Simon? (N.B.—I never knew a race-horse yet without a bit on it when running. Twiggezvous, honoured Sir?)

In the meantime, what do Mr. H. and the Aggravated-Grandmother League want? If they imagine victory assured because a few bookmakers and their genteel pencillers are convicted, they err as lamentably as did Mrs. Partington when battling the Atlantic Ocean with her mop. Take the word, Sir, of an old and white-whiskered pard. You might construct the Channel Tunnel or travel to Pekin in an aeronautical vessel, but, if we were Medes

DARBY JONES ON THE CITY AND if Mr. H. and the Aggravated Grand-mothers drive us off the Turf in England, you may rest assured that, like Irish shamrocks, we shall rise up again somewhere else, be it on the broad plains of Thessaly, where gate-money meetings would be of immense advantage to King George of Greece, or on the gentle sward which, I am told, environs the great and salubrious lakes of Africa.

But, jam satis, as the poet said when he had finished the pot of marmalade. Let me turn my lighthouse eye on the troubled sea of the City and Sub—a name which, in this abbreviated form, rhymes nicely with "pub," and Bacchus and that German beer-swiller, Gambrinus, know that the Licensed Victuallers not only flock to Epsom on the occasion of this London-cum-Clapham and Tooting contest, but are always accompanied by a Birnam Flower Garden of Licensed Victualleresses, ma-trons and maids, dames and damsels, ladies and lasses, relieved for the nonce from the strain of the beer-engine and the manipulation of the corkscrew. Bless their happy faces! Their manners may not be those of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, but they are a good deal better than those of Madame Sans-Gêne at Sir Henry Irving's Theatre, in my humble opinion.

And now to business. Let me mount Pegasus with the hope, Sir, that you, and the Princes and Nobles with whom you consort, have your silken handkerchiefs so well tasselled that you will be able to place a goodly number of shekels on the selec-tions—remember I am of the 1, 2, 3, or Ancient Order of Starters Belief—of your aeronautical vessel, but, it we were medes and Persians, the laws couldn't prevent us from imperilling our paper, gold, silver or goes, as the Dog exclaimed when he bronze in the Game of Speculation. And rescued the child who wasn't drowning.

With Fallen crest I 'd surely be Did Aural head case win the prize. The Bornean nag is not for me, But Cagliostro can't despise. The Hebronchitis runneth well, But I prefer the Scottish Bay. The Devil pulls, as all can tell. Against the Peace we need to-day. But give the Market Horse to me, Conjointly with the Almond Tree, And Melfy in the one, two, three

There, honoured Sir, is the little programme laid out as neatly as Lieutenant DAN GODFREY was wont to arrange his melodious selections for the Trooping of the Colour. Knowing that you are somewhat chary under the Hawke-Hawkins decision of risking your revered self within the precincts of a Place, I take leave to the precincts of a Piace, I take leave to tell you that, in partnership with my friend, Captain Philip Quisby, I have chartered a coach, which will be found on the Hill (close by the topmost "Knockmedowns"), where business can be done with the utmost secrecy and despatch.

Ever your devoted helot, DARBY JONES.

#### WE ARE SIX.

A Wordsworthian Fragment.

I MET a little Concert chap, He was one of Six, he said; His hair was thick, but, by strange hap, Less thick than was his head.

He had a simple stolid air, And he was quaintly clad. He said, "I'm here to see all fair!"— His folly made me mad.

"Your co-performers, wooden-head, How many may you be?" "How many? Six in all," he said, And wondering looked at me.

"And what's your game? I pray you tell!"

He answered, "Six are we; Young Curzon is an awful swell; Our ships are on the sea."

"If Curzon is an awful swell, If ships are on the sea, What mean the Six? I pray you tell What your joint game may be."

Then did the little chap reply, "Six Mighty Powers are we, And Three of us—well, we stand by, And watch the other Three!

"And of the latter Three there's One Who seems in a queer fix; The other pair, they boss the fun.
Ah! we're a Mighty Six!!!"

"If Three are mute, or dead," I said,
"And One is in a fix,
You're practically Two!" But still
That Concert cove would have his will,
And said, "Nay, we are Six!!!"

#### Honours Divided.

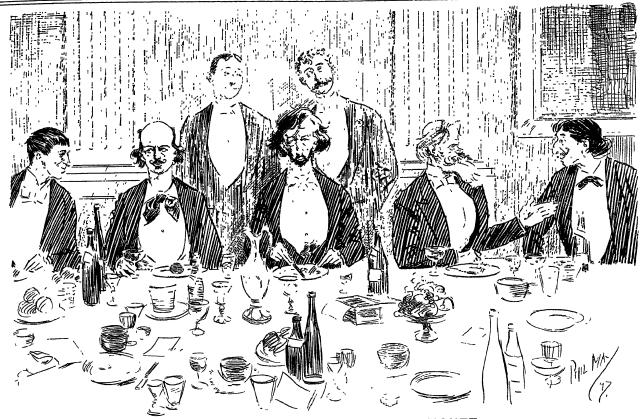
(Thought on Transactions in the Transvaal.)

To open people's eyes one man desires, Another's special business is to shut them;

One politician has to pull the wires, Another has to—cut them!

It all depends—sure nothing could be clearer-

If you are in Mafeking or Madeira!



AT A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC BANQUET.

Waiter (to Colleague). "Well, they may 'ave the Intellec', Fred, but we certainly 'as the Good Looks!"

# DARBY JONES REFERS TO THE "TWO THOUSAND."

Honoured Sir,—I can well understand that you, with other honoured patrons, were not altogether pleased with my diagnosis of the City and Suburban Handicap. Nevertheless, remember that I failed not to point out the transcendent merits of the Winner and of braw Bay Ronald, the while my outsider, Amandier, ran a dead heat for fourth place. You will observe, too, that I utterly disregarded the claims of such crass pretenders as Crestfallen and South Australian. The latter should be set aside as a mount for one of the gallant Antipodean Brigade, which has arrived to honour the Diamond Commemoration Day.

"After Epsom, Sandown!" the racing

"After Epsom, Sandown!" the racing folk cried, just as the magnificent Louis Quinze, King of France, Navarre, and other minor countries, invoked the deluge. Personally I do not appreciate Sandown, especially in very showery or very hot weathen, when the toil from the station reminds one of the excursion of Long-fellow's hero in that abstruse poem, "Excelsior." "Sand up!" not Sandown, ought to be the cry, while ascending that inconvenient mount abutting on the most accidental course in Great Britain.

Let us rather to Newmarket. Have you, honoured Sir, ever seen, as I have, the ever-sportsmanlike Heir-Apparent cantering over the classic Heath on his cob at nine o'clock in the morning, and surveying with a critical eye the "strings" about which there is no "roping"? I trow not. Newmarket is indeed a glorious place, and that H.R.H. should forsake his well-earned

feather bed in order to examine the Ups and Downs of Racing, does not astonish

yours truly. The Two Thousand Guineas Race has not that importance which it held of yore, but among these latter-day saints of the Racing Calends, we must still remember such heroes as Surefoot, Common, Isinglass, Kirk Connell, and St. Frusquin. It used to be held as a Dress Rehearsal for the Derby Drama; it is now only the Preliminary Farce. Nevertheless, it commands the same respect which we bestow on the Acropolis of Athens, the Pyramids of Egypt, and St. Paul's Cathedral, because it smacks of remains. The Bard therefore dedicates these few lines to the object of a subject, which once aroused an interest second only after the event to Nunhead Ccmetery. The Augur (mark his words) says:—

This used to be a race, but now
It seems to be a sort of promenade;
For ev'ry mare's apparently a cow,
And ev'ry horse unfit to met a jaede.
The Irishman, they say, will "funk" the task,
The Royal Flunkey's chances are much fainter,
The Channel Islands won't do what they ask,
So I must choose the Primrose Spanish Painter.
But don't forget with women as with men.

But don't forget, with women as with men,
A Bard may chant, "There's someone on th
Ken."

The Aggravated-Grandmothers League appears to be in want of friends. Let the members—I never met one—slip out of the circle of good bookies, and invest the price of the latest subscription from Mr. HAWKE on the carefully-weighed selection of

Yours ever on the spot, DARBY JONES.

#### THE SPEC IN SEATS.

(A Possible Development.)

Letter No. 1. May 10, 1897.

Dear Sir, — Seeing that you have recently arrived from New York, and no doubt are desirous of securing a window to view the Diamond Jubilee Procession, I beg to submit the excellent situation described overleaf. The price will be £1,500.

Yours truly, Manager.

Letter No. 2. May 20, 1897.

Dear Sir,—The negotiations consequent upon your refusing to pay the price suggested in my letter of the 10th inst. having fallen through, I will again offer you the window. The price will be £1,000.

Yours truly, Manager.

Letter No. 3. May 30, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—You will remember that ten day ago I had the pleasure of submitting a window to you for occupation on the 22nd of June. The price is now £500.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Letter No. 4. June 10, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that the window of which I have written several times, and which is described overleaf, is still unlet. The price is now £50.

Yours truly. MANAGER.

Yours truly, Manager. Letter No. 5. June 20, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—As time presses, I beg to say that the window is still unlet. You can have it for £5.

Yours truly, Manager.

Telegram (reply paid). June 21, 1897.

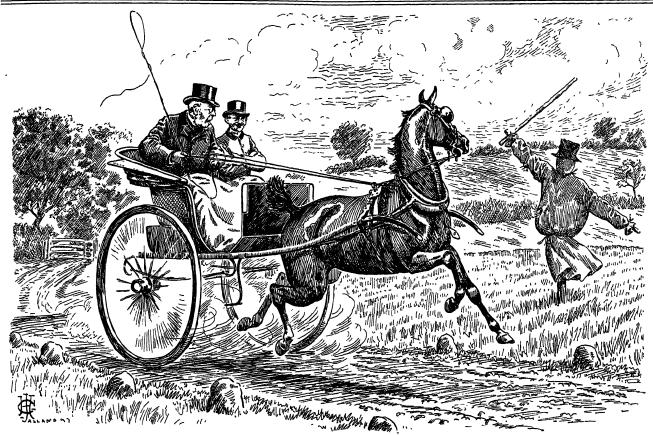
Window still unoccupied. Price five shillings. No reasonable offer refused.



A DECIDED PREFERENCE.

John Bull (to Miss Canada). "Thank you, my dear! Your favour is as welcome as the Flowers in May!"

["The immediate point is that Canada has decided to shift her main market from the United States to the United Kingdom."—Times, Monday, April 26.]



THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Short-sighted Old Gent (to realistic Scarecrow). "Confound you, Sir, put your Stick down! Can't you see you are Frightening my Horse?"

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Thackerays in India (Henry Frowde), purports to be an account of the history of the family and connections of the great novelist. That purpose is fully accomplished. But beyond it Sir William Hunter, in a volume of less than two hundred pages, manages, with perhaps unconscious art, to give a picture of India in John Company's time, full of light and colour. His first chapter, "Some Calcutta Graves," conveys a more vivid impression of the birth of our Empire in India, and of the personalities of the men who brought it about, than some much larger tomes my Baronite has read through. The Thackerays Sir William Hunter follows in patient, loving quest from the first William Hunter follows in patient, loving quest from the first William in the service of the East India Company, down to the last and more illustrious, born in Calcutta on the 18th of July, 1811. Four sons of the first W. M. T., and fourteen of his descendants and kinsmen, served John Company. In the novelist's grand-uncle and guardian, Peter Moore, is disclosed the lay figure which Thackeray later clothed with the simple virtues and noble dignity of Colonel Newcome. Though ruined himself, cast down as Colonel Newcome was from a position of wealth and ease to one of poverty, Peter Moore so well served his little ward, that when in 1832 Thackeray came of age, he found himself in possession of £20,000. The book is fascinating from first page to last. It is worth more than it costs simply for this glimpse of Colonel Newcome in the flesh.

"I do not speak well your beautiful language, but I admire

"I do not speak well your beautiful language, but I admire him," said, apologetically to a Frenchman, a certain distinguished English artist who loved to be mistaken by strangers for a foreigner. So quoth the Baron to the bicyclist, "I do not myself 'wheel,' but I admire him," and, on the "human nihil alienum" principle, nothing that interests so vast a majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen can possibly be foreign to the large-hearted Baron. With pleasure, then, has he considered the pages of The Complete Cyclist, which is No. 2 of the Ishmian Library, published by INNES & Co., of Bedford Street. The Baron does not know who the "Co." in this firm may be, but how apposite for the publishers of any guide-book showing bicyclists and others where to go, and at what hotels to stay, would be the

name of "Innes and Outs." Curious to note, that at first a bicyclist was called "a cad on castors." Not a few caddish bicyclists there are, unfortunately, like the poor, "always with us," and many a lady and gentleman wheeler has had to suffer for coming into collision with these 'Arries of the wheel. In this book there are several very amusing stories, one of the best being the story of "The Duck and the Wheel," which sounds as if it were part of a menu. The "Scorcher" is ridiculed and denounced. Apparently every fair "bicycliste" must be a bigamist, as she cannot get along without a couple of "hubs." Decidedly an amusing, and, at the same time, to all "leaders" of the bicycling fashion, and to all "wheelers," an interesting and useful volume.

The Baron de B.-W.

#### A KEW-RIOUS PROPOSAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Seeing that considerable difficulty is being experienced by the Court officials in finding sufficient accommodation for the guests of Her Majerty during the Commemoration Festivities, I venture to suggest that the Representative of the Emperor of China might be very comfortably housed in the Pagoda of Kew Gardens, which is at present, as useless as when it was erected, and denied to the public. It consists of nine stories and a basement, and no doubt could easily be converted into Celestial flats, with, let us say, a Jubilee lift. Moreover, Kew Gardens are celebrated for birds' nests, wherewithal to provide the necessary soup, and I can guarantee plenty of nightingales. Trusting that you will bring my idea to the notice of Sir Spencer Ponsoner-Fane, or someone equally versed in the vicissitudes of Box and Cox,—I am, yours expectantly, Willow-Pattern Lodge, Isleworth.

"TANTENE ANIMIS SEASIDIBUS IRE!"—Judging from the reports in the Daily Mail, and from some remarks in Truth, the recent royal visit of H.R.H. The Duchess of Teor to Ramsgate has resulted in a feeling of Wei-gall-and-bitterness among the Mayor, Corporation, and towns-folk of that salubrious seaside resort. The Mayor represents, in himself, the Head and the Hart of the town.



Eva. "Mother says I am descended from Mary Queen o' Scots."

Tom. "So am I then, Eva." Eva. "Don't be so silly, Tom! You can't be. You're a Boy!"

## DOING THE TOWER.

It is a dull and chilly afternoon. The crowd of Sightseers is large and bevy of factory girls, by whom her humour is keenly appreciated.
(2) A Person with a talent for impromptu platitude which almost amounts to genius; with him, an adult nephew, who has the highly irritating peculiarity of never being at hand when addressed. (3) A tall Sergeant in the Guards, with his "young woman" and her married sister. (4) A wheezy and husky old Lady, with an admiring country friend. (5) A Languid Man, with two bored Ladies, and (6) Our inevitable acquaintance, the Comic Cockney.

#### IN THE REGALIA ROOM.

Mrs. Edkins. That's 'En Majesty's best crownd, that is. I wonder if she'd let me 'ave the loan of it some Sunday. I should look nice goin' down to Eppin' Forest with that on my 'ed!

First Factory Girl. Lorluvyer, Mrs. Edkins, mum, a top'eavy concern like that wouldn' stay long on your 'ed.

Mrs. Edkins. Oh, I dunno. With a couple o' 'at-pins!

The Sergeant's Young Woman (shrewdly). The Royal Family seems partial to salt, from the number and size of the salt-cellars they 'ye got here!

cellars they've got here!

The Sergeant. That's natural enough, being, as you may say, the salt of the earth themselves. In this case over here, you see (with an air of proprietorship), we keep the Swords of State!

His Companions (with awestruck reverence). What whoppers!

The Platitudinarian (to his Nephew). By a striking and beautiful allegory, the precise origin of which is lost in obscurity, the Sword of Mercy—though forty inches long—is entirely lacking

in point.

The Comic Cockney (whom, owing to the gloom, he has addressed by mistake). You don't s'y so, Mister. Well, I've 'eard remarks since I come in 'ere as kin tike the shoine outer the Sword o' Mercy!

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARMOURY.

The Comic Cockney (to his Companion). J'ever 'ear me purtend to be a kid? Jest you listen, then. (Approaches Warder on guard, presents ticket, and speaks in the excruciating falsetto of a stage-infant.) P'ease, Misser Beefeater, I wants my ticket pur'end pun'sed.

The Warder (after surveying him). You mean your 'ed.
[The C. C. crawls upstairs, crushed for the moment. IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN.

The Platitudinarian (to his Nephew). Strange to think that these very arches must have frequently witnessed the devotions of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and his family! How it thrills one with the consciousness of our close kinship with the past. Don't

you feel that? 

[He finds himself abruptly released. The Platitudinarian (to himself). It's an extraordinary thing that nephew of mine will lag behind like this. No, he's on ahead, in the Armoury. What good he expects to get by coming here if he doesn't keep with me, I don't-THe follows in pursuit.

## IN THE BANQUETING HALL.

The Sergeant's Young Woman. I like the way they've done the walls and ceilings, all in patterns with swords. So out of the

The Sergeant (gratified). Yes, it's tasty. But you come along and I'll show you a trophy of Injian corn and a bird pursooin' a butterfly, all made out of old bayonets and ramrods and gun-

locks.

His Young Woman. What! a bird and a butterfly made out of bayonets! Well, you 'ave got some novelties 'ere, I must say! First Factory Girl. 'Ullo, there's ole Queen ELIZABETH on the 'orse, d'yer see? and that's her page-boy 'olding of it.

Second Factory Girl (reading placard). "As she appeared on her way to St. Paul's to return thanks for the Destruction of the Spanish Armada." Well, she ain't dressed not what I call smart, would you, Mrs. Edkins, mun?

Mrs. Edkins. I wouldn' be seen so shabby myself. Still (indulgently), she'd be nicelookin' enough, if it wasn't for her fice.

### IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

First Bored Lady. It really is rather worth seeing, don't you think. I'm quite glad we came.

Second Bored Lady. Yes, all these old knights in armour are rather dears. (Checking a yawn.) Only there are so many of them! them!

The Languid Man. They're distinctly not bad. And they've got some tolerable things here. Here's the old beheading axe, you see, and the block Lord Lovar was executed on.

First Bored Lady. I think they 're quite horrible. (Sleepily.)

It makes me feel perfectly creepy to look at them.

Second Bored Lady (checking another yawn). But rather interesting. You can see the marks of the axe on the block

quite plainly.

First Bored Lady. I don't see the use of preserving such horrid things—they only spoil one's tea.

The Platitudinarian (once more addressing his elusive Nephew). The executioner's axe! A sinister-looking implement indeed. How many noble and promising careers have been cut shortly that the rein hatchet!

by that grim hatchet!

The Bystander (a complete stranger, but sympathetic). Yer right, Guv'ner, it's took the crumpets orf of a good few blokes in its toime, ann't it?

[The Platitudinarian moves away in wrathful discomfiture. The Wheezy Old Lady (to her Friend, as they inspect a mounted effigy in tilting-armour). You see, my dear, you see, this was when they ad 'and to 'and fighting, whereas now, you see, they fight a 'undred miles away from one another, which is very different.

Mrs. Bellars. They 'ad their ways, my dear, depend upon it. Some, now, 'ud tell you it was done by pulleys; others, as the man stood a-streddle across two blocks, and the 'orse led under him—or again, they might ha' used a pair o' kitching steps, or the last of the control of trained the 'orse to lay down-same as camels-but it stands to

reason it was done some ow.

Her Friend. It's a wonder wherever you dew get all your knowledge from. I declare you've a word to say 'bout every-

Mrs. Bellars. Well, o' course, my dear, o' course, living in a place like London, well, it do stimilate the intellecks.

A Guide (to his party). This curious 'elmet, the one you see with twisted ram's horns, painted mask, and round iron spectacles, was long supposed to have belonged to the celebrated jester, WILL SOMERS, but is now known to have been presented to HENRY THE EIGHTH by the Emperor MAXIMILIAN.

The Intelligent Member of his party. I see, yes. For the Fifth of November. eh?

Fifth of November, eh?

IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

A Mother. Only fancy, CHARLIE, all these carvings on the walls were done by poor people who had their heads cut off afterwards outside in the yard there!

Charlie (who has observed the notices prohibiting the Public from defacing the Stones). What do they do to people who carve

their names on the wall now, Mummy?

The Languid Man. Some of the prisoners seem to have had a

very fair notion of carving.

First Bored Lady. Yes, poor dears, I daresay it was quite an amusement for them. There's nothing else to see, is there?

The Platitudinarian (addressing—with his usual luck—the Comic Cockney). Ah, if these old walls could only speak, what tales they might tell!

The Comic Cockney. Not much they wouldn't, Guv'nor. They

wouldn' git no chornce while you were about!

The Platitudinarian (to himself, catching an explosive snigger from behind). This is the very last time I come out with that boy! He's no companion for me!

First Factory Girl. See that plice they've riled in? That's where they chopped Anne Boleyn's 'ed orf, strite, it is!

Second Factory Girl (interested). Lor! 'Ere, less go an 'ave a

Second Factory Gril (interested). Lor! 'Ere, less go an 'ave a jig on it. Come on, Mrs. Edkins, mum!

Mrs. Edkins. Not me! One o' them ole blokes in the blue penwipers (alluding to the Warders, who are wearing their winter capes) might 'ave my 'ed off if I did. I'm goin' to 'ave a little talk with some o' these sojer-boys, I am. (Addressing some privates, who are standing outside the Mainguard.) and some first that the same of a person who has just discovered an abuse), there is a pore young man stuck up over there agen the wall with a gun in his 'and, and he won't move! I can't git 'im to pass a remark.

First Private. All right, Mother, you let him alone—he's doing his dooty, he is.

doing his dooty, he is.

Mrs. Edkins (suddenly seized with patriotic enthusiasm). 'Evin bless yer, my boys! You fight for your Queen, you do!

Second Private. Ah, and for you, too, if needed.

Mrs. Edkins (with feminine variability). Lorluveyer, I don' want yer to fight for me. I can fight for myself, I can.

Third Private. Better leave that to us, Mother.

Mrs. Edkins (unaccountably aggressive). If you was to give me a black eye, I could give you two—I tell yer that much!

The Factory Girls (leading her gently towards the archway).

Lor, Mrs. Edkins, mum, don't you git a torkin to them—they circle and a collective!

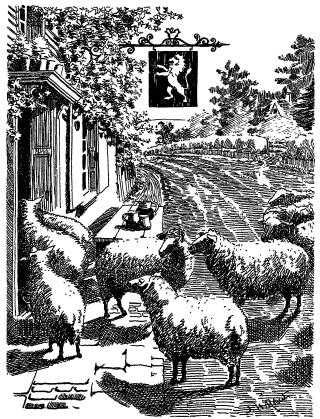
ain't on'y a lot o' lobsters!

Mrs. Edkins. I was on'y a-tellin' of them that they 've stuck a pore young man agen the wall, and, try as I may, I carn't git 'im to—

[She and her party disappear round the corner, hilarious to the last.

MOST POP-ULAR!—Bravo, M. HEIDSIECK! A really magnificent gift! One hundred dozen bottles of champagne, '93, for distribution among all the hospitals of London! What a rush there will be to become a patient in any one of the wards where Heidsieck, '93, is prescribed by the Faculty. Real pain to disappear after a tumbler of sham pain! Chills to be cured by draughts of the beverage which, in the slang of a few years ago, was known as "the Boy." "O Formose puer nimium"—but there cannot be "nimium" of the "Formosus puer." The last years of the century are made memorable by this Fin-de-Heid-siecklish bounty!

CATERING.—It is announced that Messrs. Spiers and Pond have taken the Furness Hotel. We presume that they will provide it with a silver grill.



#### A PASTORAL PUZZLE.

SHEEP SEARCHING FOR THEIR LOST SHEPHERD.

#### A BALLADE OF CHIMNEY-POTS.

["This article of head-dress, which gives the finish to the gentleman."

Letter in the "Times" from a Firm of Hatters.]

O TELL us not of laurel crowns, which might Have decked the singer of another lay, Of Greek or Roman helmets to affright The fearful foe in some immortal fray!
Hence Tudor cap, and Stuart hat away!
"Tis but a hundred years since we began
That crowning glory, nobler than the bay,"
"Which gives the finish to the gentleman."

Bald CESAR would have hailed it with delight. Better than wreaths to wear throughout the day. Alas, Black Prince and BAYARD you were quite Ungentlemanly bounders in your way!
Nor you, nor Cœur-DE-Lion, could array Yourselves in what our counter-jumper can,

In those dark ages you could not display What "gives the finish to the gentleman."

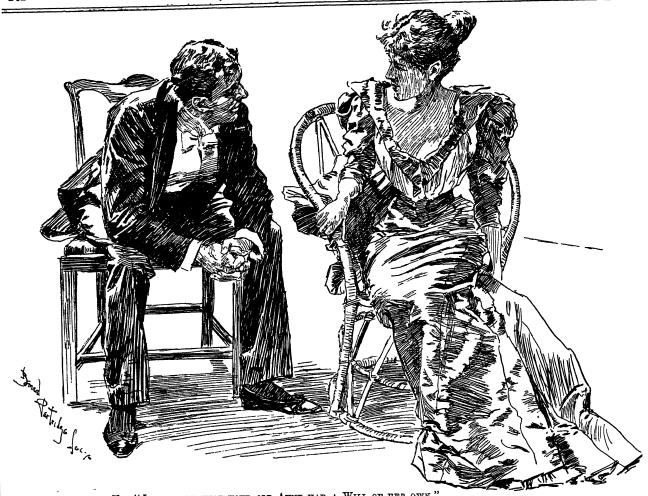
Poor Phidias lived ungladdened by the sight POOF FHIDIAS lived ungladdened by the sight
Of such a head-dress, graceful, gallant, gay.
VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, TITIAN—king, or knight,
In chimney-pot they never could portray.
That's why the modern man, perhaps R.A.,
Excels them all, for he can daily scan
The hat, unknown to duffers such as they,
"Which circs the frights the contlemen"

"Which gives the finish to the gentleman.

Envoi.

Prince, you whose taste in dress these hatters say Is universally acknowledged, can You not begin a better hat which may Give, likewise, finish to the gentleman?

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MOST "HAPPY THOUGHT."—For her excellent practical suggestion and her liberal contribution towards the funds for carrying it out, the Princess will dwell in the memories of the "Children of the Jago" not only as Princess of Wails, but as Princess of Good Cheer! Three times three for H.B.H.!



She. "I TOLD YOU THAT YOUR OLD AUNT HAD A WILL OF HER OWN." He (tired of waiting). "I know she has. I only wish she'd enable us to Probate it!"

# THE MODISH MAY-QUEEN.

(By a Modern Daughter of Babylon.) I must wake and rouse up early, rise up

early, mother dear; To-morrow'll be the tryingest time of all the London year,

Of all the social year, mother, the try-

ingest, tiringest day;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother,
Art is our Queen o' the May!

There'll be many a tired, tired eye, mother, but none so tired as mine,
When I've "done" the leading pictures,
when I've toed the R. A. "line."
Then there'll be the "New," and Jan Van

Beers, and—oh! more than I can say; For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!

I shall sleep so sound o' nights, mother, I

shall never want to wake,
With the "head" of an R. A. crowd, and
a back that seems like to break.

But I must gather hints and tips, and learn

knowing things to say;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother,
Art is our Queen o' the May!

I'd rather be in the valley where Spring Nature I might see, For much modern Art is-entre nous-

mystery to me;

I'd rather watch the lilac bud, and the little lambkins play;

But Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!

I shall feel just like a ghost, mother, my cheeks all drawn and white; I'd rather run in the meadows, mother,

watching the blackbirds' flight,

watching the blackbirds light,
But then they'd call me a Philistine, a
most awful thing to say;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother,
Art is our Queen o' the May!

The task most trying I fain would shirk,

but that can never be. They say that Art is long, mother—and so

it is, to me!

There's many a nicer way of passing a warm, bright, springtide day;
But Art is our Queen o' the May, mother,
Art is our Queen o' the May!

I'd rather be rustic maid, and dance round a Maypole on the green.

I wish that Art, in its modern phase, had never been made our Queen But to bow to her like an idol huge we

must flock from far away;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother,
Art is our Queen o' the May!

Society truckles to the brush, and to the

chisel cowers; we must crowd the R. A. or "New," and do cuckoo-talk for hours. about "values," "tone," "technique,"

—what they mean I cannot say;
But Art is our Queen o' the May, mother,
Art is our Queen o' the May!

The critics'll come and pose, mother, and cocksure strictures pass,

And the artists—they are free, frank chaps -swear the critic is an ass.

There'll be no rest, scarce a flop on a seat,

the whole of the livelong day;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother,
Art is our Queen o' the May!

Upon Show Sunday, mother, I felt stale, and fagged, and ill;

And the Private Views, which one can't refuse, just make one wearier still. And the rivulet of Society talk must ripple

round Art, they say;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother,
our autocrat Queen o' the May!

So I must wake and get up early, breakfast early, mother dear, [London year: To-morrow'll be the heaviest day of all the To-morrow'll be of this Jubilee Year the

awfullest, achingest day; For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, our London Queen o' the May!

#### OPEN SESAME!

"We have the Muses nine, the Graces three, And all the passions—under lock and key." The Poet Laureate's Poem, at the Opening of the new "Her Majesty's."

Alfred, if you've the Nine, and Three, Confined—as in Pandora's box— Pray, now you're Laureate, set them free! Ungracious 'tis to turn the key-And in the rustiest of locks Upon them, till we hardly know If even Hope remains below!



# HAMLET AT ATHENS.

KING GEORGE (Prince of Denmark).
"THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT; O CURSED SPITE!
THAT EVER I WAS BORN TO SET IT RIGHT!"



Clerk (in the temporary absence of his Employer). "ARABELLA! BLOW ME A KISS!"



His Employer. "IT ISN'T ARABELLA!!"

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

Overlooking the Gardens of the Crystal Palace on a hazy evening in early Spring, a Disap-pointed Being pens some lines to One whom he hopes to recover.

All dreamily the purple mist Creeps o'er the wooded vale, With here and there a spire sun-kissed, Like beacons of the dale. And yonder, where the tender green Is leaping from the brown, Grim spurs of sullen grey are seen Outlying forts of Town.

Here at my feet those flowers nod That make the Summer's dawn, 'Mid bosky dells as yet untrod,
And grass not "out" in lawn.
The rosary is faint with bud, The hawthorn holds its sprays, While PAXTON on the gravelled mud The scarce-clad nymphs surveys.

'Twas on an evening just like this We'd dined on BERTRAM's best, The champagne raised our bubbling bliss, The menu gave us zest. We'd eaten new asparagus, And duckling, and green peas, Ice-pudding, too, they found for us, And first New Forest cheese.

Such primeurs would the gods regale, Our hearts were young and gay, We deemed the light could never fail, But shine for us alway.



The Police are to be supplied with a short Serge Jacket for the warm weather. Let us hope the Serge will be thoroughly shrunk, and that we shall never see Robert as above.

You whispered you would e'er be true, That I was best of men, I pointed out our church to you, It smiles to-day as then!

When suddenly down came the rain With pelting crash of hail, That covered up our fair demesne In one long streaming veil.
Our park was gone, our landscape bright
Was desolate, forlorn;
And so began that weary Night That has not found its Morn.

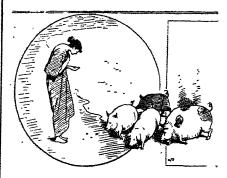
An omen surely 'tmust have been, My banker failed next day, And all the primeurs good and green Were gone and put away. But now there comes no stormy spell To work its wicked will, I've got back all I lost, but-well, Our church is waiting still!

#### A Zoological Conundrum.

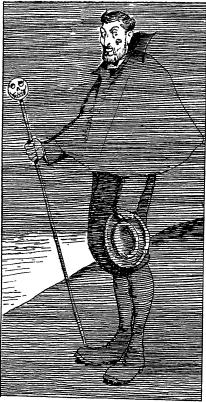
Intending Tenant (to Lord Battusnatch's Head Keeper). And how about the birds? Are they plentiful, Gaskins?
Gaskins. Well, Sir, if the foxes of our two neighbours was able to lay pheasants' eggs, I should say there'd be no better shooting south o' the Trent.

AN ATTEMPT WARD-ED OFF.—The endeayour of the Radicals to pick a crow about

#### ROYAL ACADEMY PEEPS.



No. 670. "Pearls before Swine!" An incursion of the inhabitants of No. 678! W. H. Margetson.





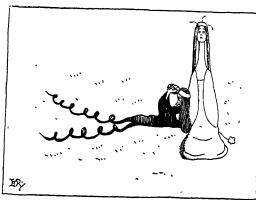
No. 669. The Disadvantage of being hung nex to a Battle Picture. David Farquharson.



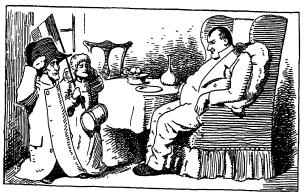
No. 291. The Perils of Steep Perspective! "Hold up, mother; it's only like the switchback!" J. S. Sargent, R.A., Elect



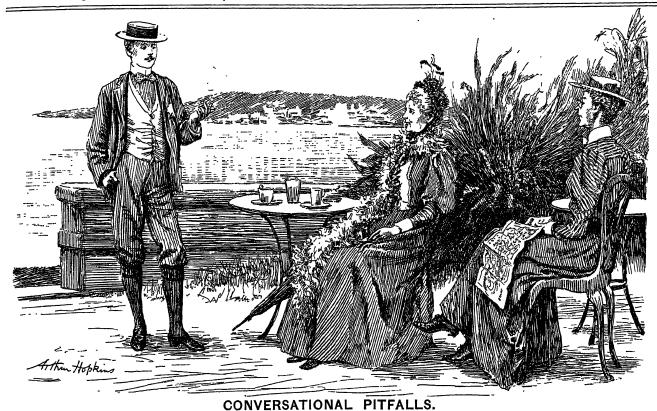
No. 388. H.R.H. "Just a tritle, please, for my Jubilee Hospital Fund!" Julian Storey.



No. 477. Design for a Double Corkscrew; or, Gimlet, Prince of Denmark! E. A. Abbey, A.R.A.



No. 527. The Last Rehearsal at the Lyceum Harold H. Piffard.



Bertie Spiller (to Miss Wilsm, an hotel acquaintance). "OH, YES, MOTHER AND I ARE TROTTING ROUND TOGETHER. BUT DON'T YOU D TRAVELLING ALONE RATHER DULL?" Miss Wilson. "NOT ALTOGETHER." FIND TRAVELLING ALONE RATHER DULL!"

Miss Wilson. "Not altogether."

Bertie Spiller. "AH, I expect you're One of those who don't care for Anybody—and Nobody cares for you!"

## AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

This, the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Royal Academy Exhibition, will be memorable as the first under the Presidency of Sir Edward J. Poynter. "What's an 'at without an 'ead?" wrote a very ancient author of burlesque, and, à propos of Sir EDWARD, an 'ARRY may ask, "What's a Nacademy without a EDWARD, an 'ARRY may ask, "What's a Nacademy without a NED?" Sir EDWIN LANDSBER would have rejoiced could he have foreseen that a POYNTER would take the Presidential chair at the Council of "clever dogs," all Royal Academicians. Conspicuous this year among "The Elect" are the works of JOHN SINGER SARGENT—a Sargent worthy to be a Colonel, a Singer

to be reckoned among the Great Tone Poets.

No. 76. John MacWhitter, R.A., gives us "Affric Water, looking up." This eminent artist should be at once engaged by the Amalgamated Apollinaris and Johannis Co., to illustrate the shores in these two waters "looking up."

the Amaigamated Apolinaris and Jonannis Co., to inustrate the shares in these two waters "looking up."

No. 77. Briton Riviere, R.A., instead of such a subject as Una and the Lion, presents us to A Lady and a Donkey. The lady has just alighted, and the donkey shows no signs of moving. "'If," quotes the lady to herself, "'I had a donkey what wouldn't go, Would I wallop him? Oh, dear no!' But I'd dress him are a knight sibrade and a looked's skin on his back—just wouldn't go, would I wallop him? Oh, dear no! But I'd dress him up in bright ribands, put a leopard's skin on his back—just to remind him of the old Æsopian fable—and, whatever might be said as to his obstinacy, I would stand by him to the last—that is, while my portrait was being painted."

No. 84. Portrait of an unfortunate young gentleman, who is looking very serious, and enough to make him, as he is so leaning to the left that it is evident he has lost his balance, and has hardly anything to support him. This is by W. W. Ouless, R.A. Hubert Herkomer. R.A. has done a goodly number of por-

anything to support him. This is by W. W. Ouless, R.A. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., has done a goodly number of portraits, but his gem is in the Sculpture Gallery, No. 2052, "The Presidential Badge of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours," which no lover of art should fail to see, whatever else colours," which no lover of art should fall to see, whatever else he may not have time for in this Academy. In this room, too, note "George Alexander—bust" (absit omen! but George Alexander—bust" (absit omen! but George Alexander is a theatrical manager), by Onslow Ford, R.A.; also a life-like bust of Sir Richard Quain, M.D., F.R.S., Most Extraordinary Physician, &c., &c., by Thomas Brook, not the firework maker, but the Royal Academician. George Frampton's Dame Alice Oven is so marvellously life-like that the awed spectator is fully prepared to see it move its head. lift its stick. and tator is fully prepared to see it move its head, lift its stick, and perhaps step down and ask for a catalogue.

Look at No. 2053, female figure, who, like the lady at the Derby that wouldn't bet, "has nothing on," and is holding a scimitar in a most dangerous position. It is called Salome ('Arry will read it out as "Sal Ome"), and is the work of Mr. BERTRAM MACKENNAL.

No. 2024. Pope Leo XIII., P.M. Signor RAFFAELLI NANNINI represents his Holiness in the most smiling mood. Probably after mid-day refection. Had it been "A.M." instead of "P.M.," the expression might have been less genial.

No. 1001. Calm in the Channel. Delightful little picture. Might have been aptly called, "Where all is Blue." There is no shore visible, except in the name of the artist, J. RICHARD BAGSHAWE, a grandson of that great marine painter, CLARKSON STANFIELD.

No. 453. Special correspondents a hundred years ago, asking information during an Egyptian campaign. W. C. Horsley. for information during an Egyptian campaign. W. C. Horsley. No. 445. Temptation of St. Anthony (for the thousandth time). The Saint not to be tempted by any amount of "monkeys" (no "ponies" were offered), cannot be attracted by a study from the nude, or a mere bare idea, as suggested by JOHN C. DOLLMAN.

\* \* Some of the demon monkeys worthy of a Walpurgis night.
No. 558. Quite an ideal master of hounds. Where did he get
his hunting breeches and topless boots made? Hounds apparently
stuffed with cotton-wool. Painted by Charles W. Furse. Quite

a "tour de Furse." No. 580. "There's a picture for you!" Tableau Vivant! No one must leave the Academy without studying the picture, and thanking the Hanging Committee. It is called "A Trial for Bigamy," by Exre Crowe, A.R.A. Pity it cannot be bought for an automatic show, where you "put in a penny and the figures will work."

No. 278. Congratulations to George H. Boughton, R.A. He paints "according to his lights," and the effect of these torches is excellent.

Our artist has shown how admirably John S. Sargent has depicted Mrs. Carl Meyer and Children—quite the portrait picture of the year—on a sliding scale, a sort of drawing-room

tobogganing exercise.
SUMMARY.—Academy exhibition, on the whole, not up to the highest oil and water mark.

EVIDENTLY TRUE.—What Sir E. Monson said as he sailed away: "There's a large heart in this Brest."

#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 26.
—Something under two hundred Members come back after Easter holidays. Look much more like as if they were going to a funeral. Depression so overpowering that by nine o'clock feel they really can't stand any more. So House counted out, which is pretty well for a Monday night in April. Incidentally, second reading of vecessitous Schools Bill carried after feeblest show of opposition. Government offer Schoolboards little present of over £100,000 a year. Like young person who shall be nameless they "want more." Make show of righteous indignation at inade-quacy of dole compared with that bestowed on Church Schools. But half a loaf better

"They pocket the money," said PRINCE ARTHUR, "whilst snapping at the hand that bestows it. Would give a few halfcrowns to charity out of my private purse if I were in position to get up after CHAN-NING had moved his hostile amendment and announce that in view of honest scruples of gentlemen opposite, the Government feel bound to withdraw Bill for present Session. How they would howl; even cut themselves with knives. But JOKIM says subject too seri-ous. We can't afford to play with another Education Bill. So they have their growl and our £100,000."

Only ray of consolation on dull, dark evening found in contemplation of countenance of John o' Gorst, time-honoured Educationist. As Sark has said before, the world has lost a great actor in Gorst's accidental divagation into politics. Delightful to watch his face to-night as he sat on Treasury Bench actually in charge of an Education Bill. Behind him, visible to the mind's eye, flit ghostly figures of the Committee of Privy Council on Education Now and then he furtively looked up and down the Treasury Bench to see if he was down the Treasury Bench to see if he was truly left in untrammelled charge. Practically that was so. Occasionally Prince Arthur stole in with studiously casual air. Possibly secretly anxious to learn if the Vice-President of the Council had broken out in any fresh place. Anxiety concealed behind smiling countenance. Would not presume to approach his own seat as Leader of the House. The Leader pro tem., the Minister in charge of an important Bill, was his esteemed friend the Vice-President of the Council. With him at the helm all was well with the Ship of State.

All the same, Prince Arthur thought it desirable to ask the Solicitor-General to remain in close attendance till the Bill was through second reading. A thoroughly safe man Sir R. Finlay. No kicking over the traces with him.

Businessdone. - Necessitous Board

Schools Bill read second time.

Tuesday.—It will be remembered how when Mr. Vincent Crummles found in local newspapers paragraphs eulogistic of his own art, or the talent of his incomparable company, he was struck with marvel as to "how these things get in the papers." There's nothing of Crummles about Hicks-BEACH, save, momentarily, a similar state of marvel. Here are the newspapers saying that Conservative Member for Crewe has resolved to resign his seat. So credulous is the public in these matters that, reading announcement in print, they accepted it without reservation. The local

didate. Nay, so astute, far-seeing, and well-informed a personage as Don Jose, wrote a letter wishing the new candidate success!

The Liberals selected their man; the fight in full fling, when it occurs to the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE to ask HICKS-BEACH if ROBERT WARD really had applied tor the Chiltern Hundreds. No, said Hicks-Brach. It's all those newspapers. "One more of the numerous instances in which a newspaper report is incorrect.'

The Sage's mind is as childlike as his manner is bland. It was startling to hear on this unimpeachable authority that whole



A SUGGESTED QUESTION FOR MR. C-GH-LL.

"May I ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he has received any application from Unionist Members expressing their desire to vacate their seats in order to contest Crewe?"

business rested upon newspaper invention. If HICKS-BEACH said it was so, so it must be. But how about Don Jose's letter? His knowledge is anterior to newspapers. could not possibly evolve out of his inner consciousness the conviction that a critical election for a seat held by a Government supporter was pending owing to resigna-tion of sitting Member. How about the COLONIAL SECRETARY'S letter recommending a candidate for a seat that was not vacant? The Sage put the question with look of almost infantile embarrassment clouding his ingenuous countenance.

"I always," said Don Jose, severely regarding the innocent intruder, "reply to letters addressed to me in suitable terms."

The Sage sank back slowly upon his seat, staring into space with vacant eyes. There are some things beyond the comprehension of average man. He feebly felt this Crewe conundrum is one of them.

Business done.—Another Count Out.
Thursday. — Whilst Hicks-Beach pic-Conservatives, who might be expected to tured the marvellous growth of the British Few speeches, many votes.

know the mind of the sitting Member on Empire within the limits of the QUEEN'S so important a matter, selected another can-reign, the Right Hon. JEREMAH LOWTHER was a sight to see. Such a miracle as CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER dilated upon finds no parallel since the world began. The expenditure has more than doubled; but the revenue has forged ahead with even greater briskness. This means more taxation in the bulk, but so widespread has been prosperity, upwards and downwards, that the burden is borne in individual cases much more easily than when, at the time the Queen came to the Throne, it was half as heavy in aggregate bulk. This not only in spite of, actually by reason of, that Free Trade over which JEREMIAH makes Lamentation.

This would have been hard to bear from SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, brought up from early youth in quagmire paths. But from HICKS-BEACH, in private life a Tory squire, in public position CHANCELLOR OF EXCHE-QUER in Conservative Government! It was too much. Unwonted wrinkles marked JEREMIAH'S mild and massive brow. An ashen grey tinged his sometime ruddy cheek. Once he pulled himself together, and feebly smiled. It was when Hicks-BEACH incidentally expressed the wish that HOWARD VINCENT had flourished in the year preceding the Queen's reign. JERE-MIAH, who is quick at figures, knocked off a sum which demonstrated that in such case, the military and civil arms of the State, the public platform, and the Parliamentary forum, would to-day lack the counsel and the company of the warrior political economist. The House, seeing the point HICKS-BEACH slyly made, hilariously cheered. JEREMIAH sadly smiled, and as the CHANCELLOR proceeded with his heretical dogmas, he relapsed into attitude of

utter woe.

"One of the stalest leaflets of the Cobden Club," he described the speech, when forcing himself to stand up to remonstrate against its delivery. But shocks like this are not easily got over. Early in the sitting JEREMIAH withdrew from public view, to nourish in secret this fresh stab dealt by

the hand of a friend.

Business done.—Budget brought in. Friday.—Lawyers came to the front tonight in Committee of Supply. On vote for Land Registry Office, showed strong desire to discuss Land Transfer Bill, at present in the Lords. Chairman Lowther sharply pulled them up. Out of order to discuss the measure on vote in Committee of Supply. The third offender in this direction being shut up, it seemed that vote might forthwith be passed, when HOPKINson, Q.C., strolled in.

Charming fellow H. A pleasing presence, a low, clear voice, an admirable speaker. Looking at paper, finding Land Registry Office under discussion, thought he would say a few words. Rising diffidently, crossing one leg over the other, smiling sweetly round the expectant Committee, he began, "I think, Mr. Lowther, this is a singularly convenient time to say a few words about the Land Transfer Bill——"
"Order! order!" roared the Chairman.

Smile faded from Hopkinson's face; his twined legs gave way at the knees; dropping into his seat, he had explained to him

how, unconsciously, he had offended.
"I think," SARK whispered in his ear, "this would be a singularly convenient time for you to go home before you get into further trouble." A hint Hopkinson, Q.C., made haste to accept.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.



A CASE OF CREAT INTEREST AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

STUDY FROM LIFE.

#### RETRENCHMENT!

"IT is obvious," remarks a daily paper, "that the enormous expense incurred this year by the fashionable world in connection with the Jubilee Festivities, will subsequently entail for many a rigid and unpleasant economy." Hence we may look for the appearance of such paragraphs as the following in next year's Society journals :-

The Duke and Duchess of Peppercorn gave a select dinnerparty on Monday last at their new London house, No. 2, Slum Alley, Whitechapel. Their garrets are furnished with the utmost elegance, and an organ-grinder had been specially engaged to play to the guests during dinner. The menu of course was simple, but I hear that her Grace's chef de cuisine is unequalled at cooking tripe and onions, while the Peppercorn cellars are famous amongst epicures as containing some of the best ginger-beer in London.

A highly fashionable wedding took place at St. Sepulchre's on Wednesday, when Sir Algernon Fitzcharence was happily united to Miss Ermyntrude Plantagener. Fortunately the weather was all that could be desired, as, in accordance with the present fashion, the entire wedding-party walked to and from the church, with the exception of the bride's father, who, owing to a recent attack of gout, had to be accommodated with a wheelbarrow. The bridal dress was simply but tastefully made, being composed entirely of white calico, and the bouquet of daisies and butter-cups which the bride carried was the cause of general admiration. The wedding presents were numerous and (comparatively) costly, including a pewter pint-pot, an electro-plated Jew's harp, and several postal orders for eighteenpence each. In the afternoon

topics, it may be mentioned that that well-known angler, Mr. Mayrix, landed fifteen gudgeon lately in the course of two days' fishing on the Regent's Park Canal.

Since golf and lawn-tennis have been abandoned, on account

Since golf and lawn-tennis have been abandoned, on account of the ruinous expense which they involve, the good old English game of skittles has become exceedingly popular with the fashionable world. It is said that several members of the Peerage will be among the competitors on Saturday afternoon, when the Seven Dials Club is to hold its championship meeting.

Owing to the strict economy which has to be practised this year, the custom of going abroad for the holidays will be wholly discontinued; indeed, several of the smartest people are contenting themselves with a cheap Saturday-to-Monday excursion to Southend. We notice that our contemporary, the Daily Tellewag, ever to the fore with philanthropic schemes, has started a Summer Treat Fund for children of the impoverished aristocracy. Owing to this well-timed movement, a large number a Summer Treat Fund for children of the impoverished aristocracy. Owing to this well-timed movement, a large number of those who will one day be the leaders of Society are sent down each Saturday to the Crystal Palace, where they spend a thoroughly happy day. Before returning home each is presented with a bun, a new sixpence, and a china mug, on which the arms of his or her family are emblazoned.

A very successful performance of that historical drama, Punch and Judy, was given by an itinerant showman in Belgrave Square the other evening, which was witnessed by a large and aristocratic audience. Needless to say, all the theatres are now closed, as no one could afford to pay even half-a-crown for a stall in these days. From the same cause, great destitution exists amongst musicians and authors. Dr. Richter is compelled to utilise some of his orchestra as a street-band, while Mr. LEONARD BORWICK may have been seen of late playing a pianoorgan. And since no one is able to afford a library subscription, Mr. Anthony Hope and Dr. Conan Doyle now find employment in the writing of penny novelettes.

I have only room to add, that it is quite the correct thing to be dressed as simply as possible this season. A very charming costume was worn by a lady of title at a recent party. The body was made of household flannel, the skirt of sacking, and the whole was trimmed with bows of pink tape. For second-hand hats you cannot do better than go to Mr. ABRAHAM's pawn-shop; he numbers among his *clientèle* most of the fashionable people in town, and his prices are *most* moderate—a very important fact when, in consequence of last year's Jubilee, we have to practise "a rigid and unpleasant economy!"

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the direction of imposing on the human mind the sensation known as making your flesh creep, the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* isn't in it with *The Oxford Dictionary*. The phrase is here applied in its sense of concentrated marvel. Never since the writing of books began was there such a monumental undertaking as this dictionary, edited by Mr. Joseph Wright, published by Henry Frowde. For close upon a quarter of a century a multitude of people in all parts of the United Kingdom have been engaged in collecting materials for it. It is like a hive of bees; perhaps more exactly like the coral insects which, in the course of time, uplift rocks and islands out of the sea. "The workshop," as it is modestly called, has now completed its appointed task as far as the letter D, has even made some progress with the letter F. As a rule one does not take up a dictionary for ordinary reading. An exception will certainly be found in the case of The Oxford Dictionary. It is an inexhaustible mine of interesting information, garnered from all known writers and multitudes of unknown. For busy people the book may indeed be found fatally fascinating. My Baronite, setting forth to look out the bearings of a particular word, turning over page after page, came upon so many attractive bits that he found, to his amazement hour head and

ment, an hour had sped.

A Farrago of Folly, by George Gamble (Fisher Unwin), is unflinchingly described in its second title as "Some Vagaries and Verbosities of Two Vulgarians." Certain critics will probably find vulgarity the note of the book. But that is a tribute to its life-like touch. You cannot expect the repose of good manner in two young people who make chance acquaintance in a picture gallery, where the lady attempts to steal the gentleman's book. This meluding a pewter pint-pot, an electro-plated Jew's harp, and several postal orders for eighteenpence each. In the afternoon the happy pair travelled by penny steamer to Rosherville, where the honeymoon will be spent.

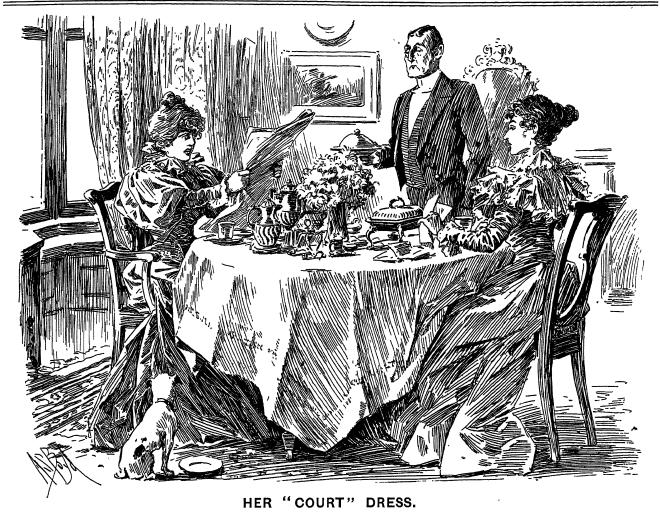
Owing to the genial spring the sporting prospects for this season are exceptionally bright. The followers of the Quorn and Pytchley have enjoyed some splendid rat-hunting lately. The Duke of Huringham has rented some well-preserved potatoplots near Hammersmith, on which large bags are sure to be made, as the sparrows are very plentiful. While on sporting



#### SYMPATHY.

"So London at her Sister's side would stand, And by the silent pressure of a hand Prove mourning Paris doth not stand alone In grief, but that her sorrow is our own!"

[On the afternoon of Tuesday, May 4, the Charity Bazaar, in the Rue Jean Goujon, was burnt down in a few minutes. The City of London was represented by its Chief Magistrate at the funeral of the victims of the terrible misadventure.]



Fair Defendant in Cause Célèbre (reading report of yesterday's proceedings). "The idiots! There's no trusting one's reputation with these Newspapers. They describe my Heliotrope Poplin as Puce Alpaca with a Muslin Frill!"

#### SYMPATHY.

"Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."—VIRGIL.

When woes are greatest, words are ever weak

The grief-choked passion of the soul to speak.

And what avail they here? Pressure of hand,

The silent look which love can understand, Perchance are best, though all unhelpful they

The pain to lessen or the tear to stay. Beautiful Paris, stricken with mad grief! The rolling hours alone can lend relief To such a shattering anguish as is this. Gay lips, fresh from the joy of childhood's

kiss,
Blackened to awful silence at a stroke!
Since o'er Pompeii the death-deluge broke
Scarce aught of swifter horror! Gentle
hearts,

Playing their beautiful and blameless parts
As high-bred almoners of Charity,
Midst modish glitter and patrician glee,
And poor blind children, in wild tumult
blent,

Hurried to death together, impotent In the red clutches of relentless flame! A piteous holocaust! The noblest name, The haughtiest beauty and the gentlest grace, Glory of history or pride of race, Availed no more than childish helplessness

In that dread hour of torture's fiercest stress,

When the new Moloch claimed his shuddering prey;

And the poor shapeless heaps that scattered lay About that fatal booth—death-trap and

snare, For whose black end the burden who would bear?—

Brought anguish to the noblest homes in France,

And half the Courts of Europe.

Pity's glance, Which is no gloating ghoul's, must turn aside

From that dread scene where Paris, in her pride

Of birth, and beauty, and benevolence, Was smitten sore. A silent reverence To sorrow so unspeakable is due.

That scattered gold which the grave soldiers drew

From forth that awful wreckage, was designed

To assuage miseries of poor human kind; And a less glorious death-roll hath been writ

In golden blazon by heraldic wit, Than that of the great ladies and fair girls Who, through fire's torturing flame and black smoke-whirls,

Passed to sweet womanly Charity's reward, True martyrs of Humanity!

The sward
Of the gay city gleams, boughs laugh with
leaves,

But in the budding Springtime Paris grieves.
"Yet tears to human sufferings are due,"

"Yet tears to human sufferings are due," Sang the austere Lake poet, grave but true,

Sunt lachrymæ rerum! How the general heart

Echoes the Mantuan's music, claiming part In all great sorrows, which must general be

So long as Man is moved by Sympathy. So London at her Sister's side would stand,

And by the silent pressure of a hand Prove mourning Paris doth not stand alone

In grief, but that her sorrow is our own!

#### Nicotaniana.

Mrs. Gusher. Smoke! I should think I did. I positively devour tobacco from morning till night!

Our Own Irrepressible (out again). Then I conclude you live on the cigar-ate!

[Not asked to have a second cup of tea.



Hairdresser (with an eye to business). "Your 'Air's getting very THIN ON THE TOP, SIR! HALL COMING OUT. EVER TRY ANYTHING FOR IT?"

Customer. "YES. I TRIED YOUR TONIC LOTION, AND IT MADE IT WORSE!"

#### INTERVIEWS WITH INANIMATE OBJECTS.

AN ANCIENT "ORDINARY" BICYCLE,

It tried to smile when it saw me—I feel certain of that, and then it looked as smart and juvenile as its rustiness would allow.

"Do you consider yourself as finally superseded?"

"By no means. It is true that the tide of fashion now runs in favour of the so-called 'safety,' but, in the long run, common sense will prevail, and I shall be reinstated in the affections of the public." of the public."

"Yet the 'safety' is a faster machine, is it not?"

"In one sense, no doubt, for it is vulgar and decidedly low.

My wheelmen were exalted in position, and commanded an extensive view."

"Are not pneumatic tyres an improvement?"

"Were you ever punctured? Besides, they are a mark of the effeminacy of the age. No such thing was thought of in my time."

"So you think that cyclists have degenerated?"
"I am sure of it. The wide spread of cycling among nervous and elderly people is having a most disastrous effect. Nothing is now considered but comfort. It my early days people treated a somersault over a hedge as a matter of course."

"What is your view of horses?"

"What is your view of horses?"
"They are necessary evils, as bicycles cannot be expected to draw carts. Still, there should be legislation to keep all horses under proper control. I would have them go at a walking pace, preceded by a man with a red flag."
"What about pedestrians?"
"I confess that pedestrians are a nuisance. They should never have been allowed to monopolise the pavements and footpaths. I fear the mischief is done in that direction. but there is no

I fear the mischief is done in that direction, but there is no reason why they should act as if the public highway belonged to them. Stringent regulations would diminish the evil. Every pedestrian should be compelled to take out a license, and also to carry a handbell and ring it when crossing a road. After dark he should carry a lantern."

"Do you approve of motor-cars?"

"They are a fad which encourages idleness and should be

"They are a fad which encourages idleness, and should be

heavily taxed. Happily they show no signs of coming into

vogue."
"You do not consider yourself a pessimist?"

"No, the worst is past, and there are signs of a more healthy public opinion. In ten years' time the 'ordinary' will have completely ousted the 'safety' bicycle, while there will be a sensible diminution of horses and pedestrians."

The near old mechine specks with such evident sincerity of

The poor old machine spoke with such evident sincerity of belief that I had not the heart to continue. "After all," I thought, as I bowed myself out of its presence, "you are not

the only one who is living in a fool's paradise!"

#### FOR AND AGAINST THE CHIMNEY-POT HAT.

(Vide Recent Correspondence in the "Times.")

Ir would be advisable, or inadvisable, as the case may be, to abolish It in the Jubilee Year.

Because all the scarecrows in the country are already fitted. Because It is the hall-mark of human dignity, and, combined with a smile, is sufficient by itself, without any other costume, to stamp the wearer as one of Nature's Noblemen, whether he

be a Missing Link or a King of the Cannibal Islands.

Because It is indispensable, as part of the stock-in-trade of conjurers, for the production of live rabbits, pots of flowers, interminable knotted handkerchiefs, and other useful and neces-

sary articles.

Because no Harrow boy is happy till he gets It.

Because It is a decided protection in a street-fight, or when you fall out hunting or coming home late from the Club.

Because It only needs to be carefully sat on to make an excellent and noiseless substitute for the concertina.

Because no self-respecting Guy, Bridegroom, or 'Bus-driver, is ever seen without one.

Because It is a very effective counterpart of the Matinée hat

at Lord's, and similar gatherings.

Because, to be at all in the fashion, and to look decently dressed, you require a fresh one every day. This is good for the trade.

Because It stimulates the manufacture of umbrellas, eyeglasses, hansom cabs, frock-coats, hair-restorers, and forcible language.

Because no one has yet ventured to wear It on the all-prevalent bicycle.

Because no statue has ever had the face to sport It, with very few deplorable exceptions.

Because It is really the most becoming head-gear hitherto devised.

Because It is really the most unbecoming head-gear hitherto devised.

Because, after a hundred years, it is time we had a change. Because, when a thing has been running for a century, it is

a pity to abolish it.

Because, if It is abolished, the custom of raising It to ladies will perish as well, and there will follow the Extinction of Manners for Men, the Decadence of Church Parade, the General Cutting of Acquaintances, the re-introduction of Thumb-biting, Nose-pulling, Duelling, and Civil War, the disappearance of Great Britain as a first-class Power, the establishment of a Reign of Terror, and much inconvenience.

Because I have recently purchased an Extra Special Loyal and Up-to-Date Jubilee Tile, which I hope to wave, throw up, and generally smash and sacrifice on the Great Occasion.

But that is not another story.

#### THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

A SUGGESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am sick of this everlasting pother about the Diamond Jubilee. Didn't we have it all ten years ago? Is there no originality left in the world? For Heaven's sake let us have a little novelty.

Is it not preposterous that at this time of day we should be organising another mediæval pageant to parade the streets of London? Let us have something fresh, something progressive, something democratic—something typical of the spirit of the age. What are your gilded coaches, your cream-coloured steeds, your escorts of princes? Relics of barbarism! No, Sir; instead of this tinsel show, let us have something simple, business-like, "neat, not gaudy." Let the Procession go to St. Paul's on bicycles. Lord Saliebury and Mr. Gladstone on a tandem, when you have a place atternation. bicycles. Loru Samuelland change places alternately.

Hoping that you will see your way to give publicity to my suggestion, I am, dear Mr. Punch, Yours, &c., PNEUMATIC.

# MO HER EUROPA'S WORLD-RENOWNED "CONCERT" CUR TIVE.

A MARVELLOUS PANACEA! EXTRAORDINARY RECOVERY!

Read the Testimonials from the Faculty.

DOCTOR NICHOLAS writes:-"I have tried the 'Concert Curative,' and found it efficacious where all other treatment had failed to achieve the result I was anxious to obtain. It does not act too violently upon the system, but, after allowing the symptoms to run their natural course, protects the sufferer from an otherwise inevitable collapse.

Doctor WILHELM writes :- "I consider this an admirable preparation, and, in the proper hands, absolutely infallible. I take care to recommend it strongly in consultation with all my fellow-

practitioners."

Doctor Francois F. Faure writes:—"I entirely endorse the opinion of my esteemed colleague, Dr. Nicholas. A most charming and elegant tonic—with no disagreeable after-effects."

Doctor Francis Joseph writes :- "It is compounded of several powerful and dangerous ingredients, but so ingeniously combined as to neutralise one another in the happiest manner.

Doctor HUMBERT writes :-- "Very pleasant to take, as it does

not irritate the patient, but acts as an emollient."

Doctor Salisbury writes:—"I confess I have never been a firm believer in the efficacy of patent medicines in general, but in the present instance I feel bound to add my testimony to the almost

unanimous verdict of my professional brethren.
"After having, not without hesitation, given my consent to the employment of your remedy in a case which had resisted all previous treatments, my belief is—I hope I do not speak too soon—that it has succeeded in preventing all further effusion of blood, and localising the danger.

"Whatever future changes may take place, I shall still have the satisfaction of believing that they will be under the sanction and augury of the leading European specialists, and that all danger of serious complications has been happily averted.

"If that is the result—I trust I am not premature—I cannot

help thinking that it will be a great achievement."

#### NOW READ WHAT THE PATIENT HIMSELF SAYS!

"A SICK MAN" writes:—"I was almost at my last gasp; I was constantly haunted by a feeling as if I should FLY ALL TO PIECES, and the dread that I should NOT LAST MUCH LONGER. All my European friends declared that I was NOT FIT TO GO ABOUT. I seemed to have lost all control over my movements, and was A MASS OF CORRUPTION.

"Several acquaintances of mine in Armenia told me that I LOOKED LIKE DEATH. None of the physicians who undertook to cure me did me any good. I GOT WORSE EVERY DAY, and could attend to nothing—until at last I was strongly recommended to try MOTHER EUROPA'S WORLD-RENOWNED 'CONCERT' CURATIVE.

"I resisted for some time, but, discovering it was not unpleasent. I took it regularly during a prolonged residence in Crete.

pleasant, I took it regularly during a prolonged residence in Crete, and gradually found myself beginning to return to active life and

my ordinary occupations.

"After having been given up as A DOOMED MAN by Dr. SALISBURY and all the LEADING CONTINENTAL AUTHORITIES, I am rapidly getting STRONGER DAY BY DAY, have thrown away my crutches, and am now WALKING OVER GREECE without the slightest difficulty or inconvenience of any

"This happy result I attribute entirely to your INVALU-ABLE panacea, which I hope to have ALWAYS BY MY SIDE in future, as it has certainly PUT ME ON MY LEGS.

"You are at liberty to make any use you like of this."

-[ADVT.]

#### "We Three."

SAYS the Squire to the Parson, "Some people expected A lot from the Surplus of MICHAEL HIGKS-BEECH, But the tax-payers now look extremely dejected. Let's hope that a lesson his Budget will teach."
Said Parson to Squire, "Those bad Rads have derided
The Church and the Hall. How the infidel host
Will how! when they see that the spoils are divided
"Twixt you and me and the (Parson) Part!" Twixt you, and me, and the (Penny) Post!"



Photographer (to Sitter). "I SAW YOU AT CHURCH LAST SUNDAY, MISS SKEATE." Sitter. "OH, DID YOU?"

Photographer. "YES; AND ALSO YOUR FRIEND MISS BROWN. (IF YOU COULD RAISE YOUR CHIN A TRIFLE. THANKS.) AND WHAT AN ATROCIOUS-LOOKING HAT SHE HAD ON." (After a pause.) "THERE, MISS SKEATE, IT IS OVER, AND I THINK WE HAVE CAUGHT A VERY PLEASANT EXPRESSION."

#### THE DARING M.P.'S PHRASE-BOOK.

(To be translated into Modern Greek for Use on Future Occasions.)

I can assure you it is a mistake. I only wanted to see how they let off guns.

Really, it was very natural curiosity. I don't mind telling you

that I have never before seen a real battle.

Very pleased with it on the whole, but don't think it is quite up to the standard of the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall.

You need not be so curt. I only wanted to make myself conversationally agreeable.

If you have no objection, instead of carrying me as a prisoner to Athens, I wish you would kindly take me as an excursionist to Margate.

Do you know, I really don't require to be put in irons.

As I have not the slightest intention of attempting to escape—
too pleased to meet you—why suggest incarceration in the
black hole?

I do not wish to threaten, but if there is any suggestion of trying me by court martial, I am really capable of giving someone quite a hard knock.

Why am I to keep silence?

Why am I to keep silence?
Why, I was doing nothing—only seeing how to manage a cavalry charge.
No right to cruise about within the sphere of action! Why not? I wasn't bombarding anyone.
Well, I give you fair warning, that if I am put to any more inconvenience I will appeal to my Government. And if that won't do—mind, I mean it!—I will write to the Times!

QUAINT ANALOGY.—Mr. BOTTOMLEY describes himself as a Radical, and all the while he is a (HANSARD) Unionist. At the same time he is undoubtedly Liberal. Like a successful jockey, he appears to have a good many pounds in hand.



#### AFTER MANY YEARS!

Country Parson (to distinguished Peer, who has been making the Speech of the evening). "How D'YE DO, MY LORD! I SEE YOU DON'T QUITE REMEMBER ME."

Distinguished Peer. "Well—er—not altrogether."

C. P. "We were Members of the same Club at Oxford."

D. P. (with awakening interest). "OH—ah! Let me see—which Club was that?"

C. P. "The—er—Tollet Club, you know!"

#### HEARTFELT LOYALTY.

(As per Advertisements and Circulars.)

In honour of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, Messrs. Winkelstein and Kockels-JUDILES, MIESTE WINKELSTEIN AND INOCKELS-DORF, of Puffler Row, W., beg to announce that they have purchased 1,000,000 cases of Tartaric Acid Toothpowder, which they can offer to the public at 9½d. a box instead of the usual price of 1s. 1½d. All who wish for white teeth wherewith to eat Commencation yields should apply at constant of the public and the public of the commencation wishes should apply at the commencation wishes should apply at the commencation wishes the commencation with the commenc memoration viands should apply at once. N.B.—This offer can only be made during the present glorious year.

I yield to none of HER MAJESTY's subjects in loyalty. In proof of which I am, in order practically to show the same, prepared to supply my Everlasting Jubilee Boot Polish at the usual price, viz., 8d. per flagon, despite the immense strain which has been put upon my factories by the presence of so many opulent visitors in London. None genuine without a wrapper bearing the signature of the inventor, ADOLPHUS TOZER, The Shineries, Southwark. "Vivat Victoria Regina et Imperatria!" Such is the loudspoken and heartfelt souther that mights Proving whom which the souther than the surface of the mights Proving whom which the souther statements.

permitted to set foot. GRABBLETIN AND MAINCHANGE re-echo the Imperial cry, and would draw attention to their desire to lay their humble contribution on the steps of the Throne in the shape of their Matchless Packet of Commemoration Jewellery, containing fancy brooch, rich bangles (4), solid Albert chain with exquisite pig charm, and albert chain with exquisite pig charm, and pair of globe earnings. Every article warranted to be made of Patagonian gold, and thickly studded with Jubilee Diamonds. Each packet sacrificed at 2s. 4d., post free. 1004, Brummagem Street, E.C.

"Long to reign over us!" "Amen!" says

SAMUEL SCHIRMWASSER, and out of respectful devotion to HER MAJESTY he has re-Solved to supply all applicants before Queen's Day with a sample of his Pocket Umbrella, for the insignificant sum of eighteenpence. It can be fitted on an ordinary walking-stick, and can also be used as a puggaree or handkerchief. Of all

stationers, and wholesale at 1, Chipmunk Avenue, Whitechapel.

The Favourite Flower of the Queen-Empress as and to be the Rose of England. Empress is said to be the Rose of England. Loyally anxious that this fragrant flower should be more widely known among HER MAJESTY'S subjects during the coming glorious fêtes, Messrs. HOE AND RAKE wish it to be known that they are sending out well-rooted bush specimens at 6d. apiece. The Guelph Nurseries, Little Ganderby, Beds.

(Here the waste-paper basket cried "Enough!")

#### NOT A PUFF OF SMOKE.

[CHANG, the Chinese Ambassador, declared that he would rather return to China in disgrace than submit to be fumigated by the quarantine officials. -Vide Daily Paper.]

AIR-" Chin Chin, Chinaman,"-The Geisha.

CHANG, CHANG, Chinaman, Welly, welly sad; Muchee hate fumigate, Makee welly mad; Allo smoke makee choke, Tellee mans to stop; CHANG, CHANG, Chinaman, Chop, Chop, Chop.

#### "BONOS DIES, SIR TOBY!"

To-DAY, our "TOBY, M.P. for Barks," ough "not unaccustomed to public speaking"—as in the House he has heard enough of it to last him a life-time—makes his first appearance on any public plat-form. From this elevated situation "Tony, M.P.," will address his constituents, who belong to all parties, but unite in electing him as their representative, telling them in a lecture a great deal, if not all, about "The Parliaments of the QUEEN." What Toby doesn't know on the subject is not worth knowing, and what he will not tell must be well worth hearing. However, there is a time to speak and a time to be silent, a division of the hours which will be properly adjusted by that Eminent Old Parliamentary Hand, the SQUIRE OF MALwood, who takes the chair on this memorable occasion. Ex Luce Lux, and the best of Good Lucks attend our "Toby, M.P."

A QUESTION OF NOMENCLATURE.—It is obvious that in view of the recent strained relations between the Crown Prince of Such is the loudspoken and heartfelt shout of that mighty Empire upon which the sun, by the inimitable laws of Creation, is never him or (very nearly) Had-him.



"WHO SAYS 'SICK MAN' NOW?"



HONEYMOON AMENITIES."

"Lost the Return Tickets? Nonsense, my dear Boy! I distinctly remember seeing you put them in your Money Pocket the day we came here!" "YOU DO! THEN THAT SETTLES IT. MUST HAVE LOST 'EM. THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT POCKET!"

#### A SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of Punch.

DEAR SIR,—Just now there are so many extra calls upon the pockets of the "smart," that I am sure a move in the direction of economy would be very welcome amongst "the upper ten," or say,
"the more select quarter million." For instance, it is the pride of some hostesses to have a crowd at their at-home days. If the many social functions of the present memorable season should deprive them of the glory of a large gathering, they would naturally feel annoyed. Now cannot this be remedied? I think so. Why not hire a carriage and a man who thoroughly understands his business from a livery stable? But it will be objected that a vehicle staying outside a door for hours would look peculiar. At first it might be considered as suggestive of the crême de la crême, but after a while the immobility

of the vehicle would be understood, and cover the hirer with ridicule. And here my idea comes in.

All that is wanted is as before, a brougham and a coachman who thoroughly understands his business. Mark the qualification, "who thoroughly understands his business." Now the brougham drives up, and the neighbours notice that the coachman is clean shaven and has mutton-chop whiskers. The vehicle drives away after a sufficient pause. Then comes another coachman driving a brougham. He evidently belongs to an owner with military tastes, for he has a black moustache. He retires, and is succeeded later on by an old retainer of a coachman, with white hair and a venerable beard allowed to be worn, no doubt, on account of his many years of faithful service. But it will be contended "so many carriages will be expensive?" Not at all. There will be only one vehicle, and the coachman who thoroughly knows his business will do the rest. The moment

the Jehu is out of sight, he will change his costume with the utmost rapidity, and then return to your house a different (outer) man. The effect might be in-creased by supplied visitors, who would also change their appearance at the same time as the coachman altered his. This could easily be done in the brougham itself.

I think the idea so good that I would be pleased to form a syndicate to work it. A small supply of carriages and horses, and a

good company of useful people would be all that would be necessary.

As manager, I would suggest one of the now fairly numerous "quick-change" artists who have done so much recently to render the leading London music-halls popular. Perhaps, with a few pots of easily-removed paints, even the horses might be altered. But that it a detail.

Yours faithfully, A LOVER OF COSTLESS SPLENDOUR.

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A long-time Lover expresses his intense dislike to the high-heeled tight Boots of his Lady, who professes to enjoy the wearing of the same.

Your heels of brass make pit-a-pat, Like Nansen's teet about the Pole; Upon an india-rubber mat You'd make the substance pay its toll, In order to attention draw

To those twin props on which you walk! I think upon a street of straw You'd demonstrate your pedal talk!

The inch step arched is fair to view, The little brodequin fine and neat, But when I love to look at you, Must I be always at your feet? May not my eyes be sometimes raised To meet those orbs of liquid glow Shot with pure gold that, half amazed, Have kindred tints with boots below?

I never have quite understood The glory of the cobbler's art; The last, I know, is made of wood,
And only lasts that we may "part"!
But in your shoon of tightest fit, Such as you were at church to-day, I'm sure you said a little bit That could not fitly rhyme with "pray"!

Do, dearest damsel, think of this, That feet were only made for bards
To join with "love," and "bliss," and
"kiss,"
And break the porcelain mid the shards.
The dainty "uppers" cannot make

Your long, lithe presence more to me Than when you deigned to undertake A barefoot ramble by the sea!

Those rambles! How we've paced the shore

The bonny, fir-clad cliff beside! Till when the all-forgotten roar Had warned us of the rising tide. And then we'd scamper up the cliff, To sit among the pine-grove roots. That was a time without a tiff-Your soul did not know high-heeled boots!

Five toes upon a foot expressed (Perhaps a foot has got a thumb), Ten marks upon the sand impressed So fairly that my tongue was dumb. But now (and here I broach a line That all my manhood bravely scorns), Did you, in that sweet "Auld Lang Syne," Have any knowledge, dear, of corns?



#### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 3. LOUGH, though in later life he mixes his tea\_in London, had his earliest breakfast in Ireland. Occasionally, as to-night, he pleasantly reminds House of his pater-nity. Had question on paper addressed to WALTER LONG with reference to muzzling of dogs. Answer given with wealth of detail. Lough, charmed with the conversa-tion, desires to prolong it. Speaker benefcently sharp on Members who attempt to evade rule that notice must be given of questions. The only safe thing is to asquestions. The only safe thing is to assume that Minister has broken fresh ground by his reply. That done, the Member says, Arising out of that answer I beg to

To-night Walter Long having made his answer, sat down. Up jumped Lough, holding out a letter snatched from his pocket. "May I," he said, "ask a question which has been assist,"

which has been sent to me by a correspondent, arising out of that answer?"
We are getting on to end of century.
What with telegraphs, telephones, torpedocatchers, big wheels, balloons, motor-cars, and railwey trains around the and railway trains running through the sea, we are doing pretty well in the way of inter-communication. House felt Lough's correspondent took the cake. Echo of Long's answer still rumbled through chamber. Yet here was Member for West Islington with a letter in his hand "arising out of that answer" which correspondent had written, posted and obtained delivery of!

House roared with delight, whilst Lough stood staring round, wondering what on earth he had said now. "Only shows," says Wilfrid Lawson, "how strong is the force of habit. A man who spends his morning mixing tea is apt in the late afternoon to mix his sentences."

the Undermanning of Ships.

Tuesday Evening.—Dr. FARQUHARSON, favourably known to House of Commons for other reasons than because he owns a mountain, to-night crowned honourable career by delivery of one of most effective speeches of the Queen's long and happy reign. It was on question of habitual



"Arising out of that answer, Sir." (Mr. T-mmy L-gh.)

Business done.—Two more Government criminals. Cameron moved resolution call-Bills\_brought in, Employers Liability, and ing upon Government to establish adult ing upon Government to establish adult reformatories for the special treatment of this class of our sisters and brothers. In course of his address Cameron had much to say about long sentences and short sentences. His speech was rather a long sentence, extending over three quarters of an hour in delivery. Question important and interesting. Members accordingly went out to think it over. Thus it came to pass that FARQUHARSON came into heritage of an audience fully twelve strong.
Was evidently in fine form. Cleared his

was evidently in line form. Cleared ins voice with one or two preliminary but eloquent coughs; squared his elbows; tugged alternately at his shirt cuffs; shook his legs out about the knees; was just getting into stride when someone suggested that perhaps the House had better be counted. FARQUHARSON sat down; sand-glass on table turned; bells clanged through all the corridors. Slowly a score of Members trooped in; but the habitual criminals, acting in accordance with those ingrained habits CAMERON deplored, remained in their lairs. When Speaker counted he found only thirty within signalling distance of his cocked hat. So, at ten minutes to five, House counted out, beating all recent record in the matter of earliness of the hour.

FARQUHARSON not at all puffed up at this achievement worthy of Jubilee Year. "Tut, tut," he said, blushing, when congratulated. "In the circumstances anyone could have done it."

But we know better. Prince Arthur, who following the Source on Marwoon's

who, following the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD'S example, is sitting by his own fireside to-

night, disposed to take the matter seriously.

"These fellows will force us to take Tuesdays, dear Toby," he said, when I looked in to give him the news. "We don't want any more time at our disposal. If we get it we'll have to do something. Got quite enough time for what we mean to do. If they had only managed to keep things going for this one Tuesday night we might have gone on as we are till after Whitsuntide. But, really, when not satisfied with counting out on every Tuesday they have had since the Session opened, private Members manage to get a count out at ten minutes to five on a May afternoon, I don't see how we can decently re-frain from forthwith burdening ourselves with this extra day."

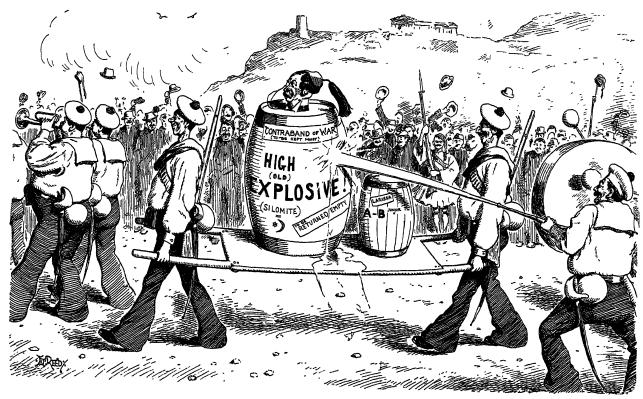
Business done.-None.

Would they demand SILOMIO'S matter? immediate release? or was his sacred person to be deemed contraband of war?

Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, whose gravity is one of the safeguards of the Great Powers in times of crisis, so smitten by contagious merriment that he could hardly frame a reply. House roared afresh when he assured Field that the afresh when he assured FIELD that the captive knight was in no personal danger, and that application had been made to for moral and intellectual damage."

pool. The captain was for instant surrender. The crew (aged thirteen) sobbed bitterly. Silomio was pale, but that appearance was owing to other causes than fear. The sea was much more perturbed than was the hero.

"We will hold on our course," he said, "and let Greece take the consequences."



A Moment of Triumph for the Greek Fleet!

(The Captive enters Athens!)

Thursday.—Long time since House of Commons been in such merry mood. Circumstances attendant thereupon made case more remarkable. The morning newspapers presented their customary newspapers presented their customary contribution of war news. A great battle impending at Pharsala; fierce fighting at Velestino; the iron hand of the Turk slowly but surely closing round the wrist of the Greek. Stirring news; but it all faded into nothingness before the import of one detail. Unfortunate on land, the Greek fleet had by a single stroke retrieved the fortunes of the day.

It had captured SILOMIO! Yes; BASHMEAD-ARTLETT, Knight, the elect of Sheffield, the pride of the Senate, the champion of the Empire, the ca-nonized of Swaziland, outmanœuvred at sea, is carried captive to Athens.

It might be thought, in face of such national calamity, that the flag would fly at half-mast on Victoria Tower, that shops would be closed, that bells would toll, that the House of Commons would mournfully adjourn. "Instead of which," as the irrepressible judge said, here was the House on the broadest of grins, breaking forth into uproarious laughter when Admiral Freld, in his best transpontine quarter-deck manner, enquired what the Foreign Office were going to do in the

place him at disposal of HER MAJESTY'S Minister at Athens.

Business done.—Irishmen for once united (in fresh demands on Exchequer), repulsed by 219 votes against 127.

Friday.—SARK has some particulars of the naval engagement off Salonica, which shows it to have been rather a desperate affair. Don't know how he got the despatch, but it reads as if it came from headquarters.

SILOMIO setting forth from Larissa to Athens, intent upon resuming charge of imperial affairs at Westminster, was warned of danger. The whole Greek fleet was on the look out for him. Let him give them the slip, and go by land.
"Bismallah!" said the doughty knight.

"A Primrose Leaguer does not go off his ordered course for any foe."

After an hour's sailing from Tzayezi, something at first taken for a cloud began to converge on the sailing boat which carried Silomio and his fortunes. The hero was at the moment lying at the bottom of the skiff, the sea being choppy. But at sign of danger he rose to his knees and, fixing his eyeglass, scan-ned the horizon. The cloud drawing nearer, turned out to be the Greek Fleet. quarter-deck manner, enquired what the Shomio was entrapped. His little boat Foreign Office were going to do in the was as if caught in the vortex of a whirl-

In a few minutes a torpedo boat emerged from the slowly-closing circle; made straight for the sailing boat; cap-tured the knight; conveyed him to Admiral's flagship, where he was received with full honours, officers and crew drawn up to receive him.
"You ought to have been at Salamis,"

said the Admiral, respectfully saluting.

"Thank you," said Silomo, gratefully feeling a firmer tread on the deck of the man-of-war; "I've had enough of travel just now, and, if you could arrange it, would rather be dropped at Sheffield."

This despatch (delayed in transmission) bears sign of hasty writing. But it also carries the impress of truth.

Business done.—Some votes in Supply.

#### Providing for the Future.

The O'Hooligan (to the MacTavish). Faix! but ye seem to be overlapping your quantum to-night, Laird. Has your grand-

father jined to the Kensal Greeners?

The MacTavish. That no, Sir, but the morrow, gin that nae accident happen, I shall hae the luxury o' lunching wi' my bluid cousin, the ex-Baillie o' Whilkna-craigie, a strict temperance mon, wha canna stand whuskey. And so I'm joost drinkin' up to his soda-water beforehand.



## "YOUNG LOYALTY."

(Aunt and Cousins lionising Bluecoat Boy.)

"BUT DON'T YOU FIND THE SUN VERY TRYING WITHOUT A HAT?" "OH NO, THANKS."
"OR THE COLD IN WINTER TIME?" "NO, I DON'T MIND IT."

"OR THE RAIN?"

"No, I don't mind that kind of thing. The only time I want a Hat is when the BAND PLAYS 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN,' AND THEN I DO WISH I HAD ONE TO TAKE OFF!

#### QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE.

The other day Mr. Lough asked the President of the Board of Agriculture whether a dog must have a muzzle on when taking his morning bath in a pond on Peckham Rye. Since then notice has been given of the following questions:—

Mr. Luffer.—To ask Mr. Hanbury what would be the postage of a letter from Brixton to Bogota, the envelope of which

Brixton to Bogota, the envelope of which centained, in addition to two sheets of by his, Mr. Luffer, sister-in-law.

Mr. Muffer.—To ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer the name and address of a

shop, in or near Clapham, where his, Mr. MUFFER's, aunt can obtain good bird-seed

for her canary at the lowest price.

Mr. Stuffer.—To ask the Home Secretary whether if he, Mr. STUFFER, should visit Margate during the summer, the right honourable gentleman could recommend an hotel where the terms are small and the meals are large.

Mr. Buffer.—To ask the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, as he, Mr. Curzon, has personally studied the manners and customs of Persia, whether his, Mr. Buffer's, cat, a native of that country, should be fed with ordinary English meat, or with some diet of a more oriental nature.

Mr. DUFFER.-To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty whether, in the event of his, Mr. Duffer's, great uncle visiting Southend, it would be advisable, in view of possible adverse winds, that he, Mr. DUFFER's great uncle, should attach his, Mr. DUFFER's great uncle's, hat to his waistcoat by means of a cord or other appliance called a hat-guard.

#### DARBY JONES CONSIDERS KEMPTON.

Honoured Sir,-Who is the Gentleman who starts rumours about Non-starters for Big Races? Naturally Echo will query the term "gentleman," but it would per-haps surprise you, Sir, and the Peers, Baronets, and Members of the Privy Council, who complete their education by committing the axioms of Professor
Punch to Memory, to know that on those
grades of Society which I may call the
Lower Rungs of the Ladder, the word
"gentleman" possesses no attribute of
superiority, but is always applied to One
possessing the Bounder-like characteristics
of the Kangarous a being indeed locked of the Kangaroo—a being, indeed, looked down upon from a perch by the Common or Jubilee Cad. Well, Sir, one of these Esquires by indefinite right put it about that Galtee More would not start for the Chriscost Norwards and the Chriscost Guineas at Newmarket, and the Prophet was only able to nail the Second and Third on the Board of Speculation, the lay of the *Minstrel* at 50 to 1 for a win and 4 to 1 for a place possibly reflecting some of that credit displayed by a wellpolished, hall-marked silver soup-ladle on your henchman and heeler.

Lord Rosebery deplored, I believe, that he had met with another Isinglass. The noble earl has met with continual Isin-glasses during his Political and Turf career, but, like little Jack Horner, he is still sitting in his corner, pulling out the Plums of Life, and on his fiftieth birthday (good gracious me! it was only yesterday that he was Lord DALMENY at Eton!) I beg to tender him my sincere congratu-

countered the Gubbins clan on the moors of Devon. His Lordship will know what I mean, honoured Sir, even if the refer-

ence pass your understanding.
Hats off to the Ditch, to the Rutland
Arms, and the Jockey Club! Away to
Sunbury by the Thames, to the Most Convenient Race Course in the World—and that is saying a great deal—Kempton Park, the demesne of Mr. S. H. Hyde, who apparently is about, as a Model Magistrate and a Simple District Councillor, to sit upon himself as the wicked Manager of a Sinful Spot, where the voice of the "Bookie" mingles with that of the thrush and the blackbird. Mark you, Sir, I don't say that Kempton is the best race track in the world, all I say, it is the most convenient. If you, or any other Master of Savoir Faire, will tell me another place devoted to the Sport, wherewithal Monarchs are supposed to amuse themselves in archs are supposed to amuse themselves in their hours of pastime, so perfectly "get-at-able" in all sorts and conditions of weather, I should be glad to know the name of that rendezvous. For my own part, there is only one Kempton which can be reached under shelter the whole way from your front door in London to your Grand Stand or Members' Endezvire and Waterlea Station and closure, viâ Waterloo Station, and once there, you need never be grilled by the sun or pelted by the rain. Take my word for it, Sir, if the nave of the Crystal Palace were turned into a cricket ground, it would be equally popular. Nowadays your pleasure-seeker likes to be taken to, and brought back from, his temporary Mecca without disturbing the cotton-wool in which he is of course packed as a precaution against the cli-mate. Oh! dear me, why doesn't the Aggravated-Grandmothers League let the rich or poor race-goer alone? At Kempton Park he has everything done to make him respectable and harmless, and yet the A.-G. Leaguers won't let him enjoy himself after his own way. It isn't the folk, who show themselves at a Gathering of this kind, who go home in a hurry and volunteer for the Greek Army on the morrow. But, as my friend Captain Quisby always remarks, "The real gamblers are those who frequent disreputable houses in Soho, where the Tape runs from morning till night, and who don't know a horse from a gander." Even the other norse from a gander." Even the other colleague to whom Lord Salisbury recently referred when they brought back Peace and Honour from Berlin, was an unsuccessful plunger. I believe, too, that Mr. Labouchere, M.P., is a Greater Englander, when the interests of Pari-Mutagl are attached. Mutuel are attacked.

But let me to work, and endeavour to unravel the skein of the Diamond Jubilee Stakes, which are to be run in the Park of HYDE and seek. Here goes.

> You will not Shoot the Bird this time, Nor wedding bells for Husband chime; The Welshman may go nearly. For me I'll choose that Conqueror Wild, Who oft the backer has beguiled And sometimes cost him dearly; Together with the *Mixture*, who May run *Our Uncle* for 1, 2.

Put your Faith, Hope, and Charity, honoured Sir, on your devoted adherent with the Röntgen rays, DARBY JONES.

lations, wishing him over the Derby that luck which befell Salvation Yeo in Westward Ho, when he and Amyas Leigh en-



#### SHAMEFUL PARSIMONY.

Thomas. "And wot d'you think 'er Ladyship 'ad from the Duchess for a Welding Present? Two second-'and Cups and SAUCERS!

Jane. "Loe, Mr. Thomas! I do think as Er Grace might Ave made out the 'Arf-dozen'."

#### CHARITY AT HOME.

(Extract from the Diary of a Philanthropist.)

Monday.-Received an application from a Society for the Extension of Education amongst those most in need of it. Very proper scheme. Regard it with the heartiest approval. Seems proper scheme. Regard it with the heartiest approval. Seems old-established, too. Wonder why I have not heard of it before. The circular enlightens me. "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." I see. Well, will consider it with the others already forwarded.

Tussday.—Appeal from the management of "The Self-Supporting Orphans." Good notion. When a baby is left destitute the organisation steps in and sets it up in business. Refer to

the organisation steps in and sets it up in business. Refer to appended documents, and discover that its foundation dates back several decades. Why have I been addressed after this neglect of years? Ah, to be sure, "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." Pigeon-hole with the others. Wednesday.—Another appeal! This time the lower creation attracts attention. "Home for Reclaimable Blackbeetles." Seems commendable. Idea to turn a pest into a blessing. Train blackbeetles to spin silk. Wonder why I have never heard of the scheme before. Founded, too, fifty years ago. Ah, I see, "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion."

Appears to be common form. Circular is added to the rest.

Thursday.—Post brings in customary application. "Convales-

Appears to be common form. Circular is added to the rest.

Thursday.—Post brings in customary application. "Convalescent Home for the Healthy." I see. Not a bad idea. Prevention better than cure. If people are well, keep them so. Wonder why it has not been started before. It has. Founded early in the century. Why then address me at this late hour? Oh, I see, "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." Added to the others.

Friday.—Postman with the usual batch. "Cinderellas for the Aged." Why not cheer the evenings of second childhood! Certainly, why not? The cheering seems to have been going on for some time. But why now address me? Ah, "Taking advantage of the same, but—in "beaten gold."

P.S.—Writing last week about The Oxford Dictionary, my Baronite, temporarily dazed with the erudition of the monumental work, attributed the editorship to Professor Joseph Wright. That was Wrong. It is The English Dialect Dictionary Professor Joseph Wright.

That was Murray and Henry Bradley.

PROSPECT FOR A NEW EQUESTRIAN STATUE.—The owner of this year's Derby favourite says, "If he wins he will have the horse's statue made in gold." If he loses, the statue shall be made all the same, but—in "beaten gold."

of the approaching auspicious occasion." I have heard the phrase before. Put away with the others.

Saturday.—Again they come. "Homes for the Affluent!"

Argument, if the poor are looked after, why not the rich? Seems something in the idea. Circular proves that the charity is older. something in the idea. Circular proves that the charity is older than the century. Dear me. Wonder why I should have been addressed. Suppose they thought, "better late than never." Not exactly. "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious Addressed.

Not exactly. "Taking Exactly."

Sunday.—Looking through my benevolent bequests for the past week. Plenty of them, and ninety-nine per cent. to "commemorate the approaching auspicious occasion." A little awkward! Hundreds of applications sent in. Can't attend to great suggestion. Invitable to a selection. Parkers the every suggestion. Invidious to make a selection. Perhaps the best thing to do, as I cannot subscribe to all, is, to give to none! Has the advantage of being economical!

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Ouida's latest novel, The Massarenes (Sampson Low & Co.), is, from every point of view, excellent. Since Thackeray's immortal "Becky," there has not been drawn by any satirical writer a type so true to nature, to nature, that is, with its natural good almost obliterated, and its evil fully developed, as the Lady Kenilworth of this story, known in her family as "Mouse Thackeray's heroine in his "Novel without a hero" sprang from the people, and had to work her way unwards to position and the people, and had to work her way upwards to position and fortune: Outpa's heroine, on the other hand, is a patrician of patricians, lacking the true nobility of race, but a spoilt child, with an hereditary contempt for the plebs, a cultured sensualist with so powerful a hunger for money that no amount of wealth could appease, and with such a capacity for profligacy that millions cannot satisfy. The picture of her husband, "Cocky," son of the Duke of Otterbourne, as he lived and as he died, is drawn with great power; and the sketches of the very smartest of the most modern Smart Society are as true as they are inof the most modern Smart Society are as true as they are intentionally caustic and disillusioning. There are three straighttentionally caustic and distinsioning. There are three straight-forward, virtuous persons in the dramatis personæ, and of these the first is the co-heroine, Katherine Massarene, who seems just a bit too hard to be quite lovable; yet is she well mated to the second Lord Hurstmanceaux, an admirably conceived character, just good enough to be true; while the third is the young Duke, a mere child, a splendid little fellow, worth a wilderness of Little Lord Equations. The fixish of the story is as artistic as in that a mere child, a splendid little fellow, worth a wilderness of Little Lord Fauntleroys. The finish of the story is as artistic as is that of Vanity Fair, and to no work of fiction can a higher compliment be paid. The quite unnecessary introduction of an exalted personage is non-essential, and is decidedly an error; but it is the only one. Of this novel, as a photograph from life at high pressure in these last years of the nineteenth century, it may be truly said that, beyond interesting and amusing, it gives food for serious reflection. Is our time morally worse than that of the Tudors, the Stuarts, or of the Regency? More than ever is it essential to keep up "appearances," and to observe, most strictly, "les convenances"; then, these canons being obeyed, "Respectability," that "tribute which Vice pays to Virtue," is the note of Modern Society.

If Outda had required prototypes for her Modern Society characters she had only to turn to a book recently published by Fisher Unwin, entitled, Twelve Bad Women, and from that compilation, excellently well done, with a moral to every narrative, she could have selected either Lady Frances Howard, who "flourished" between 1593 and 1632, or have taken as a model

tive, she could have selected either Lady Frances Howard, who "flourished" between 1593 and 1632, or have taken as a model Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland (1640-1709), or Alice Ferrers, the favourite of King Edward the Third, to whom this amiable lady seems to have played the part of Becky to Jos Sedley in his declining years. It is a curious book, as morbidly interesting as a well-written Newgate Calendar; but it can only be recommended to the healthiest, and cannot with safety be given as a pass-time to an invalid who, himself blessed with a clear conscience, yet suffering from an evil liver, would scarcely be cheered or consoled by the example of such notorious "cvil livers" as are those of whom he will read in this work.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—Writing last week about The Oxford Dictionary, my



# THE CONSERVATIVE FAIRY GODMOTHER,

The Good Fairy Sir M-tth-w Wh-te R-di-y presents the Workman with the Compensation Bill,



# A SERIOUS MATTER.

"You seem to have quite forsaken your Bicycle, Captain Pelham!" "Y-A-S. FACT IS, IT MADE ME SO CONFOUNDEDLY MUSCULAR, I COULDN'T GET INTO A PAIR OF DECENT HUNTING-BOOTS!"

#### CHELSEA REACH.

THE County Council did not like This bay, these bends, a useless waste; An artist's eye perhaps they strike,
They must offend a vestry's taste.
Oh! bother men like KENE or LEECH, Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council did not care For curves which artless Nature made; They wished no "line of beauty" there, Such fads as that had never paid. Oh! hang what HOGARTH used to teach,

Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council did not wish To contemplate artistic spots; Why leave to water and to fish Such eligible building plots? Oh! blow the barges on the beach, Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council could not bear To let this vast "improvement" wait; Such crooked banks they must repair, They longed to make the river straight. Though artists rave, and scream, and screech,

Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council fancied that Just settled all about the bay, Till this Select Committee sat And settled them the other day. The Chairman made a little speech, "You shall not alter Chelsea Reach!"

#### True Charity.

Amy (meeting Harry with a collecting box). Are you collecting contributions for the Jubilee Week Fund?

Harry. No, dear, for the Regeneration and Soda Water Committee the week

after.



A REGULAR KNOCKER. A Study of the latest Society Coiffure.

#### A BIOYCLING BALLADE.

(A Fair Cyclist celebrates a Triumph.)

To hunt or ride or drive may be To some fair sisters passing sweet, The wheel (at present) is to me, However tyred, a tireless treat. Some love shop-windows in the street, Some golf or tennis live to play, Some do no more than eat and sleep— I've done my sixty miles to-day!

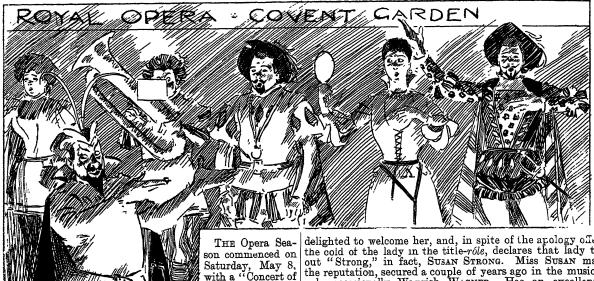
We pedalled "o'er the downs so free," And heard the merry lambkins bleat, No thought of mint-sauce marred their glee-

On, on we pedalled, sure and fleet. In spite of wind, in spite of heat, Though long and hilly was the way— Cyclometers are above deceit-I've done my sixty miles to-day!

By forest-"lawn" (and, haply, "lea"), By village, farm, and country-seat We pedalled on from morn to tea And—I'm alive to tell the feat. This one small triumph is complete, Beyond all question. Come what may, "Fate cannot harm me"—I repeat, I've done my sixty miles to-day!

Envoi.

"Bike"—your forgiveness that I greet
You thus cacophonously I pray—
My record you have helped me beat,
I've done my sixty miles to-day!



THE Opera Season commenced on Saturday, May 8, with a "Concert of Europe," and the Operatic Pie being opened, the birds began to sing, as follows:—

Monday. — Faust and foremost. Pleased to see Madame EAMES, as Marguerite (a bit tired of Peggy, not of Madame EAMES, in a general way), and delighted to hear heras "fraiche comme une Marguerite" in that everbrilliant gem, the jewel song. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, several years younger than ever, trying to appear anNoté; bien Noté.

cient as the Duenna Martha. Valentine, NOTÉ; bien Noté. But he made the audience smile loudly when he died, such a flop did Valentine go down! Merry Mancinelli conducting self and orchestra in first-rate style. Chorus a bit wrong at first; all right at last. Big house. Royal Highnesses present in two boxes. Good start.

Tuesday.—House seems to know Roméo et Juliette by heart, as it doesn't come in till long after commencement of Opera, and then, suddenly, it is "full up." M. Scaramberg, as Romeo, a bit nervous; quite strong enough, however, to support himself and Juliet in the balcony, when both obtained support of audience. Mme. Saville, delightful as a cantatrice, but as Juliet rather of the "reserved force" order. Opera not complete without Mlle. Baurrmeister as Gertrude. Mancinelli turned on for every night in the week up to Friday. Stage management of T. H. Friend, all right. Motto of Italian Opera:—"Friend in need is stage manager indeed."

management of T. H. FRIEND, all right. Motto of Italian Opera:—"Friend in need is stage manager indeed."

Wednesday.—Warbling Wagner's Tannhäuser. Poor Emma Eames "indispoged"; kind Mlle. Pacary takes her part. Noble conduct of Mlle. Pacary! it is so rare to find one woman taking another's part. H.R.H. Princess of Wales and distinguished visitors evidently much touched by Mlle. Pacary's devotion. Van Dyck first rate: his skill in making up evidently inherited from celebrated artistic ancestor. M. Note so full of "go" that he is now known as "Note Beany." Bowery Lass, Bauermeisterer, singing the shepherd's song to perfection. M. Journet very good ette soirée as Landgrave. Stage management looking up; everybody generally acting on "Friendly" hints. Also gratifying to remember that "Now we sha'n't be long" seems to be the motto for what used to be needlessly protracted entr'actes.

Thursday.—Atda (which of course is not pronounced by really

Thursday.—Arda (which of course is not pronounced by really accomplished linguists "aider") lends her assistance. House

delighted to welcome her, and, in spite of the apology offered for the cold of the lady in the title-rôle, declares that lady to come out "Strong," in fact, SUSAN STRONG. Miss SUSAN maintains the reputation, secured a couple of years ago in the music of the only occasionally Waggish WAGNER. Has an excellent helpmate in "the other lady," Miss MARIE BREMA, who sings in faultless style and a Babylonian wig. A welcome newcomer in Signor CEPPI, who looks a fine figure of a man—not in the least like an effeminate "Cheppy." Plancon of course admirable, and Ancona artistically truculent. Stage management very good. Ballet of small foreigners quaint, but requiring a little extra drill. Otherwise everything excellent. Ladies of the Egyptian chorus dusky to the wrists, and then—as they should be, seeing they are blameless—appearing with white hands. Large and enthusiastic audience. H.R.H. the ex-Commander-in-Chief in evidence reviewing the army from a private (not a sentry) box. Seemed to appreciate the powers of manœuvring evidently possessed by (should be) Brevet-General Friend. Altogether a delightful evening. Stalls smart with pretty gowns and diamonds, and denizens of the gallery wearing spectacles and reading huge scores. Intellect and beauty from floor to ceiling.

\*\*Friday.\*\*—A huge house for the \*Huguenots\*\*. Royalty present\*

Friday.—A huge house for the Huguenots. Royalty present and appreciative. Miss Marie Engle distinctly engaging as Marguerite de Valois. Charming both in voice and appearance. Strong cast, Plancon, Noté (worth his weight in gold), and the ever-changeable Mile. Bauermeister. On the present occasion she appears as a maid of honour, radiant with youth and beauty, as a prelude to the assumption of the part of the decrepid Marthe ordered for the morrow. Urbain, the page, appropriately brazen-faced (in the accomplished hands of Mme. Brazzi), and consequently quite attentive to the lady of the Court. Orchestra and chorus all that could be desired—M. Flon in the (conductor's) chair. The programme obligingly communicative "The Incidental Divertissement" it begins. Then the reader pauses for a moment to consider who would dance the incidental divertissement. Not M. Van Dyck, because he is busy preparing for the morrow's reappearance in Faust. Not Signor Ancona, because he is this evening in the front of the house. Then who on earth would it be? Then the reader returns to the programme, and the mystery is solved. "The Incidental Divertissement by the Corps de Ballet." Why, of course! Quite natural! How do they think of such clever things? House and performance most satisfactory. Mutual congratulations exchanged from either side of the curtain.

Saturday. — Faust and last. Grand repetition of sensational effects. Duel scene goes splendidly until the end, and then comes a heavy drop. In fact a couple of drops, because the curtain falls shortly afterwards. For the rest, the good ship Opera starts on a prosperous voyage. So far, no breakers ahead.



#### AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—I have said you that Mister X. the deputy showed me the salles-à-manger for the strangers who visit the House of the Commons. After to have visited these poor little rooms, he shows to me those who are reserved for the deputies. C'est une autre paire de manches, partout le confortable anglais, the english comfortable. But the ladies can not to go there.

That shall arrive perhaps, after many years, when they can to be elected. Une députée! See there a new word. But, hélas, the female deputy shall be probably that which you call "a strongly minded woman." Oh quelle horreur!

I see also the libraries, very tranquil and very luxuous, and then we retraverse the "Lobby" and the octagon hall, and we arrive to the House of the Lords. With the deputy I can to out on its a species of ledge leas at side of the deer. From there enter in a species of lodge, loge, at side of the door. From there I see a great hall, much of sculpture in wood, a gilded throne and several ranges of benches covered of red. At the middle, on that which the English call a mussulman—ah no, an ottoman!
—a mister is seated. He has the air enough melancholy, planted there at the middle, and forced of to hold himself "bolted upright," as one says in english, from fear of to roll from his seat so incommodious. Himself is enough droll. At first I think that he has the hairs grey, enormously long, and then I perceive that he carries a perruque at the ancient mode. What droll of person! He must to be some senator condemned to be punished person! He must to be some senator condemned to be punished thus. Some customs, some habitudes, so ancient exist still in England. I have heard to speak of a "stool of repentance" and of a "dunce's cap." I know not that which they are. Less and the state of the sta voilà peut-être. It is desolating to see a mister so respectable in a situation so deplorable.

On the red benches there is perhaps twenty misters, who re-themselves and speak together at low voice. Without On the red benches there is perhaps twenty misters, who repose themselves and speak together at low voice. Without doubt they are fatigued. It is at present 4.40. They have worked perhaps since ten of clock. They are not young. They work as that without any salary. What noble sacrifice for their country! Ah, at present they adjourn! They part, and we also. In the corridor I say to Mister X. that the senators have the air fatigued, that they work much. "Not so much," responds he, "they began to-day at half-past four." "How," I say, "only ten minutes? It was but the time of to put the culpable, le coupable, on the stool of repentance." "The what?" demands he. "The poor mister on the ottoman," I respond to him. "That," he cries, tout ahuri, "that was the Lord High Chancellor of England!"

Oh ciel! I shall comprehend never the costumes of your

Oh ciel! I shall comprehend never the costumes of your country. The concierge of your Bank resembles to a Lord Maire, the Chancellor on his ottoman has the air of I know not what

of sad and of pathetic.

Then Mister X. conducts me to the gallery of the House of the Commons. We sit ourselves. I perceive that the hall resembles not to the Chamber of Deputies at Paris. Absolutely not of tribune, not of benches in half-circle, not of desks for the deputies. At the middle I perceive a dignified and respectable mister, not on an "ottoman," but on a throne. This time I deceive not myself. I say to Mister X., "It is the Chancellor of the Commons." "No," responds he, "it is the speaker." "Truly," I say, "what droll of idea! That species of throne is then the tribune, and each orator carries a wig and speaks seated?" He explicates to me that the "Speaker" speaks not, and that he is in effect the President of the Chamber. Then he indicates to me some ones of the deputies Sir Hargourt Sir Bargourt. Lord me some ones of the deputies, Sir Harcourt, Sir Balfour, Lord Chamberlain, Sir Bartlett, Sir Labouchere, and some others of whom I forget the names. The benches have the air of to be enough incommodious. The deputies are very squeezed, and several, above all Sir Balfour, have almost slipped from the seats. In effect this last, for not to fall on the floor, is obliged of to put the foots on a table before him. It would be perhaps possible to prevent the slipping of Sir Balfour and of the others, in fixing a strap around of the waist, as for an infant in a "perambulator." I have the honour of to offer this idea to

Misters the Deputies.

While that I regard I hear some inarticulate cries, as the "Très bien!" of our Chamber. They become more loud. Then I perceive that the President on the throne has not of bell, as the ours. And in effect that values better. At Paris, more the President rings, more the deputies cry. Cest un vacarme

effroyable!
But at the fine I see the thing the most curious. Before me, at the other end of the hall, there is a large grille, not that which you call "a silver grill," for she has the air of to be gilded. For sure it is a species of ventilator. C'est énorme. The English approach of hyoiene and of currents of air, and therefore they



MR. PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE POETS.

"SO CAREFUL OF THE TYPE, SHE SEEMS."-Tennyson.

have fixed in their Chamber of Deputies the most great ventilator

have fixed in their Chamber of Deputies the most great ventilator of the world. By consequence some ones of the deputies are forced to carry their hats. But I perceive not a current of air. In effect the air is not good. It is not the suffocating and poisoned atmosphere of the Casino of Monte Carlo, it is rather the closed air of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

In quitting the Palace, and in thanking Mister X. of his charming courtesy, I speak to him of the great ventilator. "Not a ventilator," responds he, "it is the Ladies' Gallery. They are hidden behind the bars." Sapristi! Ma foi, c'est incroyable! To shut the charming english misses behind a grille, as some wild beasts. C'est étonnant! Voilà a gallery for the "strongly minded womans," the députées of the future. One would hide them very volunteerly, très-volontiers. But the adorable misses! Oh la, la! Tiens, tiens, tiens! Ah par exemple, voilà qui passe les bornes! Agree, &c., Auguste.

#### TACKLING THE TRAFFIC.

FIRST METHOD. IN PARIS.

Scene—A crowded thoroughfare. All sorts of Vehicles hard at work. Foot passengers, riders, and drivers jumbled together.

Guardian of the Peace (drawing his truncheon). In the name the law arrest your movements!

Cahman (paying no attention). I am off to the station.

Omnibus Man. Can't stop—only wait at the ticket offices.

Guardian of the Peace. In the name of the law stop! I com-

mand you!

Tradesman's Cartman (laughing). Nonsense! Don't be absurd! Guardian of the Peace (drawing his sword). I will be obeyed! denounce you! I insist upon your staying your progress! Everyone. Rubbish!

Guardian of the Peace. Unless you submit I summon the military! In the name of the law, and for the last time, I order you to desist!

[The Traffic is gradually regulated.]

SECOND METHOD. IN LONDON.

Scene-As before, and characters as before, subject to English adaptation. Policeman (raising his hand). Hold hard!

[The Traffic is immediately regulated.



#### WITHERING.

'Arry. "I S'Y-DOES ONE TIP THE WITERS 'ERE!"
Alphonse. "Not onless you are reecher zan ze Vaiter, Sare!

#### A MORAL FROM MARPMANN.

(To Splenetic Pens dipped in Septic Ink.)

[Dr. MARPMANN, of Leipzig, has recently published the results of the microscopical examination of sixty-seven samples of ink used in schools. Most of them were made with gall-nuts, and contained suprophytes, bacteria, and micrococci.

\*\*Lancet.\*\*]

O PEN! than sword more mighty-Or so your wielders think— Be not too hoighty-toighty! To impotence you'd shrink, Futile as foolish-flighty, But for the aid of Ink!

Those sixty-seven samples Instruction may impart, And also set examples
To dogmatist too tart,
The critic boar who tramples
On other people's Art.

The gall they make the basis
Of everything they write.
Nature hath but one phasis,
And Art one only light;
All else sheer cranky craze is,
They sputter in their spite.

Bacteria pathogenic Commingle with their gall. The simple or the scenic Sets them at once a-squall; The subtle-stygian-splenic With such is all in all. They septicæmia scatter,
Ill-temper's virus spread.
Their ill-conditioned clatter
Dazes the public head.
They blare, and bawl, and batter,
They deem their foes are dead.

They micrococci mingle
With every spleenful phrase.
Whether in prose or jingle,
They must denounce, dispraise;
Till honest ears will tingle
To hear their blatant brays.

Their "nigrosin bacillus"
(So fatal to poor mice),
Though worrying, scarce will kill us,
But, oh! it is not nice,
And with disgust must fill us.
Smelfungus, take advice!

Ink-spilling hath its virtue;
There's power in the pen;
But scribes whose aim's to hurt you
(We meet such now and then),
With septic gall to squirt you,
Are microbes more than men!

#### PUBLIC THEATRICALS.

HERE is a proposal for a Diamond Jubilee Revival of *The School for Scandal* at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's, Westminster, with the following (fore) cast:—

. Lord S-L-SBURY. . Duke of D-V-NSH-RE. Sir Peter Teazle . Sir Oliver Surface Sir Benjamin Backbite. Mr. J-hn B-Rns.
Sir Harry Bumper (with song)
Sir W-LFR-D L-WS-N. Sir Toby .
Joseph Surface Mr. G-sch-N. Mr. L-B-CH-RE. Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT. Charles Surface Crabtree Mr. DR-GE. Mr. H-NRY CH-PL-N. Careless Mr. Arth-r B-LF-r. Sir S-m-L M-nt-gu. Rowley Lord K-MB-RL-Y. Snake . Trip . . . Lady Teazle. . Mr. G-RGE C-RZ-N. Mr. CH-MB-RL-N. . Mr. T. G. B-WL-s. . Colonel S-ND-RS-N. Lady Sneerwell . Mrs. Candour Maria . . Sir E. Ashm-d-B-rtl-tt.

The entertainment will be produced under the immediate patronage of the South Africa Committee, and the whole of the proceeds devoted to the relief of the Eastern Question. Copies of the Playbill obtainable from the CH-NO-LL-R OF THE EXCH-Q-R, who has kindly undertaken to direct the entire stage management. "Gags" will be seen and approved by the L-RD CH-NO-LL-R and the SP-K-R. Dr. T-NN-R and the Free List entirely suspended.

#### "Hoist with his own Petard."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am exceedingly pleased to note that President KRUGER is importing German war material into the Transvaal, because the quality of those manufactures has been ascertained, weighed and gauged for some time past. But I sincerely trust that the excellent grandfather of Lieutenant EYLOFF has not, as is reported, succeeded in ordering rifles and revolvers from Birmingham, for this commission would cast a shell into the country of President CHAMBERLAIN. The only retort possible would be for the Colonial Secretary to ask for the purchase of the Teutonic fireworks in order to be used on Queen's Day. Believing them to be guaranteed harmless,

I am, yours patriotically, EBENEZER CHALKER.



# "MY FRIEND—THE ENEMY!"

LITTLE GREECE (acknowledging defeat). "MY MISTAKE, SIR."

JUBILANT SULTAN. "NOT AT ALL! EXTREMELY INDEBTED TO YOU! YOU'VE QUITE SET ME ON MY LEGS AGAIN!"



"'OW MUCH DO YOU CHARGE FOR PULLING OUT A TOUTH, YOUNG MAN?" "ONE SHILLING, —AND FIVE SHILLINGS WITH GAS." "FIVE SHILLINGS WITH GAS! THEN I 'LL COME AGAIN TO-MORROW, WHEN IT'S DAYLIGHT!"

#### THE LADY CRICKETER.

(Directions for attaining Perfection.)

GET up a match by saying to some local subaltern that it would be such fun to have a game, and you know a girl who could give points to GRACE.

Agree with the youthful warrior that the fun would be increased by allowing the men to play with broom-sticks, and left-handed, and the girls, of course, with bats, and unrestricted.

Arrange your eleven in such a fashion that you come out as captain in the most picturesque costume.

Be careful to "kill" your colleagues' appearance by an artful combination of discordant hues.

Carry out the above scheme with the assistance of a joint

committee consisting of two, yourself, and the local subaltern.

Arrange, at the last moment, that the men shall only send out six of their team to field.

Manage to put yourself in first, and play with confidence the initial ball.

Amidst the applause of the six fielders you will be clean bowled.

Retire gracefully, and devote the rest of the afternoon to tea and mild flirtation with the five men who have been weeded out.

#### THINGS NOT TO BE SAID.

(Compiled from a popular Book of Etiquette.)

To a Wearer of the Victoria Cross.—I am sure you must have done something brave or they would never have given it.

To an Eminent Q.C.—I am certain you will dissuade my boy from going to the Bar, for you know that it never leads to a really satisfactory income.

To a Distinguished General (Royal Engineers).—How nice to have risen so quickly and so well. But I always thought sappers only built offices and surveyed roads.

To Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—I really must take away your post-cards, and forbid you to speak about Greece.

To the G-r-m-n Emp-r-r.—No doubt plenty to say for yourself, but hope you won't think it rude if I hint that I would like to listen to someone else.

And lastly, to Mr. P-nch (most important of all).—Such a clever anecdote about my little boy! He is only four! I will tell you the story, and you can put it in your paper to-morrow.

#### TRUE GENIUS.

(A slightly Anticipatory Interview.)

FEELING sure that some account of the life of Mr. WILLIAM Brown, the well-known non-writer, could not fail to interest the public, I called upon that gentleman a few days ago in his delightful London house.

It is, as I need hardly remind the reader, Mr. Brown's proud distinction that throughout the sixty years of his well-spent life he not only has never written a book, but has not even contributed a single article to any magazine. Among the exceedingly few non-writers of the present day, there is no name more consistently absent from the publishers' lists than his, and it is gratifying to know that his success in this direction has gained for him the grateful recognition of the public.

for him the grateful recognition of the public.

"Yes," he said, after our preliminary greetings had been exchanged, "I may say, without boasting, that my position has only been gained after many years of patient struggle. Never can I forget what I owe to the early discouragement given me by my dear father. On one occasion he heard me explaining to a friend the plot of a story which"—and the recollection made Mr. Brown blush—"I fully intended to write. His forcible entreaties that I should not do so—he used a hunting-crop, I made Mr. Brown blush—"I fully intended to write. His forcible entreaties that I should not do so—he used a hunting-crop, I remember—brought tears to my eyes, and I promised him solemnly never to scribble even an article for an Encyclopædia. That promise," he added proudly, "I have never broken."

"But the temptation to do so must have been awful at imes?" I asked.

"Terrible," he replied; "and even now it has not altogether eft me. My worst dream is that I have actually given way, and fancy in my sleen that I see two large volumes on a table, with

I fancy in my sleep that I see two large volumes on a table, with the Recollections of William Brown in gilt letters on the back. And how often, half unconsciously, have I found myself seated at the table, the pen already in my hand, just about to begin a Scotch novel or an article on 'the Present Want of Manners' for the Nineteenth Century! But—not without a fierce struggle

—I have invariably overcome the unmanly weakness."

"And, if the question is not an impertinent one, may I ask whether non-writing is a lucrative profession?" I inquired.

"Certainly not," he answered, "if one takes into account the

years of preliminary struggle that are requisite for success in it. Of course I have not been entirely without any reward. That plate," he pointed to the magnificent service on a sideboard, was presented to me by a dozen leading editors in consideration of the fact that I had never sent them MS. A well-known publisher, who had been misled into thinking that my years of silence were due to the fact that I was preparing a History of Mankind in fourteen volumes, which would ultimately be sent to him, was so gratified on learning the truth, that he rewarded me with the freehold of this house. Best of all, of course, is the knowledge that the public regard me as their truest friend, since to me alone can they always look for consistent silence. How many letters of thanks have I received for the books which I have not written!"

"And what, may I ask, in conclusion, is your advice to the aspiring non-writer?"

"He cannot begin too young," said Mr. Brown, earnestly.
"It might be well wholly to neglect his education, but this well-meant step has proved to increase the number of writers rather to lessen it. Of course every assistance must be given to than to lessen it. Of course every assistance must be given to the young non-writer; the illustrated papers with their insidious panegyrics of authors and advertisements of their works must be kept out of his way. Every effort should be made to make him swallow the old Grub Street legend. Any kind of indulgence is worse than useless. He may promise never to go beyond a paragraph, but having once tasted ink, he will go on the steady downward path—he will write leaderettes, which will become leaders, then magazine articles, and so will find himself the author of a novel or a biography before he realises that he has begun to write. Therefore parents should be very firm—much may be done by cruelty. And after all, how great will be the distinction of their children if they go through youth and age without adding by a single line to the Pest of Print which afflicts our unhappy country!" panegyrics of authors and advertisements of their works must be

#### Perhaps an Unconscious Speaker of the Truth.

The Vicar (to Coastguardsman). Ah, good evening, Hooker! I understand that you've been to the Levant in the course of your career. Now, what's your opinion about the difference between the Greeks and the Turks?

Hooker. Lor' bless ye, Sir, there ain't no difference. Take my word for it, Sir, it's six o' one and half a dozen o' t'other; and a precious good job 'twill be when the whole twelve is wiped out!



# FLAG WAGGING.

Sergeant of Signallers. "What alls Murphy to-day? He don't seem able to take in a Thing!"

Private Mulvaney. "Shall I signal to 'im, 'Will ye 'ave a Drink'?"?

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Betrothed Cavalier replies to his Inamorata, who has addressed certain reproaches to him.

Am I to blame because you chose
To wear a robe of doubtful blue,
Amid a crowd of cruel foes,
Who'd dresses donned of brighter hue?
I quite allow I said that tint
Would other colours put to shame—

Would other colours put to shame— You didn't quite take up my hint— Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame because your friend,
The Captain with the vacant laugh,
Those theatre tickets didn't send,
Nor made amends by telegraph?

I must admit I said the piece

Was weary, wicked, bad, and lame,
Not one to which I'd take my niece—
Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame by reason that
You cut Lord Towzer in the Row?
He was about to raise his hat;
You didn't bow to him, I know.

Am I, when walking by your side,
To note each personage of fame,
A sort of Piccadilly guide?—
Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame because you try
To prate of politics, as though
You had your Ministerial eye
Upon an Opposition blow?
Whereas—and here again I err—
You're just a pretty Primrose Dame.
If to your logic I demur,
Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame because I know
Your foibles I may not deride;
Like thorns that will by roses grow,
They point the fragrant bloom beside.
So, if my love for you is sure,
And proof against all other flame,
To burn for ever and endure—
Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

ALL THAT THE GREEKS HAVE CONSTANTLY BEATEN DURING THE WAR.—A retreat.

A (DOUGLAS) STRAIGHT TIP.

The Montagu Williams Clothing Fund"
In need of aid? In a voice rotund
(To reach all round), Punch makes appeal
To all who remember, and all who feel.
All who remember a model "Beak,"
All who to aid the suffering seek,
WILLIAMS to honour, the poor to cheer,
Should send a cheque in this Jubilee Year
To Haden Corser; whilst Douglas
STRAIGHT

Of left-off clothes will direct the fate. Here's a chance for a generous chap! Punch recommends it. Verbum sap.!

\*\*\* Subscriptions may be sent by cheques payable to "Haden Corsen, Esq., or order," and crossed "Account Montagu Williams Clothing Fund," and addressed "The Magistrate, Police-Court, Worship Street, E.C.," whilst articles of clothing can be forwarded to the depot built by Sir Douglas Straight, at 20, Albion Road, Dalston, N.E.

#### A Manns a Manns for a' that he's done!

THERE is an ardent, talented, silverhaired Master of Music, who for many years has been in command of the vocal and instrumental forces at the Crystal Palace. He is just about to gather round him the three or four thousand performers, who every three years do, under the bâton of Field-Marshal Manns, gallant tribute to the melody and grandeur of the immortal HANDEL. When knighthoods are being bestowed, it will be well to remember that if ever man deserved a "handle to his name," it is this Handelian Manns.

## Muzzle and Gag.

The thought of tyrants two the anger stirs Of a dog-lover, or Superior Person; The chap who'd clap a muzzle on our curs, The other who would muzzle our own

The other who would muzzle our own Curzon. The tyke-tormentor's bad enough, but

how Punish the churl who'd gag the Big Bow-Wow?

POP FOR THE POPULATION!—According to a recent calculation, there is a sufficient supply of champagne this year to give to everybody, that is, to our thirty-eight or forty millions, three-quarters of a bottle to every individual, man, woman, and child. And after this, there will be fifty-six million bottles (full, barring ullage) left in stock for all Europe: that is, just about four bottles a-piece to go on with. What a chance for a few millionaires to club together at Jubilee time, and stand champagne all round the British Isles!

# One Way of Looking at it.

Young Larkspur (cheerfully, at the Club, to Mr. Mantys-Kakone). Well, there'll be plenty of jollification during the Season. Heaps of money spent over the Jubilee this year!

Mr. Mantys-Kakone (gloomily). Probably. But think of the workhouses and the rates next year, young man!

A SEA SIMILE.—According to Mr. BAY-LEY'S evidence before the Life Boat Inquiry Commission, the "self-righting" boat is not unlike those "unco' guid" or "self-righteous" persons, who are "a most dangerous type," easily upset, and "not to be depended upon to right themselves."

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 10.— Since the Session opened the lot of John o' Gorst has not been entirely a happy one. But it is a little too much that in a one. But it is a little too much that in a moderately full House, in the presence of an acquiescing Speaker, he should be hailed by the son of the Prime Minister as the very D—— himself. Of course Hugh Croil couldn't fill in the letters and pronounce the word as spelt in the New Oxford Dictionary. What he did was to

drop—or rather to soar—into poetry.

The regrettable incident happened in Committee on Necessitous School Boards Bill. Cranborne wanted to put fresh spoke in wheels of School Boards. John o' Gorst said the Committee of the Privy Council could not sanction the new Clause presented with that intent. Then up gat the gaunt figure of brother Hugh. Wringing his hands with passionate energy, turning flaming eyes on the placid figure seated solitary on Treasury Bench, Hugh apostrophised him as "Lucifer, son of the morning," and lamented his abyssmal fall.

Of course everyone remembers Lucifer in what is probably the earliest article of the now familiar series, "Celebrities at Home." DANTE visiting him chez lui de-Home." DANTE visiting nim chez lun describes the host as a three-faced giant. One face, he adds, is yellow, a hue assumed when envy fills his breast. Red he flames when wrathful, black when melancholy. "At six eyes he wept," whereas the visitor could do it only with two; at "every mouth he champed a sinner."



Comparing Sir J. Gorst to "Lucifer, Son of the Morning"! Lord H-gh C-c-I.

Now, is that what Lord HUGH CECIL meant, or had he in his mind some milder vision more applicable to the repository of the confidences, the reflector of the dignity, of the Privy Council? At best the remark seems unparliamentary. That it should have escaped rebuke at the hands of an exceedingly watchful Speaker only adds to the regrettableness of the incident. John o' Gorst took no notice at the moment. A little later he lived at least halfway up to the picture, with one mouth champing three sinners—Cranborne, brother Hugh, and J. G. Talbot, who, with most melancholy mien, supported the new

Business done.—Necessitous Board School Bill through Committee.

Tuesday. — RASCH, with characteristic boldness, attempted to make a House after morning sitting. Positively succeeded, and after brief debate, induced House to pass resolution affirming that "The duration of speeches in this House has increased, is increasing, and ought to be abated." CALDWELL, who has strong views on the subject, wanted to second resolu-tion. But RADOLIFFE COOKE had already volunteered. House regretted lost opportunity of hearing CALDWELL; rewarded by delightful incident in connection with RAD-CLIFFE COOKE'S speech. So righteously eager for brevity was he that he went on and on till Members at length could stand no more. Angry shouts of "Divide! divide!" cooked RADCLIFFE's goose, or, to drop metaphor, shut him up.

Nearly everyone on Rasch's side. R. G.

WEBSTER specially convincing. On divi-



Practising the new "One-Leg" System for ensuring Brevity in Speeches! (See\_Essence.)

[We understand that Major R-sch, after the above experiment in a secluded corridor of the House, expressed his entire approval.]

long ones.

Debate interesting, but offered no practical solution of the question.

sion, 85 voted for short speeches, 24 for upon a tribe whose affairs of State were long ones. rupted, never spoke again, but somebody administered by a council meeting once else took up the story, and the number of administered by a council meeting once a week. Some of the members developed practical solution of the question.

H. M. Stanley tells me of experience he had in Central Africa which he forgot to mention in any of his books. He came a week. Some of the members developed inconvenient tendency to making long the tripe steadily decreased.

An old Brave having passed a restless night thinking over the difficulty, had a happy idea that was instantly adopted. At the time of Stanley's visit it was the cus-

the tribe steadily decreased.

An old Brave having passed a restless night thinking over the difficulty, had a



"SHTOP! SHTOP! I AM UNLEVEL! I COME FOR SURE DOWN!"

tom for any member addressing the council to stand on one leg. When, through fatigue, he touched the ground, even with the toe of his other foot, his speech was peremptorily ended. The plan has the further advantage that even in the case of peculiarly gifted men, able by practice to stand a long time on one foot, a gentle nudge will upset their equilibrium, and bring their speech to a conclusion. Next time reform of Parliamentary procedure is discussed in the Commons it might be worth while to consider this device of the simple African.

Business done.—A good deal at the morning sitting.

Thursday.—Will back Don José to rouse House of Commons from whatever depth of depression. To-night, up to ten o'clock, debate fluttered round proposal to read second time Bill prohibiting importation of foreign prison-made goods. The level flow of talk varied by vigorous denunciation of Bill by Dalziel; far away the best speech he has made since he came from Kirkcaldy. House nearly empty when Don José rose. With that curious instinct which draws Members when sport is to the fore, the benches swiftly, silently filled, till, before he had talked fifteen minutes, scene was changed to one of seething excitement, cheers and counter-cheers ringing across the floor.

It is the old story of circumstances altering Don Jose's case. "An admirable exhibition of political agility," Brycz described the speech, he himself happily inspired with unprofessorial vigour. As for Honest John, he sat on the front bench, watching his old friend and colleague with half-amused smile, his eyes twinkling at the enthusiastic cheers with which the Tories applauded their old foeman.

"What were you thinking about?" I asked him as we went out to the division lobby.

"I was thinking," said Honest John, "how true it is that the poet is a seer. Praed has been dead these sixty years. But there are some lines of his about John Cam Hobhouse which, with the alteration of a proper name, might have been written this morning. They often come to my mind when I sit here and listen to my friend and companion dear of 1880-5.

"We were patriots together! Oh, placeman and

peer
Are the patrons who smile on your labours today:

And Lords of the Treasury lustily cheer
Whatever you do and whatever you say.
Go. pocket, my JOSEPH, as much as you will,
The times are quite altered, we very well know:
But will you not, talk to us still,
As you talked to us once, long ago, long ago?"

Business done.—Prison-made Goods Bill read second time by 221 votes against 90.

Friday.—Darling, Q.C., nearest approach to the Fat Boy present Parliament produces, going about making our flesh creep with stories of Apparitions. Heard a good deal at time of General Election about One Man One Vote. Now we have detailed accounts of One Member Two Bodies. The scare began with M'Dermott, who makes oath and saith, that on an hour and a day when Tay Pay in the flesh (such of it as there is) was in Athlone, he (the deponent) coming in after dinner, saw and spoke to the hon. Member in the House of Commons.

That of itself is not extraordinary. There is a well-authenticated case, celebrated in familiar verse, where a great statesman, seated one evening about the same hour on the Treasury Bench, saw two Speakers in the Chair. The serious part of the business lies in the fearsome opening up of possibilities. If some Members of present House are to enjoy a dual existence, when absent with their constituents are to be present in the House, life at Westminster will not be worth living.

The influence of the epidemic is shewn in the case of Darling, Q.C., alluded to. He tells me that at ten minutes to seven to-night he saw the Member for Sark standing behind the Speaker's chair paring his nails.

"'As you are paring,' I said to him in my genial way" (this an extract from Darling, Q.C.'s deposition), "'will you pair with me for the dinner hour?'" "The hon. Member," deponent further deponeth, "started, looked me straight in the eyes, and went on cutting his nails, just as Charlotte, when Werther first saw her, went on cutting bread and butter."

DARLING, Q.C., we all know as a man of high probity, serious mind, profound legal erudition, long familiarity with the laws of

Yet I have the very best reason to know that the Member for Sark has not been in the House of Commons to-night.

Business done.—Appointment announced of new Commission to inquire into operation of Irish Land Commission. "Piling Pelion upon Ossa," says TIM HEALY, bitterly.

#### THE PUZZLE PICTURE CURSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-Will vou strenuously exert your unbounded influence against the spread of the terrible plague known as the Puzzle Picture Disease? The Acrostic Fever was bad enough at its height, but the present malevolent malady is assuredly assuming deadly proportions, which will drive many unassuming citizens, such as myself, into those Asylums usually associated with permanent or temporary aberrations of wit. I cannot take my walk at home or abroad without some dame or damsel, some adult or youth, producing from her or his pocket a sheet of printed paper covered with strange devices, and inquiring whether I would kindly state what well-known personage a lucifer match in a donkey's mouth, or a balloon sailing on the sea, or some equally idiotic delinea-tion represents? Hating mysteries, pictorial or otherwise, I generally return evasive answers, and the consequence is, that I have broken off my approaching marriage (because I could not inform my intended bride what the Mephistophelean delineator meant by a hippopotamus waltzing with a ballet dancer). I have also been wiped out of the will of my rich uncle (by reason that I differed with him as to the signification of a locomotive apparently running a race with a giraffe); and I have quarrelled with my old chum, HARRY HOGGINSON, in that, quite in chaff, I gave him the correct defini-tion of a cut showing a boa constrictor consuming a cathedral, which solution he did not use. I therefore beg to announce that in future I shall be deaf to all inquiries so far as ladies are concerned, and that if any one of my own sex torment me, I shall give him an illustration of your Noble Self, a Hostelry and an Optic, right or left as opportunity may allow.

Yours morbidly, but pugilistically,
DIONYSIUS DRIPPING.
Reading Room, British Museum, W.C.

#### The Latest Expression at Eton.

Deadly Foe (shouting to enemy who is vanishing down Keates Lane). Hi! What are you Greeking for? Take a licking, and I sha'n't Turk you any more!



Extract from Lady's Correspondence: "-In fact, our Reception was a complete success. We had some excellent Musi-CIANS. I DARESAY YOU WILL WONDER WHERE WE PUT THEM, WITH SUCH A CROWD OF PEOPLE; BUT WE MANAGED CAPITALLY!

# WHAT TO DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS.

According to the Daily Telegraph, Mrs. Wynford Philipps, founder of the Women's Institute, states that a comfortable living may be secured by ladies, who adopt the profession of dog-walking, i.e., taking the domestic pets of their clients out for daily exercise and air. We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following advertisements just received:-

#### SITUATIONS VACANT.

Wanted, Young Lady, of Prepossessing Appearance, to act as Nursery Dog-Walker to Fox-terrier Pupples, occasionally accompanied by Owner. Highest references and photo required.

companied by Owner. Highest references and photo required. Must be able to play piano, sing, cook, do needlework, and speak at least four foreign languages. Apply to Benedict, No. 1, The Flats, Barking.

Gentlewoman (middle-aged), of Sound Principles and Moderate Views, required as Daily Companion to Invalid Collie. One Sunday in the Month free. Duties would include use of soft-soap, combing, and cat-shooing. Send dated testimonials to Housekeeper, 10, Fleabitten Row, Houndsditch.

Governess (Finishing), who has had Previous Experience in Dog-walking, wanted Toy Terrier. Will be required to pay special attention to Deportment, and Behaviour in the Park, or

special attention to Deportment, and Behaviour in the Park, or out Driving. Sympathetic Treatment and Tact indispensable. Address X., The Ladies' Kennel Club.

#### SITUATIONS REQUIRED.

STRICT DISCIPLINARIAN, accustomed to the use of the Whip and Muzzle, is at present Disengaged. Will accept Visiting or Resident appointment. Method never known to fail with the most Rabid or Refractory Pupils.

HOLIDAY for thirteen guineas! Personally-conducted Canine Travelling Parties now being formed, under Supervision of Experienced Lapy-Guide. All parts of the East End and Belgravia visited. Street-fights arranged. Bull-dogs and Bloodhounds on reduced Terms. Lectures given (with demonstration) in course of the Tour, to Butcher-boys, Postmen, and others. Unrivalled

Opportunity for Co-operative Education.
Young Widow, good looking, without encumbrance, and with a moderate Income of her own, is anxious to adopt PPPPY. Is a Member of the Dogs' Toilet Club. Can teach Music, French, and Dancing. Has a loving heart, and would travel with any Dear Creature.

#### THE RUDDY YOUNG SLAUGHTERMAN.

["Life is forced to believe that within a year the reading public will be so sick of 'Bluggy' fiction that they won't look at it."—"Droch" in New York "Life."] Air—" The Jolly Young Waterman."

AND have you not heard of the ruddy young slaughterman, Who in our fiction his axe used to ply?

He handled its edge with such fiendish dexterity, Sticking its "beak" in the enemy's eye. He looked so fierce, and slew so steadily The foemen went down in his path so readily! And he eyed the young braves with so awful an air That this slaughterman always established a scare.

What sights of sheer bloodshed he managed when merry, With "smelling out" witches his tale could appal; He was always "so nice" with the Library ladies, Who like something "bluggy" and "terribly tall." Though oft-times the critics came carping and sneering, Twas all one to him their jibing or jeering; For critical liking he little did care

Whilst our slaughterman captured the youthful and fair.
And yet but to think, now, how strangely things happen,—
As he wrote along thinking of—nothing at all,
A change in the fashion came in without warning,
And "blugginess" found in the market a fall.
And would this young writer but banish his sorrow,

He must chuck up sheer gore, and try nature to-morrow. For how will our ruddy young slaughterman fare, If dropped by the young and tabooed by the fair?

# The Queen's Highway.

Infuriated Cyclist (after a collision with a fast-trotting dog-cart). I shall summon you to-morrow! I've as much right on the road! as you, Jehu!

Trate Driver. And I shall summon you! This thoroughfare 's mine as well as yours, let me tell you. Scorcher!

Pedestrian (who has been nearly killed by the collision, and is lying prostrate after being cannoned on to the path, very feebly). And what about me, gentlemen? Have I any right of way?

SENTIMENT FOR'A CRICKET CLUB DINNER .- May the British Umpire rule the wide world over.



QUITE ARCADIAN.

Labby Lubin (to Chamberlain Colin). "Tell me, Shepherd, have you seen my Flora pass this way?"

Message from Dr. Harris to Cecil Rhodes.—"I have already sent Flora to convince J. Chamberlain."—(Telegram No. 6. See Times' Report, May 19.)



Fubleigh, having accidentally hooked a fine, active Jack Sheep, which was grazing on the Bank behind him, has (in the endeavour to save his Tackle) quite the best Sport of the Season with the May-fly.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"When I got the cholera it was three in the morning. thought I was dying. So I got up, went to my desk, and settled all my worldly affairs, carried my last instructions to Keir in her bed, put on my clothes and went out to confession and commu-nion." Here, in a couple of sentences, is indicated the mannion." Here, in a couple of sentences, is indicated the manner of living of the rare woman whose history is written in The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton (HUTCHINSON & Co.), told in part by herself, in part by W. H. WILKINS. The collaboration supplies excellent reading, competing in interest with any ordinary novel of the year. It is the story of a passionate-natured, supplies excellent reading, competing in interest with any ordinary novel of the year. It is the story of a passionate-natured, yet clear-headed, practical-minded woman, mated with one of the oddest men of the century, a soldier of fortune, whose inclination and duties called him to the remote corners of the earth. My Baronite doubts whether Burton was quite such a god-like creature as he seemed to be when the glistening eyes of his loving wife were turned upon him. Amongst her other qualities Lady Burton is a graphic writer. Thanks to the discernment of Mr. WILKINS, who in this and other respects her done his work admirably we get bright this and other respects has done his work admirably, we get bright glimpses of Brazil, Portugal, Teneriffe, and other places now first given to the world. As to her account of her visit to Madeira and Teneriffe, Mr. WILKINS states that her husband would not allow her to publish them. To have one Burton in the book market was probably enough for him, and the wife, as was her manner in this and many analogous circumstances indicated in her story, uncomplainingly submitted. "It was a habit with the Burtons all through their lives," Mr. WILKINS writes, "that whenever they were leaving England for any length of time Burton started first in light marching order to prospect the place, leaving his wife behind to pay, pack, and bring up the heavy baggage in the rear." An admirable arrangement—for the husband. In development suitable to varied countries it is common to Oriental recomment suitable to varied countries it is common to Uriental races and the untutored savage. It seemed quite proper to the unselfish nature of the woman, who, when she thought she was dying of cholera, got out of bed, made things comfortable for everyone else when she should have passed away, and then went forth to pray for the repose of her own soul. To know Lady Burron as she stands revealed in this book is a privilege calculated to make woman proud and man even humbler there calculated to make women proud, and man even humbler than THE BARON DE B.-W. is his wont.

### A LILT OF KEW GARDENS.

In the garden I love of all pleasaunces best,
In the Paradise perfect of Kew,
Where the eye and the ear can for ever find rest,
Not the heart, I am thinking of you,
Of you as you were in the days that are dead
But not buried—they never can be
As long as I hold to the words that you said
When you plighted your troth here to me.
O! my dear little sweetheart, I cannot forget
How happy we were in that May.
Your portrait is garlanded, treasured and set
In a frame of that dear yesterday,
In a frame that was gilded by first Summer sun,
And adorned with all clustering bloom;
I have only that picture, my own, only one,
A miniature limned with perfume.
The soft golden rain of laburnum still sways
In the breeze as it did, dear, of old;
The lilac yet laughs in the sun's pointed rays
As it did when our story was told,
That story which sank in Life's tide like a stone
(E'en the splash was but noticed by few),

# In a Fleet Street Tavern.

But I'm living the whole of that story alone

In the garden—no! Desert of Kew!

Jawkins (to Pawkins). What's become of Rawkins? I haven't seen him lately.

Pawkins. Don't you know that he went out as a volunteer to Greece?

Jawkins. No; but it's very appropriate. He was the best long distance runner when I was at Cambridge, and I expect he's kept up his form now.

# A Distinction with a Difference.

Disappointed Porter (to Mate). I thought you said he was a gentleman.

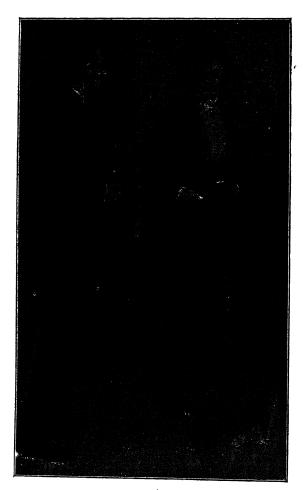
Mate. No, that's where you mistook me. I said he was a gent.

#### THE GAME OF ADVERBS.

(A COUNTRY-HOUSE TRAGI-COMEDY, IN TWO PARTS.)

#### PART I.

Scene—The Drawing-room at Dripstone Manor, a stately Jacobean man-sion recently acquired by Mr. Joseph Shuttleworth (of Shuttle-WORTH AND CLACK, Carpet Manufacturers, Yarnminster). It is toworld and characteristic transfer of the control of friend of Grace's; Ivy Goring, a Boarding-school chum of Flossie's, who are staying at the Manor; and the younger children's Governess, Miss Markham. Mr. Shuttleworth, fifty-five, florid and prosperous-looking, enters with his son Bob, twenty-one, of Eton and Cambridge. Both are in shooting things.



"Is Mrs. Shuttleworth at home, my good man?"

Mrs. Shuttleworth (to them). So you're back at last! I've just sent away the tea. But if you'd like some, I could easily—
Mr. Shutt. Not for me, Louisa, thanks. Bob and I had something as we came through the dining-room. That Jack-o'-dandy friend of Bob's, Dormer, may like a cup, though, for all I can

Mr. Shutt. But what's become of Mr. Dormer?

Mr. Shutt. Gone upstairs to titivate, I expect. Bless you, you wouldn't catch him coming in here in his shooting toggery!

Bob. Fact is, Mater, the Governor's rather riled with Dormer for saying on the way home that, on the whole, he thought the safest thing to be was a pheasant. Dormer didn't mean anything by it, Sir.

Mr. Shutt. It's my belief he did. And considering how confoundedly bad the light's been this afternoon, and that I never took to shooting at all till late in life, I don't call myself a narticularly poor shot.

particularly poor shot.

Bob (sotto voce, to Miss Goring). Never knew anyone who did. But the poor old Governor is rather apt to draw his bow at a venture.

Mrs. Shutt. I can't say I quite take to your friend Mr. Don-

MER, Bob. He has such a nasty sneering way with him.

Grace. He's atrociously conceited. If he's a type of the Oxford Undergraduate, I prefer Cambridge.

Flossie. I'm certain he's looking down on us secretly all the

Bob. What bosh! You don't understand old Dormer, that's

l. He's a nailing good fellow. Capital company!

Mrs. Shutt. You said he would keep us all amused if he could

Bob. Well, Mater, after being at the same house at Eton with him, I ought to know. And all I can tell you is, that he was far and away the best mimic I ever heard. He could imitate everybody and everything.

Flossie. Up to now he has only favoured us with an imitation of a disagreeable stuck-up pig. It's life-like—but still it is beginning to pall. (She starts as DORMER lounges in; he has dressed for dinner, except that he is wearing a black smoking-coat.) Oh, Mr. Dormer, you did startle me so! You look exactly like a curate.

Dormer. And are curates such alarming objects? But you're all in the dark, here.

Flossie. Yes. We thought you would come in and be brilliant.

Flossie. Yes. We thought you would come in and be brilliant. Dormer. I'm afraid I can't compete with the ordinary methods of illumination. (To himself.) Wish this girl would see that I'm not in the humour for this sort of thing.

Mr. Shutt. (to himself). Can't do with this young fellow! (Aloud, to his wife.) I'm off to my study, Louisa. Got some letters to write.

Dormer (to himself). On the sofa—with his eyes shut! Only wish I could slip out, too—but they might think it rather casual. (Aloud, to Flossie.) You haven't told me why you charged me with looking clerical? Can't say I feel complimented.

Flossie. Oh. it doesn't go any deeper than a buttoned-up coat.

Flossic. Oh, it doesn't go any deeper than a buttoned-up coat and white tie. And you might have a worse compliment than

and white tie. And you might have a worse compliment than being compared to a dergyman!

Mrs. Shutt. Talking of dergymen, my dear, that reminds me the Rector has never called yet. Considering we have been here six weeks, and attended church regularly every Sunday morning, I do think he might have found time to return the civility before this!

Dormer. If it was the Rector I had the privilege to hear last Sunday, impressing upon us the duty of cheerfulness in sepulchral tones that were calculated to draw howls from a china poodle, I should be inclined to think myself that the gaiety of the party

has not suffered appreciably from his delay.

Mrs. Shutt. Mr. Polyblank's pulpit manner is a little melancholy, certainly—he's a bachelor, poor man. But they tell me he's very much looked up to; comes of a very good family, and intimate with all the county folk, so perhaps he doesn't consider us good enough for him.

Grace. Really, Mamma, you talk as if we were Pariahs! Most of the county people round here have called on us. What does it matter if Mr. POLYBLANK chooses to stay away?

Mrs. Shutt. All the same, my dear, there's a sort of natural tie between the Rectory and the Manor which—not that I'm one to force my acquaintance on anybody. Still he might give us credit for not being downright savages, if we do come from Yarnminster!

Flossic. There, Mother dear, that's enough of the Reverend Poly. I vote we have a game at something. Are you fond of games, Mr. DORMER?

Dormer. Indoor games? Er-not immoderately. The mere fact of being supplied with a slip of paper and a stumpy pencil, and required to compile a list of animals beginning with A,

and required to compile a list of animals beginning with a, paralyses my faculties. I assure you I never can produce a single animal beginning with A.

Flossie (with intention). Not even one? But it's too dark to see to write. We might have a guessing game—where somebody has to go out of the room, you know.

Dormer. Ah, I think I could play at that.

Flossie. And when you come back, you have to guess from our questions what celebrated historical person you're supposed to be.

Dormer. I should never get within a mile of it. I've forgotten Dormer. I should never get within a mile of it. I've forgotten my Little Henry's History of England ages ago.

Miss Markham (in a small, thin voice). There's a most amusing guessing game called "Adverbs."

Dormer. It sounds perfectly delightful. Only I'm afraid that I've only the sketchiest idea of what sort of thing an adverb is.

Miss Mark. Surely you know that! It's a part of speech, formed by adding the termination "ly" to an adjective. For instance: bad—badly——

Dormer. Good-goodly. I see now, Miss Markham. Tremen-

dous fun, I've no doubt.

Miss Mark. (annoyed). I was about to explain how it's played. Miss Mark. (annoyed). I was about to explain now it's played. One of the party goes out, and the rest agree in what manner they are all to receive him when he returns—"admiringly," "affectionately," and so on.

Dormer. And he comes in pretending he's somebody else?

Miss Mark. He can if he chooses, of course. But all he need do is to ask questions all round, and from the way in which they

are answered he guesses what the adverb is. Now do you see, Mr. DORMER?

Mr. Dormer? I think I have grasped the idea. I don't mind volunteering to go out of the room, at all events.

Grace. Very well. You go out, Mr. Dormer, and just wait about in the hall till we call you in.

Dormer. Delighted. (To himself, as he goes out.) It's just possible I may be a little hard of hearing.

Flossic (after he has closed the door). Now, what adverb shall it be? Do let's make it something difficult!

Miss Pinceney. Why not something which would let us show him what we think of him—"Candidly"? "Contemptuously"?

Bob. That would be rather rough on him, Miss PINCENEY. I asked him down here, you know, and really—

Mrs. Shutt. Yes, my dear, it wouldn't be kind to make any visitor of ours uncomfortable, would it?

visitor of ours uncomfortable, would it?

Flossie. He makes us uncomfortable. He's as rude as ever he can be!

Grace (thoughtfully). Why not make the adverb "rudely"? We could be rude without being personal.

Mrs. Shutt. If you're sure he won't misunderstand——
Bob. Oh, he'll understand all right. After all, it's only a
me. "Rudely" will do first rate. I'll call him in.

#### IN THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

The Rev. Peregrine Polyblank (at the glazed doors). I wonder if they heard me ring. (He descries DORMER in the gloom.) Ah, at last! He doesn't seem to see me—— Perhaps I'd better—— (He goes in.) Er—I am the Rector—Mr. Polyblank. Is Mrs.

(He goes in.) Er—I am the Rector—Mr. POLYBLANK. Is Mrs. Shuttleworth at home, my good man?

Dormer (stiffly). I've no doubt Mrs. Shuttleworth will be pleased to see you, Sir, if you wait a moment. (To himself, as he passes on to the library.) Confounded cheek, taking me for the butler! But this will put that adverb foolery out of their heads, thank goodness. I shall get a nap in peace, now!

The Rector (alone, to himself). Painful to enter the old place again. I miss those poor dear Hardupper at every turn. To find strangers in the familiar rooms—it will be an ordeal, but I could not put it off any longer. . . . . Why doesn't the butler return? Does this good lady mean to keep me here awaiting her pleasure? If these are manufacturing manners—But I must beware of prejudice. No doubt there is some good reason for pleasure? If these are manufacturing manners—But I must beware of prejudice. No doubt there is some good reason for her delay. After all, people may have made a fortune out of carpets without being necessarily lacking in the refinements and countering of well-brad conicts. courtesies of well-bred society.

Bob (opening the drawing-room door). We're ready for you now, old chap. You can come in as soon as you like!

The Rector (to himself). "Old chap"! I "can come in"!....

Well, well, I suppose this is the Yarnminster idea of cordiality.

A little crude, perhaps—but well-meant.

[He enters the drawing-room.

END OF PART I.

# INTERVIEWS WITH INANIMATE OBJECTS.

# A MATINÉE HAT.

I MANAGED to get hold of it when it was off duty, so to speak, and at once broached a most delicate subject.

"What do you think of the recent legislation in America (New

York, isn't it?) abolishing the matinee hat?"
"It is only one other instance of the supreme folly which crops "It is only one other instance of the supreme folly which crops up at times in whole sections of the human race. Nations, like individuals, occasionally lose their heads. But what can you expect from a people which has rejected the Arbitration Treaty?" I can quite understand your wounded feelings, but are you not sometimes an obstruction? Is there nothing to be said for the point of view—literally the point of view—of those who wish to see the play when they go to the theatre?"

"There are none such! Matinée going is a social function, in which the 'play' is of no more importance than is the musical accompaniment to conversation in a fashionable drawing-room."

"That is a hard doctrine. Why, then, should all men clamour for your destruction, if they have no real wish to see the performance?"

performance?"
"My poor friend, are you indeed so dull of comprehension?



#### WORTH KNOWING.

It is through nothing else in the wide world but pure jealousy! The agitation would cease to-morrow, if men were allowed to wear such elegant productions as myself. Indeed, I have come to the conclusion that this would be the true solution of the difficulty. Design a superb matinée hat for the men, and they

would at once be perfectly happy."
"You take my breath away."
"Allow me to continue. I cannot altogether blame the unfair sex for their jealous feelings; they are much to be pitied, with their ugly stove-pipe hats. Let but the Prince of Wales set the fashion of wearing a miniature flower-garden on his head, and it would be eagerly followed."

"The head?"

"No the fashion"

"The head?"
"No, the fashion."
"Yet I do not gather that artists are prepared to worship the matinée hat as a type of beauty. How is that?"
"The same answer holds good—jealousy. They have no reverence for anything that is not an oil-painting. England will never be truly great till the Royal Academy does its duty and opens a section for artistic hats, and possibly bonnets. I can conjure up hitherto unimagined heights and depths of loveliness—symphonies in silks and sating and clorious visions of vegetables and flowers, in silks and satins, and glorious visions of vegetables and flowers, contrasting with the gleaming, waving trophies of ostrich, humming-bird, and egret. RUDYARD KIPLING might be engaged to celebrate each exhibit in incisive verse. But there are other poets beside Rudyard Kipling.

A feather, a wire, and a stack of straw.

How does that strike you for a neat epigrammatic description?"
"Do you approve of the slaughter of birds for personal adornment? I am truly grieved if such is the case."
"Nonsense! You should not indulge in silly sentiment. What is a heron or a kingfisher compared to a hat?"
How could I reply?

"PLACE AUX DAMES."-Not at Cambridge University.



Ethel. "Well, Jimmy didn't blow his Brains out after all because you refused M. HE PROPOSED TO MISS GOLIGHTLY YESTERDAY."

Mand. "DID HE! THEN HE MUST HAVE GOT RID OF THEM IN SOME OTHER WAY!"

### MARKING TIME.

(A Tragi-Comedy in a couple of Dialogues.) FIRST DIALOGUE. - The present moment.

Her Mother. Darling little thing! Didn't she\_behave\_sweetly?

Her Father. Couldn't have been better. Quite smiled when her godfather gave her the cup.

Her Mother. Yes; and so intelligent! Never cried; not even when Mr. Smith

nearly dropped her at the font!

Her Father. And really, I think it was a capital idea to celebrate the glorious traveller.

event of the century by giving her an appropriate name.

Her Mother. JUBILIA! Shows she can't be many days old. JUBILIA!

SECOND DIALOGUE. - Some years hence. Her Lover. She is the most charming girl that ever existed. Clever, too!

His Friend. Yes, so I have been given to understand.

Her Lover. Then, accomplished to a degree. Talks French, German and Italian as if she were a native of Paris, Berlin, and Rome.

His Friend. How useful! Quite the

Her Lover. And can paint, sing, dance do everything!

His Friend. Splendid! You are to be

congratulated. Her Lover. I should think so! And

then her name is so pretty—JUBILIA!

His Friend. Why, then she must have been born in the year of the Diamond-

Her Lover. So she must! JUBILIA! She can't be less than forty! JUBILIA!

# BYRONIC AFTERTHOUGHTS.

(Up-to-date version of a famous passage in "The Giaour.")

["The Greek Army has fallen back on Thermopylæ."—*Times*.]

CLIME of the unforgotten brave! Whose land from plain to mountain-cave Seems Freedom's tomb and Glory's grave!

Scene of skedaddling! Can it be That this is all remains of thee? Approach, O, Islam's beaten slave; Say, is this your Thermopyle? What shall your hosts from EDHEM save,

O, funky offspring of the Free? Pronounce what sea, what shore is this. Can it be rock-bound Salamis? Yours shall not be a name, I fear That Tyranny shall quake to hear; But rather one whose bitter fame Your sons will mark with shrinking shame. From Freedom's fight to cut and run Must shame the sire before the son. It is not thus that Freedom's won! And yet, perchance, on History's page, In records of this "Golden" Age (For Mammon is our modern Mage), Facts now in dusky darkness hid Beneath the diplomatic lid, Will light a bit this sordid gloom,
Where "heroes" bolt, and
"boom"; bolt, and despots

Will show how high-placed Hidden Hand Pulled wires which baulked an ancient land;

That there is more than meets the eye In all this piteous puppetry.

Twere long to tell, and hard to trace,
Each step in Greece's dire disgrace.

Enough—the Sullian's hordes can quell Thermopylæ's hosts; and who shall tell What 'twas that paved abasement's way, Or Mammon's bonds or despot sway?

A GENUINE "ABBEY THOUGHT" AT WESTMINSTER.—Placing the bust of Sir Walter Scott in Poets' Corner.

### H.R.H. the Duchess of York. BORN MAY 26, 1867.

GREETING! Princess, to you this day. Greeting! with all the warmth of May. Greeting! with hope of happy years. Greeting! with never thought of tears. Greeting! with thousand heartfelt cheers, Born, bred, and wed upon our Isle, On you may Fortune ever smile, What time the years are fleeting. Greeting, Princess! great greeting!

PROVISIONARY MOTTO FOR MR. LIPTON (the munificent donor of £25,000 to the Teaserving poor).—"Fabula narratur de Tea."

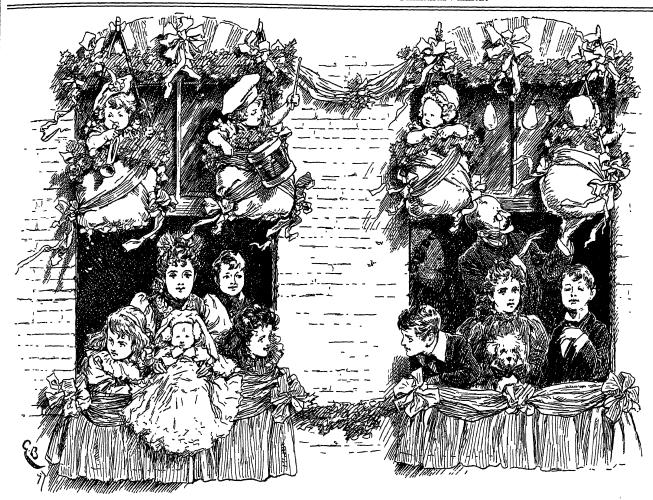
#### To Sir Richard Quain.

(On his recovery from his recent illness.) SAYS Mr. Punch to Sir BICHARD QUAIN-"So glad that 'RICHARD is himself again."



THE TURKISH SHYLOCK.

EUROPA (as PORTIA). "TARRY A LITTLE!"-Merchant of Venice



A SUGGESTION.

Jubilee Window, as designed and arranged by Mrs. Felicia Manytwigg.

#### SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Country man laments to his London bride on the iniquity of the House Sparrow.

In Springtime, when the sparrows build, Oh! then my heart gets sadder; I know it means my gutters filled

With nests that need a ladder! The sparrow eats our budding peas In manner quite illegal, But slug and snail leaves to their ease—

I wish he were an eagle! For then, mayhap, he'd scare the cats Who desecrate our roses, Or decimate the ghoulish bats

That flit about our noses. An eagle lodg'd beneath the eaves The farmer's lambs might harrow, But would not stoop to strip his sheaves,

As does that beastly sparrow. He always wakes me up at five, A noisy, tuneless suitor;

Upon our grain he seems to thrive, An unabashed freebooter. In short, he is the curse of May-Don't think my views too narrow-The dodo long has passed away; Won't some day, too, the sparrow?

I do not wish to chide the zeal That causes you to scatter Big chunks of bread at every meal, Responsive to his chatter.

You say he Childhood's days recalls, When you were wont to feed him,

But far from Mayfair's stuccoed halls, Do you still, darling, need him? The blackbird, thrush, and nightingale,

Are fain to hymn you daily;
The robin, linnet, lark, ne'er fail
To warble to you gaily.
So pray give up your cockney friend,
He suits not plough and harrow,
And grant me leave to make an end
Of each confounded sparrow!

#### Noblesse Obliges Sometimes.

Mrs. Wallaroo Cornstalk (to hostess). What an obliging man your butler is! I asked him to call my carriage, and see, he's making signs that he's got it.

Hostess (aghast). My butler! Why, good heavens, Mrs. Cornstalk, that's the Duke of Frage properties.

of FITZFADDLETON!

Mrs. Wallaroo Cornstalk (calmly). A Duke, is he! But what a beautiful butler he would have made! [Exit in triumph.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE. — It is understood that every one of the hundred Members of Parliament, who despatched the famous message to the King of the HELLENES, has been created a centurion in partibus infidelium.

THE PEACE THAT THE SULTAN WOULD PREFER.—A piece of Greece.

#### LAYING THE HURRICANE.

(Oriental Sequel to "Raising the Wind,") Scene-Constantinople.

PRESENT-His Majesty JE RE-MI-AH-DIDD-LER and Ambassadors.

His Majesty. By my beard, I must have Athens, Thessaly, the Crown Prince as a slave for life, and the revenue for a hundred years!

First Ambassador. Impossible.

H.M. Then allow Athens to go. The entire Grecian population in chains will do as well. See, this is my decision. I have spoken.

Second Am. Impossible.

H.M. Then sell all the ancient monuments by auction, and let me have the proceeds. Is not this well? Have I not spoken wisely? Come, by my beard, it shall be so!

Third Am. Impossible.

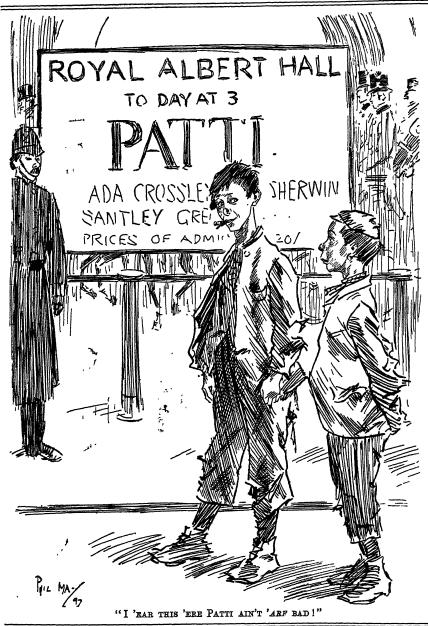
H.M. I speak but once more. I will have everything. King, capital, and the entire Treasury.

All the Ambassadors. Impossible.

H.M. (resignedly). Well, well! Kismet!
Stay! You will not be hard with me!
You will not refuse me everything! If I may not have Greece and all it contains, you will not decline to lend me the ridiplement of two and six name helfronny?

culous sum of two and sixpence halfpenny?

[Curtain drops for the request to be taken into consideration.



#### OPERATIC NOTES.

Covent Garden Opera. Wednesday, May 19.—To-night, a matter of Bizetness, i.e., Carmen. First-rate house to welcome Mile. Zelie de Lussan, the very Carmenest of all Carmens. As good as ever she was. M. Salignao, the new Don José, rather quiet at first, but coming out strong, vocally and dramatically, at the finish. Signor Ancona is a robustious Escamillo; but, alas! the freshness of the Toréador contento has departed, and an audience can now hear it unmoved. Couldn't have a fitter name for a low comedian taking the part of Il Remendado than M. ROMMY. Missed the former and much Rummier than the Rommi-Remendado, to whom audience had become accustomed. Marie Engle charming as the tender-hearted, light-headed Micaela. Of course, no contraband company perfect without Mile. Bauermeister-singer as Frisky Frasquita, one of the card-sharping gipsy maidens. M. Flon conducted,

and all went well. Chorus, "Flon, Flon, Flon, Flon," ad lib.

Friday. — MASSENET'S Manon. Always delightful, because we haven't had too much of it. M. VAN DYCK suddenly indisposed, so M. BONNARD nobly stands up for his absent friend, and takes his part. To say that M. BONNARD looks the Chevalier des Grieux is complimentary to his artistic talent; but there never was such a hopeless milksop as Des Grieux, or such an old humbug of a sermoniser (with a song) as his father the Count, excellently played by M. Plancon.

M. Dufrane comes out well as that light comedy rascal, Lescaut, and Madame Saville gains all hearts and hands by her representation of Manon Lescaut, though she makes her too much of a "real lady" to be quite in keeping with the character of that sly little heroine. House filled up well after 8.30, but before that hour, dinner must be attended to.

What everyone with dramatic instinct must admire to-night is the admirable stage management! Take, for example,

the scene where, when it is growing dark, three candles are brought in to illuminate a snug apartment (for two) the width and height of Covent Garden stage; and when Des Grieux has to read a letter, what does he do? Does he walk up to one of these candles, and avail himself of its assistance? Not a bit of it; nothing so commonplace. Accompanied by the crafty Chevalier, who always wants to keep him in the dark, Des Grieux walks away from the candles and up to the window at the back, where there isn't even a ray of moonlight, and there, by the light of his own unaided intelligence, he reads the letter. Then, how touching is Manon's sweet farewell to the big soup tureen and the bottle of cheap claret which her lover, regardless of expense, has ordered in for their supper,—a meal they never take, and which is left untasted when the curtain descends, in spite of the lover's festive "A table! A table!" The opera to-night abounds in these little touches. Finally, as no opera here can be considered quite complete in its cast without Mile. BAUERMEISTER, here she is as the pretty little puss Poussette, a companion picture, in court dress, to her Frasquita in Carmen. Flon conducted the orchestra, and himself, admirably.

Saturday.—A grand Lohengein-de-Reszke night to end the week. Nothing risky about the Reszkys.

A PARIS IMPROMPTU.

[The much-discussed tramway across the Champs
Elysées has just been opened.]

'Trs the eighteenth of May, And a noteworthy day
For the Champs Elysées.
At the Rond Point I stay,
And just over the way,
From my room I survey
Le highlife tout gai,
Diplomat—décoré,
All in faultless array,
And an endless display
Of snobisme outré,
Epatant and blasé,
Of cocottes and cochers,
And the jeunesse dorée.
Some motors convey—
'Tis a perilous play,'
And the diable to pay,
If the thing runs away,
With a snort and a bray,
Ventre à terre, as they say.
And hundreds essay
The swift velo's sway!
Not a moment's delay,
As they mean to make hay
While they see the sun's ray
Through the sky too long grey.

\*\*

Mais v'là—qu'est-ce que c'est?
Why this sudden mêlée?
Is a mad dog astray,
Or a new Charité,
Or a voyou's affray,
That causes dismay,
And makes coachmen inveigh,
"Sapristi—sacré!"
While their steeds jib and neigh,
And refuse to obey?
What is it, I pray?

'Tis the latest tramway
That they're opened to-day;
And the Champs Elysées
They'll rechristen for aye,
In its hour of decay,
"L'Avenue Dix-huit Mai"!

# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 17 .-Curious how soon and how completely House forgets old Members, whether small or great. There was a time when it seemed impossible to carry on without Mr. G. He has been gone these two years, and the SPEAKER takes the chair as usual, the Clerk proceeds to read the Orders of the Day, speeches are made, divisions taken, as if Mr. G. had never been.

For quite other reasons it seemed impossible to forget CHARLES AUGUSTUS VANSITTART CONYBEARE: "the CURSE OF CAMBORNE," SARK, for brevity, used to call him. His strident voice, his forbidding manner, his habit of opposing everything at interminable length, made such sharp impression upon a long-suffering House that, released from his presence, Members might be expected to have abiding sense of deliverance. But the Curse of Cam-BORNE withdrawn, the House is absolutely indifferent.

Reminded of blessing to-night by hear-



"Scuse-Cox!" The Member for the Kingston Division.

ing a voice, evidently made in Germany, discoursing on Employers' Liability Bill. Who is it? Members ask. It's STRAUSS, who, at the General Election, beat CONY-BEARE out of Camborne.

"And a very good thing, too," says PRINCE ARTHUR, in high spirits to-night, since SQUIRE OF MALWOOD has come back hale and strong. "Apart from that claim upon the favour of the House, the new Member will be of invaluable service to us. It is something to brow the strong to be a something to be a som It is something to know that we can always put up STRAUSS when we want to know which way the wind blows."

Business done.—Useful, but not precisely alluring, debate around Employers' Lia-

bility Bill.

Tuesday.—Young Members will do well to study the manner of the Member for the Kingston division of Surrey when putting a question to a Minister. There are various ways of doing this, from FORTESCUE-FLANNERY'S portentous mouthing of unimportant syllables to Mr. Weir's laconic but impressive "Question 42." Skewes-Cox has an insinuating, self-deprecating manner that is irresistible. As he rubs his hands and sets his head on one Tuesday. -Young Members he rubs his hands and sets his head on one



TOUGHING THEM UP FOR THE JUBILEE!

Mr. John A-rd and the Statues on the Queen's Route.

side, he seems to say, "Really, I do hope that of your infinite kindness you will be caused by dwellers in tents and vans.

"Do those powers apply to persons in

Of course no one, least of all WHITE RIDLEY, can refuse the request. Accordingly, when to-night Member for Kingston apologetically introduced the topic of gipsies and other vagrom men, dwellers in tents and vans, the Home Secretary made conciliatory reply.

There the matter might have ended, and Swift MacNeill now wishes it had. Thought he saw opportunity of scoring off Members opposite. HOME SECRETARY had said, that under existing statutes local au- read second time.

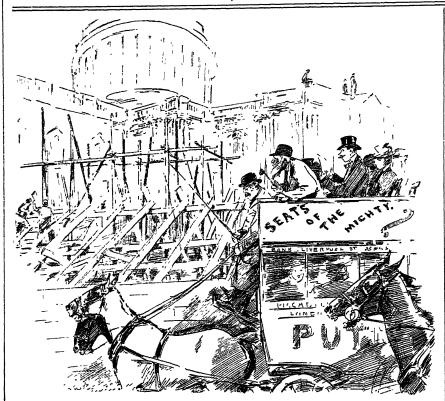
caused by dwellers in tents and vans.
"Do those powers apply to persons in
Primrose League Vans?" asked Swift

MacNeill; and good Liberals chuckled.

"They apply only to persons who become nuisances," answered the Home Secretary, in emphatic voice, with significant nod towards his interlocutor. House the more delighted since WHITE RIDLEY doesn't look the kind of man to say such things. MACNELL thinks he will leave him alone in future.

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill

Thursday.—Pretty to see the Right Hon. JEREMIAH LOWTHER standing just now between Chancellors of the Exchequer, past and present, Lamenting their perverseness. Motion made to read Bud-get Bill a second time. This JEREMIAH met with amendment which, apart from "That in the opinion of this House," so the verse ran, "the existing fiscal system of the country is unequal to the continually increasing demands of the public service, and that the time has arrived for recourse to be had to more varied sources of taxation."



#### THE JUBILEE PREPARATIONS.

Unsophisticated Colonial Visitor. "What Building is that, Driver?"

Driver. "Why, bless ye, Sir, that's St. Paul's!"

U. C. V. "Indeed! Then are they taking it down to build Seats for the JUBILEE PROCESSION ?'

last sentence. It is Mr. Micawher in his severer, more classic mood. What JERE-MIAH meant, as he plainly set forth in a chapter of Lamentations which occupied just an hour in the reading, is that a five shilling duty shall be clapped on corn. Some people would have said so. JEREMIAH, looking round congregation with a face whose supernal gravity is threatened by a smile lurking in the corners of the humourous mouth, lifts up his voice and cries aloud, "The time has arrived for recourse being had to more varied sources of

Very few Members present. Even the Budget Bill debate, opened by our own JEREMIAH, is not a prospect that will draw Members. But St. MICHAEL was there, in the absence of All Angels sitting alone on the Treasury Bench as on a cloud. Opposite him, in full view of JEREMIAH, was the Source of Malwood, softly smiling at the heresies proclaimed. Jeremian did not lament the absence of a thronged audience since these two were within hearing. If only he could overcome what he called their prejudices, all would be well with his beloved country. The last years of a long peloved country. The last years of a long reign would spring into birth glowing in the dawn of unexampled prosperity. So Jereman, with one eye on the Source of Malwood, and the other on the saintly Michael, improved the occasion, heedless of the knowing smiles the eminent financian. ciers flashed at each other across the table.

Some question arisen as to what subject shall serve for fresco in one of the vacant crners of the outer lobby. Surely here it is to hand Jemmy Lowther standing between Hicks Beach and Harcourt, trying a few."

done more thoroughly."

"And when you've washed and nicely them. I wish," said Sark, "vou would consider the desirability of mangling a few."

Observe the fine antique flavour of that to convince them of the equity of a five shilling duty on foreign corn.

Business done. - Education Bill read third time; Budget Bill second time. Flowing tide evidently with Ministers.

Friday.—John Aird, whose large heart and generous mind care for the meanest creatures among us, has turned his thoughts upon the lot of the statues on the line of the Jubilee Procession. Whilst London is gay with bunting, streets and houses filled with crowd dressed all in their best, the statues remain in all their for-bidding grime. Why not give them all a wash and brush up, even if it costs more than the statutory twopence? Has brought the matter under notice of First Commissioner of Works. Few men can resist John Aird's genial manner. Tonight AKERS-DOUGLAS announces that the thing shall be done. JOHN beaming with

delight.
"I don't mind telling you, Toby," he whispered in my ear, "that if Douglas had, as some more hide-bound First Commissioners would have done, refused to listen to the suggestion, I meant to take off my coat and carry it out myself. Been used to hard work all my life, though you wouldn't think it to look at me. with an hour or two in the early morning, and taking advantage of moonlight nights, I would have made the statues look so that they wouldn't know each other. But, of course, it's better for the Board of Works to turn on a lot of men. Get the washing done more thoroughly."

"I think not," says John, almost severely for him. (He doesn't like Sark; thinks he makes fun of people.) "Best to do one thing at a time, and do it thoroughly."

Business done.—Prince Arthur, in speech of rare excellence, announces scheme of Local Government for Ireland, gilded by equivalent grant in relief of rates. "If PRINCE ARTHUR wants a motto for his new Bill," said TIM HEALY, who is as well up in the poets as he is in Parliamentary practice, "he'll find in Words."

With what nice care equivalents are given, How just, how bountiful, the hand of heaven!'"

#### THE ONE HUNDRED.

(Nor the Light Brigade.)

[Lord Salisbury had some very severe things to say of the action of the 100 M.P.'s who telegraphed to the King of GREECE.]

In a league, in a league, In a league, onward, Mounting their hobby-horse, Wrote the One Hundred! "Forward the Greek Brigade!
Thump the old Turk!" they said; Unto the King of GREECE. Wrote the One Hundred!

"Forward the Greek Brigade! Was there a man dismayed? Not though the papers said Badly they blunder'd. Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why. Theirs but to wire (not die); So to the King of GREECE. Wired the One Hundred!

Critics to right of them, Critics to left of them, Critics in front of them. Scolded and thundered Stormed at by the Pall Mall, Boldly they wrote, and well, Unto the King of GREECE, Their sympathy to tell, Wishing the Turk—not well, Wrote the One Hundred!

Flashed on their message there, Flashed, to the general scare, Stirring all statesmen's hair Backing the Greek cause, while All the world wondered. Bang at the Moslem yoke,

Teuton and Russian Thought it, perhaps, a joke (And it did end in smoke) From all sense sundered. So most men thought, but not-Not the One Hundred!

In every line they broke;

Papers to right of them, Papers to left of them, Papers behind them, Chivied and thunder'd: Stormed at by the Pall Mall, Daily News, Times, as well
(All but the Chron-i-cle!)
They gave their "jaw" free play,
At a great cost—of breath,
Wishing the Greek cause well, And—there they left the job! Left, the One Hundred!

When shall their glory fade? Oh! the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered! What use the charge they made? Humph! None! I'm sore afraid! Luckless One Hundred!



PRIVATE LODGINGS.

Obliging Landlady (to Major and Mrs. Totterly Syms, who have delayed taking rooms till their arrival in Town for the Diamond Jubilee).

"Yes, 'M, you and the Gentleman can 'ave a Couple of Pillows and a Rug in the Basement-'all, for Two Guineas. The Party as you met on the Steps 'as taken the Folding Chairs in the Conservatory, or you might 'ave 'ad them."

# A COMPENSATION BALANCE.

[In Committee on the Workmen's Compensation Bill, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN opposed Mr. TENNANT'S "Instruction," which would have given the Committee power to provide for the case of persons injured in their health through reviews trader. noxious trades.

Instructive, very, is the line Our Job
Took upon Mr. Tennant's new Instruction.
Like the mere scratch which killed Mercutio,
It was "too wide." Well, Joseph's "wide," we know!
But how he yields to "Proputty's" seduction!
He who the Liberal flag once wildly waved,
Now valiantly uplifts the Tory pennant:
The half and reference to held the proved He who the Landlord once so boldly braved, Now boldly braves the—Tennant!

# WILL THEY GET IT?

Our advertisers, in the *Times* and other newspapers, are certifully leaving no stone unturned in view of *The* event. Thus one tainly leaving no stone unturned in view of The event. Thus one Lady, "moving in the best Society, and member of several London clubs, would be willing to CHAPERONE one or more Young Ladies in London from June 19th to 24th inclusive, in Young Ladies in London from June 19th to 24th inclusive, in exchange for board and lodging for that period, also seat near St. Paul's Cathedral, wherefrom to view procession. Address Eadyth Beauty C.," &c. A gentleman offers a fine old manor house, within an hour of London, at a lordly rent, for the Jubilee week; and so on. Will a double-million-magnifying telescope be provided in the latter case, capable of seeing through ten miles of brick walls, and the bodies of loyal cockneys forty deep? And is Eadyth Beauty C. going to have the seat to herself in the centre of all things, leaving the one or more young ladies at home or severally in the London Clubs? Anyhow, such pushing and enterprising loyalty can scarcely fail to "get there," as the Americans say. the Americans say.

of advertisers. He will not, therefore, be surprised to hear of grand stands being erected all over the country, whence Britons can face their Mecca, and view with the eye of faith the ceremony going on at St. Paul's. And EADYTH BEAUTY C. (who could resist such a name?) will probably be found inside one of the Royal carrieges on the great consistency or seated at devibrate on Royal carriages on the great occasion, or seated at daybreak on a camp-stool in front of Queen Anne's statue. If the lady gets her wished-for youthful charges, and a window, with board and lodging thrown in, it will doubtless be a case of youth at the helm, i.e., in a back seat, and Beauty at the prow. Next, please!

#### EXASPERATION!

(A Screed from Paris.)

O FUTILE product of a foreign clime, Unspeakable, unstrikable, unlightable; Unspeakable, unscrikable, unightable;
I use you up by dozens at a time,
Impossible, intractable, indictable!
Take then this tribute of a wrathful rhyme—
Ne'er shall I smoke with you the peaceful calumet!
They charge ten centimes with a cheek sublime
For box of thirty miserable allumettes!

THEATRICAL NOTE.—Sorry to see that in consequence of not being quite so well as everyone would wish him, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM is knocking off some of his matinées. No remonstra-WYNDHAM is knocking off some of his matinées. No remonstrating with a man who is his own Physician and takes his own receipts.

Suggested Titles (should Mr. Harmsworth be raised to the Peerage).—"Lord Missingword of Answers." And for Mr. Pearson, "Lord Coupon."

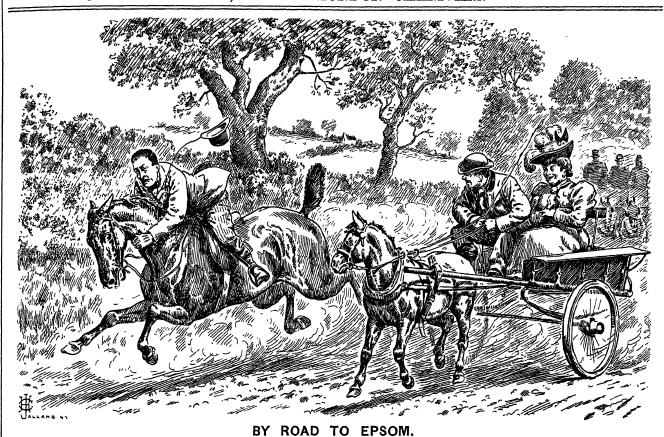
e Americans say.

"'Maxims' in Action."—"Go in and win"—"Hit him hard,

Mr. Punch can hardly improve on the ingenuity of this class he ain't got no friends," &c., &c.



["M. do Nerrooff made the remarkable alternative proposal that Russia should take over the contemplated Greek War Indennity, and that the Porte should write off an equivalent sum from the Russian Bear (so disinterested), "AHEM! ALLOW ME TO SEITLE THIS LITTLE MATTER."



Facetious Coster (to Jenkins, whose hireling has bolted). "That's the Ticket, Guy'nor-keep him going-and you'll be in time for the First Race!"

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. JUSTIN McCarthy has at length completed his History of Our Own Times, Chatto and Windus issuing the last volume, which carries on the wondrous tale from 1880 up to this year of Jubilee. Mr. McCarthy is his own and only rival. Remember-Jubilee. Mr. McCarthy is his own and only rival. Remembering the fascination of his earlier volumes, my Baronite came to a study of this conclusion of the matter with some apprehension. He finds that the historian has kept his very best wine till the last. Obviously, in dealing with the last seventeen years Mr. McCarthy has the advantage of intimate personal knowledge. He writes history, pages of which the Party he led in the House of Commons helped to make. That in some men would be a fatal condition. Mr. McCarthy has a judicial mind, which enables condition. Mr. McCarriy has a judicial mind, which enables him to withdraw from the inner circle where he has played no mean part, and regard actions, motives, and consequences with impartial eye. The volume is marked by those fine literary qualities, that rare power of condensation without loss of colour, that established the enduring fame of the earlier volumes. Some of the characterisations of public men are marvels of accuracy, models of style. Of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, first Lord SELBORNE, Mr. McCarthy writes: "He was a theological politician, the theologian perhaps predominating over the politician." Of the Duke of Argyll: "He had a little too much of the essayist and the small philosopher in him to be a stalwart political figure." These two gems are extracted, not because they are the brightest, but because of their compactness. Many others sparkle through the volume, which carries the reader almost breathless through the history which seems strangely old, though its starting point is the opening of the first Session of the Parliament of 1880. The book is not illustrated. Otherwise photographs of the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons in May, 1880, and in May, 1897, would shew in a flash how much has happened in the interval.

The Baron de B.-W.

Bravo Sir Henry!—Presiding, on last Thursday night, at the annual festival of the Royal Society of Musicians, Sir Henry Irving suggested that amateur flute-players constituted so large a portion of general society that they could, among themselves, so "raise the wind" as to considerably benefit the funds of this Society.

#### ANOTHER JUBILEE SUGGESTION.

ANOTHER JUBILEE SUGGESTION.

SIR,—Twenty-seven years and eleven months ago I sent a joke to your paper. It did not then appear, but in January, 1882, there was a joke something like it. The joke was not a very long one, for it only occupied the space of three lines. For this article, or suggested article, I have received no remuneration whatever! I would not now distress your generous nature by reminding you of this; I would only suggest that the Royal Procession will pass your office, 85, Fleet Street, on June 22, and that a few seats, for my wife, my sister-in-law, my five eldest daughters, my cousin's aunt by marriage, my godfather's stepson's niece, and myself, would be a slight return for that joke, and an encouragement to me to send further contributions.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, OWEN DEED. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, OWEN DEED.

[We should, of course, have invited our intending contributor and his relatives, had he not omitted his address.— $E_{D}$ .]

AT KIRALFY'S VICTORIAN ERA SHOW.—According to a Daily Mail
Special interviewing the Daily Female special waitresses at Earl's special interviewing the Daily Female special valtresses at Earl's Court Exhibition, these young ladies have a grievance. They don't like their old English costumes. "I've been a waitress for two years," said his fair informant, "but I never had to look a guy like this before." She ought to have brought her sorrows before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales when he visited "Guy's" last week and opened the "Queen Victoria" ward. Our Own Exhibition District Visitor (nothing less than a Duke in disguise to visit the Court of the Earl), after close personal inspection, describes the Court of the Earl), after close personal inspection, describes the costume of the handy maidens—the "ladies in waiting"—as most becoming. They are all of them "studies in Black and White," and he wishes to draw the attention of artists to these White," and he wishes to draw the attention of artists to these models of neat-handed Phyllises. Also our E. D. V. reports that not only the musical and dramatic part of the show is well worth a visit, but that all the departments, when quite finished, and in thorough working order (which by the time this appears they probably will be, and then he shall look in again), will equal, if not surpass, any previous exhibition in this quarter.

DOUBTFUL.—On June 24 the Deserving and Undeserving Poor are to have good dinners. But will they get their desserts?

# THE GAME OF ADVERBS.

(A COUNTRY-HOUSE TRAGI-COMEDY IN TWO PARTS.)

#### PART II.

Scene—The Drawing-room at Dripstone. The Rector has just entered, and stands helplessly endeavouring to identify the Mistress of the House in the deepering dusk.

Bob (cheerily). Make yourself at home, old fellow. Take a pew! The Rector (to himself). "Take a pew"! The heartiness of manufacturing circles is really rather trying! (Aloud.) But excuse me, I don't yet see—

Bob (taking him by the shoulders, and thrusting him down on a couch in the centre of the circle). Squat there, and fire away.



"Joking apart, old man, you were simply ripping!"

The Rector. I—ah—don't know whether you are aware that my-um—ah—name is POLYBLANK, and that I am the Rector of Dripstone?

[A general ripple of genuine, if reluctant, amusement. Bob. The Reverend Poly! By Jove; capital! All right, now begin asking questions—any rot will do, you know. Start with

The Rector (to himself). Are they all like this in Yarnminster? (Aloud.) I confess that in this—ah—semi-darkness I find considerable difficulty in ascertaining the precise whereabouts of my—

um—ah—hostess. [An outburst of irrepressible laughter.

Mrs. Shuttleworth (giggling helplessly). Oh, dear, dear, I
oughtn't to laugh—but he is so ridiculous! This is me, over here in the corner.

The Rector (pitching his voice in that direction). I trust, my deah Mrs. Shuttleworth, that I have not seemed reprehensibly

deah Mrs. Shuttleworth, that I have not seemed reprenensity—ah—tardy in coming here to make your acquaintance?

Mrs. Shuttleworth (in a whisper). I don't know what to answer. (Aloud.) Tardy? Oh, dear no. I shouldn't have cared if you'd stayed away altogether. (In a whisper, to Grace.) Do you think that was too rude, dear?

Grace. Oh, not at all, Mamma. (Aloud to the Rector.) There,

you've had Mamma's answer. Now it's my turn.

The Rector (to himself, in mild surprise). These people are
really too impossible! (Addressing himself to Grace.) May I a little ruder, perhaps.

plead in excuse that my delay is due (firstly) to the preparations for our Harvest Festival, and (secondly) to the entire parish work being thrown upon my shoulders by my curate's having unexpectedly extended his holiday? [A universal roar of delight.

Bob. Just his pulpit manner, isn't it? (Sotto voce, to Flossie.)
Now perhaps you'll own I was right about DORMER?

Flossie (in the same tone, to him). I must say he can be awfully clever and amusing—when he chooses.

Grace (replying to the Rector). You can plead no excuse for trying to be clever at the expense of a clergyman who, with all

trying to be clever at the expense or a clergyman who, with an his peculiarities, has fifty times your brains.

The Rector (to himself). I should not have said that Barlam's brains were—

But why should I let myself be annoyed by such a trifle? (Aloud.) My dear young lady, need I protest that I had not the slightest ideah——?

Bob. Leave this to me, Grace. (To the Rector.) Not the slightest idea? No, old chap, nobody here ever supposed you had!

[Annlaws.]

[Applause.had!

The Rector (to himself). I trust I am not unduly puffed up with the pride of intellect—but really! (Aloud.) I came here in the hope that the natural—ah—bond between the Rectory and the Manor— (Shouts of laughter.) Don't you think—(with pathos)—don't you think you are making this rather difficult for me?

Flossie. It would be easy enough for anyone who wasn't a

hopeless idiot.

The Rector (to himself). Can there be insanity in this family? Merely ill-manners, I suspect. I won't give up just yet. Perhaps, by patience and sweetness, I shall win them over in the end. (Aloud, with laboured urbanity.) I am indeed in the Palace of Truth! But there—we must no more look for reverence from the young than for—er—figs from an—um—ah—thistle.

Ivy Goring. I should have thought myself you would prefer the um—sh—thistles. [Uproarious applause.

The Rector (gasping). You compel me to remind you of a certain passage in the beautiful Catechism of our Church

Gillian Pinceney. Please don't. There are some things which should be respected—even by a professional buffoon!

The Rector (thunderstruck). A professional buff——! (Allow-

ing his voice to boom.) Is there nobody here capable of answering the most ordinary remark without some monstrous insult?

Colin. Not your remarks. The Rector (to himself). I never was in such a household in all my life—never! (Aloud.) As far as I can distinguish in this dusk, there is a little girl sitting over there. I'm sure she—(To Connie.) Are you fond of animals, little girl?

Connie. I'm not fond of animals like you.

[A felicitous repartee, which is received with the wildest

enthusiasm. The Rector (to himself). I will make just one more effort. (To Mrs. Shuttleworth.) You must find a great pleasure, Mrs.—ah—Shuttleworth, in occupying such a picturesque, and, I may say, historic house as this?

Mrs. Shutt. (wiping her eyes). Oh, dear, is it me again? . . . Yes, it is a pleasant house—except when one has to entertain timesome without who will est foolish questions.

tiresome visitors who will ask foolish questions.

The Rector. You may rely upon being secure from such inflictions for the future, madam. (With warmth.) Why, why is it that I can count upon a kindly welcome in the humblest cottage,  $\Gamma He \ chokes.$ whereas here-

Miss Markham (demurely). I really can't say. Perhaps cottagers are not very particular.

The Rector (passing his hand over his brow). I confess I am utterly at a loss to understand what all this means!

Colin. Keep on asking questions. Ask GRACE how she'd like to be the Reverend Mrs. Poly, and see what she says. Mummy

said only the other day how nice it would be if—

The Rector (rising). Silence, boy! I have heard enough! I have stayed too long. I will go, before I am tempted to disgrace my calling by some unclerical outburst!

All (in fits of laughter). No, no, you mustn't go yet. You

haven't said how we've received you! The Rector (in a white rage). How? How!!...
outrageously! Abominably!! [General All. Wrong, wrong! You haven't got it yet. Don't give it up! Try again!

The Rector (stiffly). Pardon me—but a necessarily restricted vocabulary—

Flossie (as they calm down). Well, the right adverb was "rudely."

The Rector. I am not prepared to dispute it. Though there are others which perhaps are even more—

Flossie. I thought you saw it long ago. We might have been a little arder proper.

The Rector. I should be sorry to question your capabilities-

The Rector. I should be sorry to question your capabilities—but still, I can hardly conceive that possible.

Mrs. Shutt. Well, I don't know when I've had such a good laugh. It certainly is a most amusing game. Or at least you made it so. How wonderfully you did take the poor dear Rector off, to be sure! When you first came in, I said to myself, "That can't be Mr. Dormer!" But of course, directly you began to be so ridiculous, I remembered Bob had told us what a mimic you were. You really ought to go on the stage. You'd make your

were. You really ought to go on the stage. You'd make your fortune as an actor, you would indeed!

The Rector (dropping feebly into a chair). I—ah—you do me too much honour, my dear Mrs. Shuttleworth. (To himself.)
These poor dear deluded people! I see now. . It was a game. . They didn't know me in the dark—they don't know me now! . . . What a position—for them and me. What a horrible position!

Mrs. Shutt. Grace, my dear, will you'ring for the lights?
The Rector (to himself). The lights! If they're brought in, I shall never be able to look these people in the face again! (Aloud.) Er—ah—so pleased to have afforded you so much—um—ah—innocent amusement—but I'm a little fatigued, and, if you'll allow me, I—I think I'll slip away.

[He makes his exit, amidst hearty rounds of applause.

[He makes his exit, amidst hearty rounds of applause.

#### IN THE LIBRARY-A LITTLE LATER.

Bob (to Dormer, whom he discovers asleep on a sofa). What, lying down, old chap? Well, I must say you deserve a rest after

your labours.

Dormer (apologetically). Tramping over those beastly wet roots does take it out of a fellow. But hasn't somebody called—the Rector, wasn't it?

Bob. What a chap you are! I should jolly well think it was the Rector! Joking apart, old man, you were simply ripping! How on earth you got old Poly's voice and manner so perfectly, after only hearing him once, beats me. What with the room being dark and that, I swear that once or twice, when we were all rotting you, and being as beastly rude as we knew, I half thought you really were the Rector!

Dormer (to himself). The Rector must have had the Deuce's own time of it! (Aloud.) I—I hope your mother isn't—er—doesn't——?

doesn't—?

Bob. The Mater? Not she! She was in fits. And as for the girls, why, they're all raving about you!

Dormer. Are they, though? Very nice of them. (To himself.) I'm like Thingummy—I've awoke to find myself famous!

Bob. The way you kept it up to the very end!

Dormer. I'm glad you think I kept it up to the very end.

Bob. Your exit was a stroke of genius. I'm not flattering you, old chap, it was downright genius. I say, you'll do old Poir for us again after dinner, eh?

Dormer. My dear fellow, I couldn't if you paid me. Besides, I—I'd rather, if you don't mind, it didn't get talked about; it—well, it might be aukward, don't you know.

Bob (nodding his head sapiently). I see. You mean, it might get round to the Rector, eh?

Dormer. Exactly. It might—er—get round to the Rector.

Dormer. Exactly. It might-er-get round to the Rector. THE END.

# "CHURCH AND STAGE."

My Dear Mr. Punch,—For years I have taken the greatest interest in this subject, and am so delighted to see that at last we have a notable composer of comic oratorios and serious operas—no, I beg pardon, I meant t'other way about, composer of serious oratorios and of comic operas—(I am not sure whether he has done more than one of the former, but this is a detail)—writing a Jubilee Ballet for the Alhambra to a scenario by a Signor Carlo Coppi (this name as pronounced Englishly is not suggestive of much originality), and at the same time composing a hymn-tune for the Diamond Jubilee Service to words written by the Bishop of Wakefield, a diocese ever memorable because of its immortal Goldsmithian Vicar. But why didn't these two forces combine before? Why didn't the Bishop write the ballet, for which Sir Arthur could have supplied the music, and then the composer would not have had to seek abroad for a foreigner the composer would not have had to seek abroad for a foreigner to invent what was intended to be pre-eminently English, with lots of Rule Britannia, Girls I left behind me with British Grenadiers, and all sorts of popular national melodies so mixed up in it as to leave but comparatively little space for the composer's own charming and original work. Let us hope that soon, remembering the success of the Vicar so capitally played by the Rev. Mr. Barrington in *The Sorcerer*, we may look forward to a Ballet of Bishops with the most graceful pastoral music from the Sullivanian pen. At last there is a chance of union between to Felice.



# A NEW RELATION.

Dora. "Jack, who was that Lady with your Father? I DIDN'T know you had a Sister."

Jack, "Oh, that one isn't a Sister. That's Father's Step-Wife!"

Church and Stage. Did not Sir Henry, as a Canterbury Pilgrim, do penance at the shrine of Becker, last Monday, by reading Tennyson's play to all and sundry in the restored Cathedral Chapter House? and has not Sir Arthur composed an Alhambra Jubilee Ballet and a Jubilee Hymn with a Bishop as collabora-teur? "Now we sha'n't be long!" Is the other ARTHUR, sur-named ROBERTS, that light-hearted link between stage and musichall, preparing any little surprise for us? Congratulations to clergy and composers, Yours, JUBILEE JIGGINS.

P.S.—What a characteristic song for Sir Arthur, with dance, which he could compose for himself, would be "I am so versatile!" I forget who wrote it. By the way, Church and Stage were once upon a time, in the long-ago period, united in the person of that delightful composer with an ecclesiastical title, Sir Henry Bishop.

#### Old Doggerel brought Up-to-Date.

THERE was a Greek in Thessaly, and he was most unwise, He dashed at a Turk "hedge of spears," and scratched out both his eyes.

But, when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main, He tried another (sporting) "hedge," to scratch them in again!

"INFELIOR!"—It was not a happy thought that inspired Signor FELIOR to insult the Italian Premier, Signor RALLI. The latter being, to use a prize-fighting term, "a sharp Ralli," the result was temporary imprisonment for FELIOE, and subsequent release owing to intervention of Italian Minister. Felicitations



A NEW GAME.

PLAYING AT JUBILEES; OR, MAKING A KNIGHT OF IT.

#### DIARY OF AN INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER.

Monday.—Guide book tells me that I should see Trafalgar Square. Said to be the finest sight and site in Europe. Find my way there. Nothing but scaffolding. Can hear splash of water behind hoardings. Possibly fountains. Mounting out of the tiers of seats a column with a figure on the summit, presumably Nelson. Not sure of anything, save placard about "Seats to view the procession."

Tuesday.—Off to St. Paul's. Must see the cathedral before I return to the continent. Again enormous scaffolding. Dome in the distance. Disappointing.

in the distance. Disappointing.

Wednesday.—Pall Mall said by guide book to be a "street of palaces." Must admire the different architecture of the Carlton, the United Service, and the Reform. Can see nothing but scaffolding.

form. Can see nothing but scaffolding.

Thursday.—Obeying instructions, visit
Piccadilly. Same view. Scaffolding here,
scaffolding there, scaffolding everywhere.
Rows of planks monotonous.

Friday.—Must look up Whitehall. Full of historical recollections. Charles the First, Iniso Jones, original site of production of "Maske of Flowers," and the rest of it. Frontage of everything hidden by scaffolding. Seats—nothing but seats. Saturday.—Have had enough of it. Scribble this as I pack up my bag en route for native land. Will return to London to see it—after the Diamond Jubilee.

#### OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 22.—House crowded for Lohengrin on anniversary of its composer's birthday. Prince and Princess of Wales present. Herr Seidl, whose name suggests the first half of a Seidl-itz powder, conducting splendidly, but much astonished when Madame Emma Eames walked down—no! sidle'd down—to footlights, and, when his back was turned, tapping him on the shoulder just to draw his attention to fact that she personally wished to congratulate him on his conducting by shaking hands with him; after which ceremony he could emphatically shake hands with himself. Much amusement and considerable applause. It was musically suggested that the orchestra should welcome Herr Seidl by playing the old tune of the song "Get your hair cut." Perhaps the advice, meant in quite complimentary spirit, would have been better conveyed by performing some airs of Lock's. Chorus excellent. Marie Bremer the best Ortruda up to now, with Brother Johnne and Brother Teddy De Reszke as Lohengrin and King respectively. They received a grand ovation. Mr. Bispham as Telramund, and Emma Eames, as Somebody-Elsa, completed a cast on which the Covent Garden management is to be heartily congratulated.

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Tuesday.—Big Night for Big People. Royalties and Reschies act in Tuesday.—Big Night for Big People. Royalties and Reschies at the Market and Duliet, though even as prima donna just a bit too prim for Shakspeare's gushing young Venetian of sweet seventeen, if as much. No matter about the Bard, though; this Juliet is Gounon's. What age Romeo? If Johnnie de Reschies be ideal Romeo (as he undoubtedly is, both operatically and dramatically), then, considering him as a fine-grown youth of twenty-five, you have a Juliet at ten years less. There you are. Edward de Ræsche excellent as Friar Laurent, the Botanical Brother and Herbalistic Hermit, quite big enough to represent himself and the apothecary (who does not appear), and be two single vocalists rolled into one. Always think that if a suite were composed to this opera, Friar Laurent ought to be represented as having obtained a dispensation from his vows of celibacy in order to marry Gertrude (Juliet's nurse, with an excellent character from her last place in Shakspearies play), whose light and leading features are on this occasion so charmingly pourtrayed by Mile. Bauermeister. In balcony-scene moon a bit erratic, but this quite Shakspearian, and in keeping with the lunatic "inconstant" characteristics attributed to it by original poet. Stage management, evidently benefited by Friendly hints, decidedly improved. Merry Mancinelli does his work thoroughly, though mysterious musicians will assert themselves occasionally. Forgot to mention old Mister Capulet, the Fat Father, in excellent voice, and at his little party quite a host in himself, and as before.

gay a dog as they make 'em. In every respect a triumphantlysuccessful show for everybody concerned.

Wednesday.—Late Dinners, Parties, and Queen's Birthday Receptions robbed Manon of a good many of her friends. Pity, because Van Dyok, as Des Grieux, restored to health and voice, and Madame Saville ("Sa ville" de notre ville by this time), as Manon, transformed Monsieur Massener's light work into Grand Opera. Plancon, or M. Plain-song, good as representing stagey Heavy Father. Orchestra asserted itself on occasion strongly: very natural, however, that these mysterious musicians, almost "lost to sight," should, just now and then, wish to recall fact of their existence to memory of audience.

Friday.—Lohengrin again. Grand. with Brother Neddy

of their existence to memory of audience.

Friday.—Lohengrin again. Grand, with Brother Neddy Resker as "monarch of all he surveys," though occasionally hidden by his crowded Court of remarkably rude Noblemen; with the Hieland Lassie, Maggie Macintyre, charmingly naive as Elsa, a sort of "Alice in Wonderland," and singing splendidly; and with Jean de Reske magnificent as Lohengrin, the White Knight, who floors Sir Bispham Telramund, the Black Knight, in single combat. Mile. Meisslinger (vice Marie Bremer) was the "penny-plain-twopence-coloured" female villain, singing well, looking handsome, and acting just as female villain would act in such circumstances. Signor Pringli (Anglice Mr. Pringle) was the Herald. I do not credit Wagstaff, who says Pringle is an American, and therefore ought to have come on as "New York Herald." I suspect Waggy is joking, even if with difficulty. Anton Seidl, of the flowing locks, conducted wigorously. Crowded house. Good night.

# A NEW TABLE OF INTEREST.

(Under Government Supervision.)

ONE touting circular equals 20 impecunious replies.
20 impecunious replies equal £100—advanced at 60 per cent.
500 cases of 60 per cent. equal 10,000 applications to the Court

of Bankruptey.

10,000 applications in bankruptey equal an occasional article in the newspapers

in the newspapers.

500 articles in the newspapers equal a growl of popular indignation.

20 growls of popular indignation equal a money-lending inquiry.

Numerous meetings of a money-lending inquiry equal a more or less valuable report.

One more or less valuable report equals shelving the subject indefinitely.

A shelving of one subject indefinitely equals chronic ruin as



# "BROKEN TO HARNESS."

Miss Erin. "Sure It's a nice pair ye're dhrivin, misther arthur!" Arth-r B-lf-r. "Yes--never thought they'd go so well together!"



A POPULAR ACTRESS IN TWO PIECES.

An Optical Delusion seen in the Strand, and due to the fashionable Bolero Costume.

#### DARBY JONES ON THE DERBY.

Honoured Sir,—I trust that you, with other sagacious clients, planked savings on Victor Wild for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton, for at 6 to 1 for a shop he should have provided many loyal and deserving with the wherewithal to procure windows whence to view the Commemoration Progress of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. I regret to say that, from the sporting point of view, the Diamond Jubilee Derby is not likely to vie with the Procession aforesaid. In Little Doctor Faust, the light work of the late lamented Byron (the dramatist and actor, not the peer and Phil-Hellene), there was a catching chorus, "We should neer forget the days when we were young." Probably on account of the beauty of the ladies, who delivered the sentiment musically and trippingly, the refrain was very well liked by the most "dosey" frequenters of the Gaiety Theatre, young bloods who, then nurtured on chicken and champagne, are now reduced to the humble half-and-half, and the vulgar, but nutritious, beef à la mode. With your lightning-like habit of detecting bad florins, you will naturally ask, Sir, "What on earth has this to do with the Derby?" Ready for your not unjustifiable attack, I reply, "Because one of the dainty damsels who did justice to the ditty in question, induced me at Epsom in 1876 to

become her commissioner to the extent of five indisputable sovereigns on the chances of Kisber. As you are well aware, Mr. Baltazzi's animal was rewarded with the Blue Ribbon of Tattenham Corner; but alack! alas! and well-a-day! the genteel penciller with whom I had done business on behalf of my fair client made tracks tor Snowdon. I had, therefore, to settle his account with the songstress, thereby imperilling the continuance of a somewhat precarious income. Nor was the lady grateful for my self-sacrifice, for she But cui bono, as the Bard hath it? Suffice it to say I shall never "forget the days when we were young." Derby Day always when we were young." Derby Day always recalls extraordinary experiences. I once had a cousin, a hopeless ne'er-do-weel, who was from time to time expatriated to British Columbia, or West Australia, or Texas, or the West Coast of Africa, provided with a brand new outfit, red fiannel shirts, white duck trousers, and a com-fortable cheque. But he always turned up at Epsom on Derby Day, and then he was subscribed for again. I also knew a man who went to the Derby with the sole object of seeing a dead-heat. He never wagered a copper on the race. In 1884, when Mr. Hammonn's St. Gatien and Sir John Willoughby's Harvester accom-plished the trick, my poor friend was laid up in bed. He never recovered the shock, so his housekeeper told me. Anyhow, he withdrew from this World a few weeks afterwards. I was also acquainted with a Great Lady—quite understand, Sir, as a nebulous satellite. She was accustomed to dream about races—some ladies are—and in the Jubilee Year of 1887, she had a vision that Merry Hampton would win the Derby. She implored her husband to mortgage his property in order to back Mr. "Abington's" candidate. But her spouse was callous, and refused to entrust the animal with even so much as half-a-crown. The result of the race led, I am sorry to say, to separation for life between the Dreamstress and her mate. Again, 1 never plant my boot on the Downs withnever plant my boot on the Downs with-out recalling the query of a famous Re-veller of the Tom and Jerry days, "How many four-year-olds have been returned winners of the Derby?" Incarceration in one of the Queen's Compulsory Hotels would suit neither you, honoured Sir, nor me, so I refrain from transcribing the Reweller's answer to his own question. But away with the Past. Let the Muse speak of the Future! There will be a very small field, unlikely to get into double figures, like a moderate cricketer. Well satisfied as to the peril of his position, the Bard delivers himself as follows:

It seems a gift for Kendal's Son,
Yet I prefer the Painter.
The Yankee chance is not quite done,
The Frenchman's hope is fainter.
Historic Tale will not prevail,
Nor yet an Ardent rush;
A Shiver we can scarcely hal,
But if the Favourite should run stale,
Look out for Joicey's Brush.

Trusting to meet you on the Hill, where the asparagus, the lobster, the salmon, the prawn, and the quail mingle so refreshingly together about the Fountains of the "Boy,"

I am, as usual, honoured Sir,

am, as usual, honoured Sir, Your Helot and Vates in one, DARBY JONES.

Fishing Interrogatory to Labby."Got a Beit?"

#### TWO KINGS.

(England, 1649. GREECE, 1897.)

King Charles, the Stuart, lost his throne,
And after, lost his head.

'Tis not that sequence, though, alone,
A King hath cause to dread.

Another King, ambition-led,
His fate must now bemoan.
A monarch who has "lost his head,"
Perchance may lose his throne!

THE ISLINGTON TOURNAMENT ONCE AGAIN—and if possible, more popular than ever. The opening day was a success; but the show was too long, and the repetitions were wearisome, except, perhaps, to those insatiable Olivers who are always asking for more. Captain Dann of the stentorian voice, who towards the end of the fortnight always qualifies himself for a Hoarse Guardsman, is there to be seen and heard. As he enters, the band ought to play "Roary O'Moore," as he is quite the Dan de Lion of the exhibition. But 'tis a far cry to Islington, and is it not possible to move the show "To the west, to the west," as veteran Henry Russell used to sing?

#### SONGS OF SPRING (ONIONS).

(By an Envious Poet.)

["It is no longer considered a sign of genius to live on lilies; the poetical faculty in particular seems nowadays best cultivated on beef and beer."

Daily Paper.]



If you'd know the precise apparatus
To produce the poetic afflatus,
You need, it is clear,
But a pint pot of beer
And a big plate o' beef an' pertatus!

A QUESTION WHICH MIGHT BE ASKED (IF NOT ANSWERED) IN PARLIAMENT.—In view of the danger which the National Collections at South Kensington run from risk of fire, what are the Commissioners of the International Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862 doing with the income derived from the property in their charge? Perhaps devoting the money to the extinction of rabbits in Australia, or the exploration of the South Pole.



Master Tom. "I SAY, PATER, DID YOU BUY THAT BOAT FOR ME OR FOR YOURSELF?"

#### FLYING VISITS.

THE other day the King of the B-LC-NS arrived at Balmoral from London at midday. Later in the afternoon His Majesty left Scotland.

President F-RE is expected shortly at St. Petersburg. He will arrive about 11 A.M., and after déjeûner with the Emperor, will immediately return to France by special train

by special train.

The King of S-M will probably visit Ireland during his stay in this country. His visit, lasting about five minutes, will enable him to taste a glass of whiskey and water at the Viceregal Lodge, after which he will return to London.

The G-RM-N EMP-R-R will probably visit Paris incognito late one evening early this week. After spending half an hour at the Moulin Rouge, his Majesty will return to Berlin by special train.

The King of the B-LC-NS may perhaps

go to the Congo State from Saturday to Monday. A peaceful Sunday in those happy countries, so recently endowed with all the blessings of civilisation by the noble and self-sacrificing zeal of the officials, will doubtless prove any personal self-secret.

doubtless prove very restful.

Sir E. ASHM-D B-RTI-TT is going to spend half an hour with the S-LT-N at Yildiz Kiosk. His Majesty intends tasting a very fine brand of sherbet which he has recently obtained.

Mr. L-B-OH-RE, as soon as his engagements permit, intends accepting President KR-G-R's invitation to a meat tea, with pickles and jam, followed by a quiet pipe. About 9.30 P.M., the party will separate, and Mr. L-B-OH-RE will return direct to London.

QUAINT REVENGE OF TIME. — The only thing now feared at Yildiz Kiosk by the SULITAN is the sack.

## THE TWO BOOKIES.

A BALLAD OF BARGAINS.
(By a Badly-done Bookseller.)

AIR-". The Heathen Chinee."

Well, I wish to remark,
And my speech shall be plain,
That for tricks that are dark,
And for ways that are vain,
A Book-hunter beats a "Bookmaker,"
And that I am bold to maintain!

The "Bookie," I'm told,
Is a shadyish sort;
But I say, and I hold,
He's a fair-and-square "Sport,"
Compared with the sly Book-collector
Who visits my shop down the court.

He will bounce you to sell At the price of a "bob," What he knows very well Is a bargain. I sob

When I think on the way I've been diddled, By Book-hunters keen on the job!

I, too, know a bit
About books, and the like,
But some harpies who flit
Round my stall—well, a pike
Is not half so cunning or greedy
As they when a bargain they strike.

They come looking so meek,
With such innocent eyes,
And their style is so sleek,
That one's temper it tries.

When one finds they have done one—for tuppence—

Out of, oh! such a wonderful prize!

They put on a frown,
An indifferent glance,
"Eh? What? Half-a-crown!
Eighteen-pence! No advance!"
Then they pocket a prize some will purchese

chase
At ten quid—and glad o' the chance!
The times I've been done

By such old buffers—clean!!!

They find it great fun,
A fine harvest they glean,
And—well, read Mister HAZLITT'S Con-

And—well, read Mister Hazlitt's Confessions,\*
And then you will twig what I mean.

Which is why I remark,—
And I put it quite plain,—
That for dodges most dark,

And devices most vain;
The Book-hunter bangs the Bookmaker,
And the same I am bold to maintain!

\* The Confessions of a Collector. By William Carew Hazlitt.

ONE OF THE TRUEST OF SHEFFIELD BLADES.—The Duke of Norfolk, because he never cuts anyone, high or low, rich or poor. Mr. Punch congratulates the grinders on having in our Premier Peer a Mayor, who tries to make everyone the merrier, as was shown when the Queen did honour to the metropolis of English steel by her visit. The Duke is a Great Englander, and the men and women of Yorkshire rallied round the flag on their flagstones as was right, and just, and honourable. The Duke of Norfolk and Sheffield showed the real grit of the country, and sharpened all our understanding.

THE Daily News states that Mr. HOOLEY is to be confirmed by the Bishop of SOUTH-WELL. But first the news must be confirmed.

# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 24.— WILLIAM EDWARD MURRAY TOMLINSON'S faith in mankind has received painful shock. He has been wounded in the shock. He has been wounded in the house of a friend. Came down to-night brimful of pleasant little surprise for Committee on Employers' Liability Bill. Members having observed the firmness and dexterity with which SPEAKER disposed of nine out of ten Instructions, settled down in Committee, prepared to discuss innumerable procession of amendments. First on paper stood in name of Nussey. He rose to full height with intent to move it when an even more commanding figure was discovered on its feet to the right of

the Chair.
"Mr. Lowther, Sir," said a voice, and the Committee recognised the Statesman who shares with Corporal Hanbury the representation of Preston. "I beg leave to move that you report progress, and ask leave to sit again."

The Chairman, half turning his head, and catching a glimpse of Tomlinson, said something that sounded uncommonly like "Tut! tut!" and called on Nussey to

proceed.

At the moment WILLIAM EDWARD MUR-RAY was engaged in the delicate task of extracting from his breast pocket the notes of a luminous speech. All very well for minor Members to discuss pettifogging amendments. Townson would deal with the question as a whole. On the motion to report progress he would view the situation from every avenue; would convince

"Frivolous" T-ml-ns-n.

the Committee that the best thing would be to drop the Bill-at least till Tomlinson had time to further consider it. Having at last lugged his manuscript out, smoothed particulars. House crowded in expecta-

out the opening page, W. E. M. T. became conscious of the fact that there was another Member on his legs. Nearly opposite him was Nussey saying something in stentorian tones.

This distinctly out of order. Only one Member may be on his feet at a given moment. And hadn't he, the many-initialled Tomlinson, moved to report pro-

gress?

He remained standing, regarding Chairman with look of dignified inquiry.

Nussey went on. There were cries of "Order! Order!" "Ha-ha!" thought
WILLIAM EDWARD, "they are shouting Nussey down." The cries rose in volume; attention seemed strangely directed towards him (W. E. M. T.); he was conscious of someone pulling at his coat-tails. Chairman turned his head, and peremptory wave of arm ordered him (Tomlinson, W. E. M.) to resume his

Slowly, even though assisted by the gentleman attached to his coat-tail, T. dropped into his seat. Gradually truth dawned upon him. Chairman regarding dawned upon him. Chairman regarding his action as frivolous—fancy Tominson frivolous—had declined to hear him.
"This," said WILLIAM EDWARD, hoarsely, when he had partially recovered, "comes of

when he had partially recovered, "comes of household suffrage, free education, and the admission of women to the Terrace at teatime."

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill

in Committee.

Tuesday.—Quite affecting air of injured innocence about SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE as he took his seat to-night. The lynx-eye of JEREMIAH LOWTHER has disjuncted by the committee of the broade of cerned in him the victim of a breach of privilege. The Sage been "saying things" about Dr. Harris, and his colleagues on South Africa Committee have censured him. JEREMIAH finds new food for Lamentation in this procedure. Has looked up the authorities; finds that a trifle over a couple of centuries ago House ordered that in such circumstances Committee should report to it, not presume to act on its own authority. Action by Comact on its own authority. Action by Committee re the Sage clearly a breach of privilege. Meant to raise it last night; just missed opportunity. Not to be done again that way. So this evening, questions on paper over, JEREMIAH in corner seat below Gangway bobs up and down like a middle-aged cork on troubled water. When at length SPEAKER calls on him,

his judicial manner almost appalling in its Understand now how it once intensity. awed the Jockey Club. Sark says he would give anything to see JEREMIAH in Judge's wig and gown. Will cheerfully plump down his guinea if subscription be got up to present him with one. The spectacle of LOWTHER (J.) thus arrayed, seated below Gangway, would invest that lawless part of House with much-needed dignity. As it is, by sheer force of character and sense of situation, JEREMIAH SUCceeds without adventitious circumstances of wig and gown. Sublime the tone and manner with which he remarked, "I would desire to call your attention to the resolution passed on March 16, 1688." Some frivolous Members laughed. House generally falt alder mice. rally felt older, wiser, in closer touch with historic England. As for Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, he blushed to find the Centuries marshalled on his behalf, as in Court counsel call witnesses to character.

LOWTHER (J.) not the kind of man to mar magnificent generalities with mere

tion of piquant discussion of the SAGE'S indiscretion, and the South Africa Committee's irregularity. "I bring forward no particular instance or case," said his Ludship. Gathering imaginary robes round his statuesque figure, he resumed his seat.



Mr. Justice (Jimmy) L-wth-r.

Thereupon House went into Committee on the Employers' Liability Bill.

Business done.—Not very much.

Thursday. — Grubbing away at Employers' Liability Bill. Debate excellent; only occasionally exciting. This happens on such points as whether a workman wilfully at default shall obtain compensation; and whether the parties may contract out. Don Jose, who looks after the Home Secretary and the Bill, offers compromise. Then Members on one side or other tear their hair, rend their clothes, get Mr. Prim to send in a few ashes, on which they sit, and declare "All is Lost."

Don Jose says, "No such thing. The proposed amendment to the amendment to the amendment to

the proposed amendment as amended is not nearly so bad (or so good) as the hon.

Member thinks."

Thereupon the bereaved gets up, combs out what is left of his hair, mends his clothes, gets the ashes swept away, resumes his seat as if nothing had happened.

All this, of course, in a Parliamentary sense. But it's about the sort of thing we suffer through the week.

Business done. - Employers' Liability

Bill in Committee.

Friday. — ROBERT ARTHUR WARD, the so-called Member for Crewe, really has set out for the Cape. SARK saw him off at Southampton, after vain endeavour to induce him to stay and deliver his promised

auce him to stay and deliver his promised maiden speech in Committee on the Employers' Liability Bill.

"The fact is," Sark said to him in his fatherly way, "we don't quite know where you are. Like to hear your views on various matters. Now, could you give me a brief summary of the Public Health (Scotland) Bill?"

"No." said the waried Warnenders.

"No," said the wearied WARD, edging



"NON EST INVENTUS."

(A Derby Problem.)

Ostler (on the Downs, after the Races). "Don't you even remember is Colour, Guv'nor?"

off towards the panting tender. "I don't think I've time just now. Subject most interesting; think I've heard the Bill contains 700 clauses, and that CALDWELL talks two hours and forty minutes about it every day select Committee meets. Should like above all things to join in your de-liberation. Scotch Committee Room sort of Parliamentary Rosherville, don't you know. The place to spend a happy day. But I've got an engagement in South Africa which unfortunately calls me off. Duty first, delight after. That's my motto. Ta ta. If any of my constituents ask after me, say I'll be back soon. In fact, before leaving my diggins in Stratton Street, I had a little bill put up on my front door, 'Back in an hour.' It saves trouble, and gives an air of business to the shop."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply. REIMOND Frères, finding trade dull, run out bold advertisement. Get themselves suspended. A poor plot, lacking finish in execution. House laughed, and as soon as Radmondites had been cleared of as Redmondites had been cleared off premises, went to work; did fair night's business with votes.

# The Way we Live now.

Captain Spooner (to Miss Dashaway, at Epsom). Shallwe have a bet in long "fives"? Miss Dashaway (a "Heads-I-win-tails-you-lose" damsel). No; in short "fivers,"

#### T. R. ADELPHI, U.S.A., STRAND.

Secret Service, at the Adelphi, is a melodrama that ought to have come to stop, or rather to run. But unless some arrangement is arrived at, this capital specimen of American authorship and acting is to leave us before it has attained the zenith of its success in this year of Jubilee! It is in four acts, but so constructed that a visitor coming in late, say, after the first half was over, would be quite satisfied with the second half. A character who, whether in military or civil capacity, is generally con-sidered as an unprincipled scoundrel, i.e., a spy, is here made the hero of the drama, worthy of the love of the chillingly virtuous heroine. His one good act is to yield to the request of this young lady, who implores him for her sake, and be cause she has done him the simple service of saving his life, to refrain from wiring false intelligence to Head quarters. In a moment of virtuous weakness he consents. The misleading information is not sent. No one is hurt, and after very nearly expiating the intended crime by forfeiting his life, he is at the last moment let off, though sentenced, by a remarkably hearty old general with a stronger American accent than any other actor in the piece, to remain a close prisoner until the war is over.

Miss Dashaway (a "Heads-1-win-tarks-you-lose" damsel). No; in short "fivers," if you please.

The Mission to Menelik.—The Abyssinian Emperor received Mr. Rodd and party right royally. Of course one of the Eastern eeremonies is "kissing the Rodd."

It is all most exciting from first to last, and the light comedy relief is admirably given by Miss Odette National Mittoral, and Mr. Henry Woodbuff, as Wilfred Varney, a surname that recalls Scott and Kenilworth. The two negro house-servants, played by Miss Alice Leigh and Mr. H. D. James, give real It is all most exciting from first to last,

colour to the piece. The villain, Mr. CAMPRELL GOLLAN, would be even more vil-lainous than he is, had he not elected to make up after PHIZ's well-known figure of Micholas Nickleby, with the addition of moustachios; and, on consideration, in the moustachios lies all the villainy of what would otherwise be a very pleasant and amiable countenence. It is Nicholas Nickleby with the moustache of Lord Verisably in the same populs and it is a Verisopht, in the same novel; and it is a Nicholas who would, at very first sight, have won the heart of that thorough-going old theatrical manager, Mr. Vincent Crummles. In case the play should not return, or the thread of its present existence be snicked by the advent of SARAH BERNHARDT, strongly does this deponent advise all who can enjoy such a flavour-some dish as is this melodrama, with American spice, to see it ere it quits the Adelphi.

#### Birthday Honours.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to see that you remembered the birthday of our bonny Princess May. I'm not much of a poet myself, but I say ditto in the following lines to the Duke of York, born June 3, 1865:

Here's three cheers for the Duke, May he never fail to fluke His anchor aground of the nation! And may ev'ry gentle gale
To his ship of luck give sail,
Wherever and whatever be his station!

Yours obediently, Gosport, June 2. ROBERT RATLINE.

THE BEST LUBRICANT FOR CYCLES. Castor oil.



DOUBTFUL.

Dick. "EVA, WHY DO THEY ALWAYS HAVE GREEN PEAS WITH DUCK?"

Eva (who is absorbed in the third volume of "One Heart, One Pant"). "OH—I—P'RAPS
BECAUSE THE DUCKS LIKE IT!"

# HOW TO SEE THE PROCESSION.

(By One who has Thought it out.)

Or course, you must be out early. As the traffic will be stopped soon in the morning, you must rise betimes. Perhaps, to insure this, you had better not go to bed overnight; then you are sure to be ready by dawn.

Say that you want to get to a window in Piccadilly. Of course, if you insist you don't, it upsets the calculation. Well, if you live south of Buckingham Palace Road, your best way is by the Embankment, over Hammersmith Bridge, and then by easy stages to Hyde Park Corner. Once there, all you have to do is to send for a

balloon.

If you wish to get to the Strand, and live at Brixton, you can start early, and find your way to Victoria Station. Now you will have to cross the line of route at Westminster. As this may be difficult, you should make friends with the authorities, and mount either the Clock Tower or the roof of Westminster Abbey. If this fails, you may get a "Cannon King" from the nearest theatre of varieties, and ask him to shoot you from his gun to your place of destination.

But perhaps the best way of all to see the object of your search is to miss the present Jubilee, and wait for the procession in the next.

A VERY DESIRABLE GEM IN THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CROWN. — The unblemished Star of South Africa.

## LITERARY RECIPES.

(From Our Own "Authors' Cookery-Book.")

The Romance.—This dish is very popular just now. Take the language, manners and costumes of the last three centuries, and mix them thoroughly. Having stirred well, drop in a hero of superhuman strength, a fresh young titled heroine, and the blackest villain obtainable, and when this mixture begins to simmer, add six murders, two suicides, and three elopements. Garnish with illustrations, and serve up in a volume of five hundred pages.

nundred pages. The Society Novel.—Select half-a-dozen well-known persons, and give them transparent pseudonyms. Add a liberal portion of sauce piquante, compounded of malicious gossip, cynical aphorisms, and fashionable slang, and the dish will then be complete. Some authorities are in favour of including a plot in preparing the Society Novel, but this cannot be recommended. Nothing should be added to spoil in any way the perfect imbecility which is the distinguishing flavour of this dish. Another of its advantages is that it can be made by anyone in an extremely short time.

The Detective Story.—Take one part of Gaboriau and fifty parts of water. Add a lady of title, a comic official from Scotland Yard, and a diamond bracelet. Strain the mixture into

twelve equal parts and serve up monthly in a magazine.

The "Realistic" Character Study.—First boil down as many disagreeable stories of the Divorce Court as possible. Into this syrup pour a solution of London fog, add a few unpleasant diseases, described with full detail. Mix with a little dipsomania and suicide, then slowly boil the whole. After a short time a thick scum will rise to the surface; this should be carefully separated off and published. The rest can be thrown away.

The Religious Novel.—Take a few Biblical characters, and rewrite their services in the language of third rate is unwelligen.

The Religious Novel.—Take a few Biblical characters, and rewrite their sayings in the language of third-rate journalism. Season with a smattering of psychology, a quantity of irreverence, and a preface declaring that every critic is either a fool or a knave—probably both. Serve up with puff-paste. This dish is immensely popular, and can be confidently recommended.

The Improving Book.—This dish is peculiarly well adapted for children. The headful of principles and another of imbeguity.

The Improving Book.—This dish is peculiarly well adapted for children. To a handful of priggishness add another of imbecility. The product should be gently baked, and can then be used as your juvenile hero. Add an unsympathetic parent, a runaway

cab, a hospital, a lingering death, and plenty of maudlin pathos. Serve up between bright boards at Christmas.

The Superior Magazine Article.—For this purpose little more is necessary than a wholesale ignorance of politics, together with a large share of impudence. Sign only with a single letter of the alphabet. Throw in many suggestions of your close familiarity with the Pope, the German Emperor, and Lord Salusbury. Stir these ingredients well, and serve up hot as long as editors and the public will allow you.

# THE OLD LEAD OF THE COURT DANCE.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,—As the representative of the recognised organ of the profession, I beg to address you. On the 9th of July next a Subscription Ball is to be held at the Middle Temple. Very properly, tickets are only to be issued to the members of that hon. society or their nominees, and the list of applications is to be closed when five hundred vouchers have been distributed. Here comes my grievance. In the circular announcing the function the following (what I venture to call) fatal passage occurs: "In the event of more tickets being applied for than five hundred, the allotment will be made in order of seniority of standing of the applicant." The italics are mine. But fancy! The ball, under such circumstances, is sure to be crowded with elderly "silks" and the more aged of our judges. Surely there will be something incongruous in Mr. Justice Stareliefed dancing "The Washington Post," while the leaders in his Lordship's Court (all of them well over sixty) revel in the vulgar vagaries of "Kitchen Lancers"? And I tremble to think of the Law Officers of the Crown throwing their hearts (and wigs) into "The Barn Dance." No doubt, before the close of the evening, a "Lords Justices of Appeal Quadrille" will be organised, with a "Lord High Chancellor Cotillon" to follow. But the climax of the sartorial exercises will be reached when the Lord Chief Justice and the Master of the Rolls start "The Bench Sir Roger de Coverley." But it is sad to jest with an aching heart. If all our leaders are to oust us, what are we to do of the junior Bar? It is bad enough to lose our briefs, but give us, oh, give us our dances. Yours faithfully,

Pump-handle Court, c/o A. Briefless, Jun., Esq. June, 1897.



H.M.S. "AFRIKANDER."

[The Cape House of Assembly unanimously adopted the motion in favour of the Colony contributing towards the Imperial Navy.]



RETRENCHMENT.

Jinks. "Don't meet vou 'ere so often as we used to, Binks, eh?"

Binks. "Well—no. It don't run to a Hopera-Box this Season, because, you see, we've took a Window for this 'ere
Jubilee!"

# OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Knight's Tale (Blackwood), by Mrs. (or Miss?) Emily Philips, is a masterpiece of incoherency. No doubt, when she sat down to write, the lady had conception of a plot, ideas of living character. My Baronite, painfully groping through the book, discovers occasional proof of their existence. There is a melodramatically wicked father, an incomprehensible son, a beautiful girl who loves a man and, to begin with, leaves him. Also, among other names occurring, are those of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, two exceedingly commonplace persons, to whom the dizzied mind turns with gratitude. The scene is chiefly laid in Paris. An attempt is made to flash upon the pages pictures of the outbreak of the Commune. This is a partial success, since it involves deafening noise and blinding smoke. In the environment characters grow more than ever indistinct, and the last state of the hapless reader is worse than the first.

state of the hapless reader is worse than the first.

A Short Life of Thomas Davis, contributed to Fisher Unwin's new Irish Library, proves afresh how history repeats itself. Reading Sir Charles Duffy's accounts of O'Connell's proceedings during the last two years of his life, above all his references to the Liberator's son John—"this feeble, barren young man"—my Baronite recalls Committee Room 15, and all that has since happened among United Irishmen. It is true that Mr. Parnell's contemporaries and colleagues stop short of accusing their leader of treacherous collusion with the Government at a time when he was openly professing to serve the Irish cause. Sir Charles Duffy, writing of O'Connell in 1844-5, has no such scruple. For the rest, 1895 and 1845 are linked in Irish annals by the coincidence of a state of things where Irishmen hate each other for the love of Ireland. Sir Charles, who lived and worked through the latter epoch, gives vivid glimpses of the men and the times. His hero, Thomas Davis, brightens his pages with the lustre of a pure patriot and a man of genius. Incidentally we get a peep at Father Mathew. "If you knew Mr. Mathew," Davis writes to Walter Savage Lander, "you would relish his simple and

downright manners. He is joyous, friendly, and quite unassuming." We of this generation did not know Father MATHEW. But we have the happiness of having among us one of his blood. If anyone desired to describe in two sentences Mr. Justice MATHEW, he could not improve upon DAVIS'S characterisation of his famous kinsman.

#### IN A CONSERVATORY.

A course sat out on a snug settee, A waltz in the distance droned, "Best ball I ever was at," said he— She "allowed it was real high-toned."

"Do you know what I want to ask you, NAN?" And a laughing answer came, "I don't pan out on riddles, young man,

"I don't pan out on riddles, young man, You'd best peg out your claim."

Then he made her an offer in terms express Of his heart and hand and patrimony. "It's a deal," she said, "Next fall, I guess, We'll meander into matrimony."

LATEST NEWS FROM THE RIVER.—The appearance of the Maria Wood, the once famous City barge, now lying off Isleworth Eyot, and labelled "For Sale," does not suggest any sailing power. In fact, Maria does not look at all sale-ubrious, but, nevertheless, is enjoying the osiers cum dignitate.

#### That Committee!

Honest inquiry abandons hope,
'Midst a maze of fudge and a fog of fables.
Our "makers of empire" want "plenty of rope,"
But they rather shirk the "cables."

INTERESTING BOTANICAL STUDY .- The "Flora" of South Africa.



This is what our friend Pennyfather has been driven to by the importunities of his Wife and Daughters!

# REST AND REFRESHMENT.

A STUDY AT A ROADSIDE HOTEL.

Scene—The Coffee-room at "The Wheel of Fortune" Hotel, about fifteen miles from Hyde Park Corner. Time—1.30 p.m. Tourists of Tourists of various kinds discovered lunching at main and side tables.

A Lady Cyclist (fastidiously, to her husband, as they enter). It's perfectly stifling in here. And a fire too! On a day like this! Fancy!

Her Husband. I was just thinking the fire looked rather jolly.

Er—you haven't overtired yourself, dear?

His Wife (very properly bristling at such an insinuation).

Why, George (with innocent complacency). Me? Rather not, Fanny.

Fresh as when I started!

Fanny. Then why on earth should you suppose I must be tired? (She sinks into a seat, after a glance at the mirror.)
You men are such conceited things, you won't believe any woman can possibly be as strong as you are! And yet I rode every bit as fast as you—now didn't I?

George (who has been adapting his pace to hers). Every bit, ear. We did that last five miles in only a little over three

quarters of an hour, which isn't so bad.

Fanny. I should call it very good—against such a hurricane as there is to-day!

George (whose truthfulness is occasionally too much for his tact). Oh, come, you can't call a bit of a breeze like that a hurricane!

Fanny. You haven't to bicycle in skirts. The tyranny of men compels us unfortunate women to take violent exercise in utterly

unsuitable clothes, and then you turn round and wonder——!

George. I must say I don't think women look their best in knickerbockers, as a rule.

Fanny. All your narrow, selfish prejudice. As if it mattered

how they look!

George. Oh, I don't say there aren't cases in which this "rational costume," as they call it, is rather becoming. That young—er—lady who has just come in, for instance, now she

Fanny (after subjecting the newcomer to a withering glare). That creature! How she can have the audacity to appear in

Can't you see what a ridiculous and public like that, I don'tunfeminine object she has made of herself?

[George thinks it politic to express his entire agreement.

A Cycling Enthusiast (a recent convert—to his Neighbour).

Roads in capital condition to-day!

His Neighbour. The country is looking delightful indeed. Quite a treat to get away from smoky London!

The C. E. Come from town, have you? How long did it take you to get down here, now?

His N. Why, let me see—(considering)—I left—— Well, a little under half an hour.

The C. E. (with increased respect). Over thirty miles an hour! Thy, it took me— What are you geared to? Over seventy, eh?

Why, it took me— What are you geared to? Over seventy, eh? His N. (mildly hurt). I'm not much above fifty.

The C. E. Then what machine do you ride?

His N. (conscious of inferiority). I don't ride any machine. I came down by train—just for a stroll in the country, you know. The C. E. Ah, I was thinking you hadn't the look of a wheelman. (He loses all interest in him, and turns to his Other Neighbour.) Been riding far to-day, Sir?

His Other N. (in a tone stiff with self-importance). Aw—no. Only from Hillford.

The C. E. (with approach) I set a rich with self-importance.

The C. E. (with approval). Just a nice easy run. Wonderful how popular cycling's become within the last two years. Why, not long ago, you and I would have turned up our noses at anyone who rode a bike, and yet, what a delightful exercise it is!

His O. N. (from immeasurable heights). Cawn't say I agree with you.

The C. E. Then I expect you're a beginner. Haven't got a machine of your own, yet, I daresay?

His O. N. Cawn't say I have. Not come down to a bike yet.

Aw-four legs are good enough for me.

The C. E. (nettled). You're not meaning to make yourself out

an ass, are you? It's a bad bird that blacks his own boots!

His O. N. (with crushing dignity). I—ar—meant to convey that—speaking personally—1 prefer to ride—aw—a norse.

The C. E. Ah, no accounting for tastes, is there? (To himself.) The side these riding fellows put on!

self.) The side these riding fellows put on!

A Veteran Cyclist (to his Companion, a Neophyte). Feel a bit stiff, eh, old man?

The Neophyte (to whom a cane chair is torture). Very comfortable, thanks. Capital cold beef, this!

The Veteran. You don't seem to be getting on with it. Afraid

The New (wishing his friend wouldn't talk so loud). Can't think how I managed it. I was going straight enough!

The Vet. Yes, old chap, but if you go straight when you ought

to turn a corner-

The Neo. The confounded thing wouldn't steer-handles askew,

or something.

The Vet. You must have twisted them soon after we started, running into that hansom. Jove! I thought it was all over with you that time!

The Neo. You took it pretty coolly—going on and never look-

ing back to see whether I was following!

The Vet. My dear fellow, you told me you could ride all right, so naturally, it never occurred to me—

The Neo. (sulkily). Well, I've got here, anyhow, and that's something.

The Vet. Something? If you're half as lucky going home as you've been coming out, it will be the nearest thing to a miracle ever— Are you looking for the wir The Neo. No—the railway time-table. - Are you looking for the wine list?

The Equestrian (to a New Neighbour). You're not one of this

cyclist lot, are you?

His New N. Not I. No opinion of 'em. "Cads on Castors," as somebody called 'em.

The Eq. Doosid good name for 'em too. Cawn't git away from

the Eq. Doosid good name for the test the beggahs.

His New N. They're a noosance. Ought to be put down, I say. Behaving as if the whole road belonged to 'em!

The Eq. They do. What with their bells and fog.'orns, my 'orse was as near bolting with me as makes no difference. Took me all I knoo to 'old 'im. Fact is, old England ain't the place any longer for quiet riding-men like ourselves, who like a tittup along the 'igh road. along the 'igh road.

His New N. Well, to tell you the truth, I've given up keeping

The Eq. (in a burst of confidence). Well, the 'orse I'm ridin' ain't my own. It's like this—I've a partickler friend who keeps a livery stables, d'ye see, and now and then, when I've a day orf, he lets me 'ire a gee orf him very reasonable. He knows the bring him back none the worse, and there's somethink exhilaration to my mind in faeling a good 'orse under yer—if it's on'y ting, to my mind, in feeling a good 'orse under yer-if it's on'y a nack.

His New N. I tell you this much, if you once took to a motorcar, you'd never look at a horse again.

The Eq. (impressed). Why, have you got one of these motorcars, then?

His New N. (with superiority). I came down here on one, Sir. Fastest thing on the road. Why, I went spinning along at the rate of——— Well, you wouldn't believe me if I told you! Talk

about exhilarating—a horse is a fool to it!

The Eq. (with an effort at self-assertion). Aw—that's your opinion. 'Ere, waitah, have you told 'em to bring my animal

opinion. 'Ere, waitah, have you told 'em to bring my animal round? I'm rathah in a nurry.

Waiter. The ostler was told, Sir. But I was to say as p'raps you wouldn't mind mounting in the yard. There 's one o' them motor-cars at the front, Sir, and they can't get the 'orse past it. He may go quieter with you in the saddle.

The Eq. He—aw—may. (With a rather pallid politeness, to the motor-car man.) Perhaps I'd better let you start first.

The Motor-car M. Right! Bless you, I shall be about half-

way home before you can put your foot in the stirrup.

IN THE BAR.

A Cyclist (to the Landlady). But I thought you took off something for members of the C.T.C.?

The Landlady (with beaming candour). Well, we did, Sir, but we found we had to put something on before we could take anything off, so we gave it up.

AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

The Owner of the Motor-car (on the driving-seat). Bless you, no, simplest thing in the world! You see, I move this button along the groove—that regulates the power—then press the button—so—and I'm off. . . No, it's all right—sometimes it doesn't start quite—— I'll just get down and see if the accumulator—— (He descends.) Hil stop it, somebody . . . Jump on to it, then! Get out of the way, you idiots! . . . Well, it won't come to any harm on the green . . . Oh, I'll pay for the beastly geese! . . Eh? a pond, is there? . . . What of it? It isn't very likely to—— Dash it all, it has! Don't stand grinning there—come and see if there's any way of getting the confounded thing out, can't you! thing out, can't you!

IN THE STABLE YARD.

IN THE STABLE YARD.

Crowd of Unsympathetic Cyclists (watching the Equestrian's futile efforts to mount). Steady does it, Sir . . . Put your left foot on the step behind and 'op! . . . Go on, the 'orse ain't got no step! . . . Lend 'im a ladder! . . . Now he's up! . . . . Don't clutch the 'andlebars, gur'nor! Backpedal a bit. You ought to 'ave a brake fitted to that 'orse, you ought . . . Goodbye, Sir. Don't put your feet up going down hill!

The Eq. (haughtily, as his mount sidles crab-fashion with him out of the gates). If you fellers think I ain't accustomed to a norse—

A Cyclist. You're accustomed to the 'orse all right, old man-

it's the 'orse ain't accustomed to you!

The Ostler (with bitterness). Ah, you may jolly 'im, gen'lm'n, but I tell you it's gettin' to be a treat to me to see anyone on a 'orse—even the likes of 'im!

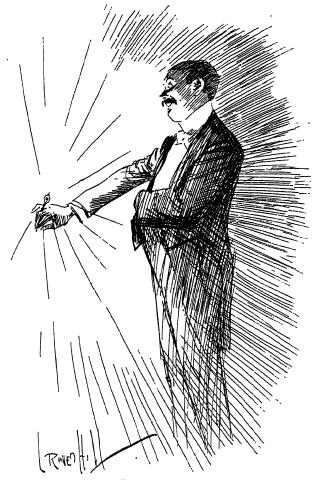
#### OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 31.—Sudden Indisposition of Mons. Jean de Reszke, so Tannhäuser for Die Meistersinger. Poor "Mons.," not a mountain, but "a little 'ill." Audience gradually put into excellent temper by M. Van Dyok as the much-tried Tannhäuser, and by Emma Eames as 'Lisbeth. Very warm midsummer night, and Mile. Pacary as Venus much envied. Note, as Wolfram, notable; Mile. Bauermeister, as a "Berger," blooming. Conductor Mancinelli meritorious.

Tuesday.—Aida going strong, i.e., Miss Susan Strong. Encore M. Note et Mile. Bauermeister. Mr. Classical-and-Mythological-Dictionary-Princip (this evidently ought to be the name, "writ large," of Mr. LEMPRIERE PRINGLE) good as Il Ré. VERDI'S motto, when hesitating as to writing the now celebrated

march, and get as far away as possible from other celebrated marches, must have been, "When in doubt, play trumps."

Friday, June 4.—WAGNER'S Opera, Tristan und Isolde, announced, with two DE RESZES and MARIE BREMA in it. Unfortended in the process of the proce nounced, with two DE RESZES and MARIE BREMA IN IT. CHIOTtunately, either one, or both, of the Risky RESZES could not
sing, so Opera not Tristan und Isolde, but Trist'un (myself)
and I sold-again! We have dear old Traviata, La vieille dame
aux camélias fanées. Signor Ancona excellent as Germont;
Salignac good as milksop Alfredo mio; and Mme. Saville a
consummate consumptive Violetta. Everyone interested in
recent South African Inquiry delighted to see Mme. Van CANTEREN looking so well as "Flora."



Why buy expensive Diamonds when you can get a much MORE BRILLIANT EFFECT WITH ELECTRICITY!

#### A PARALLEL.

["Services as usual." Notice posted on the Jubilee Stands in St. Clement Danes churchyard.]

What time the enterprising tradesman tricks His premises out, from bottom floor to top, With ladders, workmen, scaffold-poles and bricks, Until the place seems hardly like a shop; Then, just to show his house, and not his trade, Is undergoing sundry variations, You shall observe this legend there displayed—"Business as usual during alterations."

So now a church would chiefly seem to be A site whereon the sight-seer may perch; St. Clement Danes is for the Jubilee

So girt with stands it hardly seems a church. Still, though the crowds who soon those stands will fill, Exceed a dozen Sunday congregations,

There is a church there—read the modest bill— "Business as usual during jubilations!"

#### Monkeys on the Stick-fast.

THE English Jacobites propose to "demonstrate" at the presence of Prince RUPERT of Bavaria (who, according to their theory, ought to be Prince of Walles) in the Diamond Jubilee Procession. Mr. Punch sincerely hopes that the Prince will be heartily cheered, and understand that, in view of no change of Heir being needed by the British Constitution, the Jacko-bark is as harmless as the Jacko-bite.

The Jubilee Carpenter's Conundrum.—In what year of Roman History might the present aspect of the Jubilee route incline us to believe we were living?—Consule Plank-o. ANTONY À WOOD. (Signed)



"DID YOU EVER TRY THAT TAILOR I RECOMMENDED TO YOU-SNIP & Co.?" "YES. Toe expensive. Got two Suits from him-one Dress Suit, one Law Suit!" Green.

# THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

JUBILEE VERSION.

(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

The Walrus . A Jubilee Jack Tar.
The Carpenter . A Jubilee Stand-builder.

'Twas in the district called E.C., Men were, with all their might, Doing their level best to make The City gay and bright In honour of the Jubilee; It was to be a sight!

The Walrus and the Carpenter Were somewhere near the Strand; The latter cried, "Confound this tree! Its branches spoil my Stand! If all these boughs were chopped away," He said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven woodmen were to chop (Like Wed) for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"London of trees they'd clear?"
"I doubt it," growled the Carpenter.
"Some fool would interfere!

"The papers always raise a fuss When anything is done By which a man may make a bit. However, I, for one,
Am doing well on this here job.
These Jubilees are fun!"

The Carpenter his hammer took, And smote like anything. He said, "God save the QUEEN!".

"So all the poets sing: But during this here Jubilee time The Carpenter is king!"

The Walrus stood with both his hands Plunged in his pockets, like One waiting for the pub to ope, Or workman out on strike. He winked his dexter eye, and said, "Shipmate, you're wide awyke!

"This job, at one-and-eight per hour, I grant you is good biz. None o' your common four-arf now; No, it will run to fizz!
Ain't it like that?" The Carpenter
Replied, "Old salt, it is!"

The Walrus gave his quid a turn, And gave his slacks a hoist. "Avast!" he cried. "When you have done

With bulk, and beam, and joist, I feel, d'ye know, as I could do A drop o' somethin' moist!"

"D'ye recollect our oyster feed?"
The Carpenter replied.
The Walrus said, "I do, indeed! I think on it with pride.

But thoughts of yesterday's good grub
Won't fill to-day's inside." "I'm on this Jubilee job, you're not," The Carpenter began.
The Walrus winked and cried, "Just wait!

To crown the Jubilee plan They must Review the Fleet, and then They'll want the Sailor Man!

"Old salt," the Carpenter rejoined, "You're very right indeed! When I have made my little pile, I hope you'll get your meed.

And then, O, Walrus! won't we have

Another oyster feed!"

### In Anticipation of the Naval Review.

Customer (to South Coast yacht-owner). I want to hire a saunch during the Naval Review week.

Yacht-owner. Very sorry, Sir, but we haven't a launch left. But we're raising a nice schooner wrecked in the Channel yonder, and I could let her to you for £200, if you'd say "done" at once.

[But the word "done" frightened the

customer.

#### Two Jubilees.

THE Jewish Jubilee spread wide content. Of our Victorian one was this effect meant: For wealthy landlords an excessive rent, And for poor tenants, summary eject-ment?



# "THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER"

(Jubilee Version.)

"I'M ON THIS JUBILEE JOB, YOU'RE NOT,"
THE CARPENTER BEGAN.
THE WALRUS WINKED AND CRIED, "JUST WAI'!
TO CROWN THE JUBILEE PLAN
THEY MUST REVIEW THE FLEET, AND THEN
THEY'LL WANT THE SAILOR MAN!"



"AT SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE I INQUIRED WHICH IS HE? AT TWENTY, WHO IS HE? AT TWENTY-FIVE, WHAT HAS HE? AND NOW, WHERE IS HE?"

#### TALK AT THE TOURNAMENT.

(Echoes from Islington.)

A LITTLE difficult to get to one's seat when one has to run the gauntlet of the R.H.A. preparing for "a musical ride" in the corridor.

Good thing that horses are trained not

to crush civilians—at least, I hope so.
Nice idea decorating Royal Box with

flower-pots and muslin.

Pleased to see the warrior, DANN, performing his customary duties with a book and a small Union Jack—only looking, in spite of the passing years, a good deal younger.

Capital notion to confine the "dead-heads" to children from soldiers' schools and the veterans from Chelsea Hospital.

Improvement to have no background for "the combined display," as the painted canvas representing an Afghan fort not only took up space, but looked ridiculous.

Another alteration to be commended in "Balaclava mêlée"—"horseplay on horseback" destructive to discipline.

Much harder work than usual, and less of the "show" element.
Suppose that "the pageant," called on the present occasion "Our Army, 1704—1882," is a concession to popular sentiis a concession to popular sentiment.

Soldiers in wigs not nearly so enthusiastically received as the heroes of Tel-el-Kebir.

Public seem to prefer the present day to

the period of Marlborough.

"Pageant" pleasant, but scarcely up to the standard of the past; not comparable, for instance, with the gathering of the

In instance, with the gathering of the Imperial forces of last year.

Same old "tug-of-war," same old "lemon-cutting," same old "sword v. sword mounted," same old everything.

"Throwing the Djerid by Zaptiels of the Cyprus military police" rather a feeble performance; after seeing it one comes performance; after seeing it, one comes to the conclusion that the thieves in distant Cyprus must have rather a good time

of it.

"Naval display by detachment from H.M.S. Excellent" in every way ad-

mirable; so useful for sailors to be able to dismantle a gun in three or four seconds, and then rest on the pieces.

No doubt the new authorities have made the Tournament a deal more military,

but not more amusing. Question is, whether the martian game will prove to be quite worth the pecuniary

candle.

#### MORIBUND.

["To parody a famous line of MATTHEW ALNOLD, ZOLA may be said to see life steadily and to see it vile. . . . M. BRUNETIÈRE (the great French critic) says that Zolaism is not a good influence, and is dying or dead in the land of its origin."—Daily Chronicle.]

Is the realistic novel, which is wont to

grub and grovel, In the mud-bank and the muck-heap, and to call the same "the world, To find vileness in high places, and crude horror in the hovel,

Is it really dead or dying? Long the

modern muse has skirled Mænad strains and called them music! Is the clamour Corybantic

Of the deafening drum and cymbal, and the clash of sword on shield,

To give place to sounds less horrid, and to songs less Phrygian-frantic, To the music of the woodland and the

fragrance of the field? If this critic is a prophet, then the literary

. Tophet, The Acheron of Art, have now had their

dismal day,
Which was only night made lurid. Are we

out of it and off it, The artistic Malebolge which was never

sweet or gay? Alas! our little Zolas, with their sombre

screeds and scrappy Are still playing the muckraker and the gatherer of Old Clo'!

Tabooing all that's healthy, and disdaining all that's happy
In the name of Realism. Are they dying? Will they go?
To write rubbish about rubbish and to call

it realistic,

To analyse the sordid, and to picture the obscene,

With a pencil that is graphic and a pen that is sophistic,

Is much easier than mastery of the Diamond Jubilee. Large style and lucid outlook are equip-

ments of the mighty;

It needs health to breathe the æther of the mountain-tops of style. So whilst little pens are cynical, and petty pencils flighty,

They always picture Life as they can see it, small and vile.

# AN INTERIM REPORT.

(Under consideration.)

WE beg to report that we have made an examination of matters of examination, and that the examination has been conducted as an examination.

We beg to say that we have discovered that the discoveries to be discovered are

still ripe for discovery.
We request to be allowed to state that the statements that have been stated have been stated as statements.

We desire to record the fact that the evidence that has come before us has been received as evidence of the existence of evidence that might be received as evi-

dence, were that evidence as evidence admissible as evidence.

We wish to announce that the witnesses we have examined as witnesses have witnessed that they are witnesses that have been examined as witnesses.

We submit that the conclusion at which we have arrived is a conclusion founded upon a conclusion that comes as a conclusion to the conclusion at which we have arrived as a conclusion.

We suggest that the condition of things into which we have examined is a condition that is still the condition of the condition of the things under examination in that condition.

We advise that our advice should be accepted as advice that should not be advised unless received as advice that yet has to be advised as advice that can properly be adopted as advice.

We propose that the propositions put before us as proposals should remain pro-posals unless they propose to be proposals, when it will be necessary to propose proposals that may become proposals.

We announce that we have learned that learning cannot be learned without learning that learning is learning that has yet

to be learned.
We recommend that our recommendations shall be accepted as recommendations to be founded upon recommendations not yet recommended as recommendations.

We find that our finding is still to be found as a finding when the finding is found as a finding.

And we beg to report that, for the present, at any rate, we have nothing further to report.

OH, THE JUBILEE!—As usual, the Penny Illustrated Paper is equal to the occasion. The history of the record reign appears in its pages with great effect. The talented editor depends more upon illustration than letter-press. Well, and why not? is but one point to which we call attention. Surely Mr. LATEY must find, as a bright and clever journalist, his name rather a misnomer. Evidently his new title should be Lord ANYTHINGBUTLATEY.

A DEAL TO BEAR.—The stands for the



WHICH THE GREATER TORTURE-

THE 1837 STOCK OR THE 1897 COLLAR?

# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 31 .-BLAMELESS BARTLEY, brought up amongst wholesome economies of penny-bank, shrinks with horror from demand of a guinea for luncheon on Jubilee Day. Why, in New York there are places where you get a free lunch! 'Tis true its chief constituent is clam. Moreover than which, the guest treats himself to a drink. But the lunch is free-free as the country. Why should the mother of free Parliaments be less liberal than her lusty child? Surely England is rich enough to supply to its hardworking legislators free lunch of clam in the various delectable forms possible to clever cooks. On such occasion, the sixtleth environment of a claminar many the sixtieth anniversary of a glorious reign, a modest drink might be thrown in.

beer running from a fountain in the centre of the hall. I don't disguise the proba-bility that we'll make a handsome profit out of it."

Failing this, B. B., whose resources are illimitable, suggests that Members should bring down their own luncheon, and eat it from the grand stand, coram publico. In his mind's eye SARK sees BLAMELESS with a chunk of cold bacon in one fist, a knife in the other, a loaf of bread under his arm, and a foaming flagon between his knees, what time HER MAJESTY rides past in Jubilee State.

Business done.—In Committee on Employers' Liability Bill.

Tuesday.—Kitchen Committee on strike. If ever one was justified this is. In general way the lot of Lord Stanley and his colleagues is not a happy one. They give up much time and thought to controlling

A NAVAL FIELD BATTERY FOR THE JUBILEE!

["I can only say that the bluejackets will be brought up from the ports, because it has been considered that their appearance at conspicuous parts of the route would be satisfactory to the public at large and agreeable to the men themselves."—Mr. Goschen's reply to Admiral Field.]

SARK says Chancellor of Exchequer commissariat department of House, and as been approached on subject, but is get no thanks. By way of making up that has been approached on subject, but is obdurate. "No more grants-in-aid this year," St. MICHAEL says, instinctively buttoning up his pockets. "We've subsidised the landlords, bolstered up the Church schools, tossed a trifle to Board Schools, and hired the Campania to take Members to the Naval Review. We must draw the line somewhere, and it's ruled firm and deep at a midday meal eaten at the nation's expense under the storied rafters of Westminster Hall."

The BLAMELESS BARTLEY explains that he doesn't want anything for nothing. What he resents is demand of a guinea for mere luncheon. "Five bob is ample," he says, in the excitement of the moment dropping into the vernacular. "The Kitchen Committee get coal, gas, china, glass, cutlery, table-cloths, all for nothing, rent free, and no questions asked. Place the business on those terms in the hands of the National Penny Bank, Limited, and we'll undertake to turn you out a good lunch at three and six a head, with ginger-

omission they are continually grumbled at. In connection with Jubilee they have put on extra spurt in endeavour to make Members and their friends comfortable on what should be a happy day. Straight-way immaculate Members are up in arms, asking Why is this, and Why is that, and Who says they sha'n't go into Westminster Hall, ticket or no ticket?

To this, culminating to-day in more questions addressed to First Commissioner. of Works, Committee reply by taking off their aprons, turning down their shirt-sleeves, putting on caps and coats, and leaving the premises. If Members want luncheon they must share the BLAMELESS BARTLEY'S cold bacon and bottled half-andhalf.

General ill-humour about what ought to be a joyous day. Macartney didn't improve matters by his elaborate little joke. Still, it was well done: much enjoyed spondent with the Greek Headquarters by Members who are not dependent on Staff.—At the seat of War! Why, we Campania for dinner and bed on Jubilee never had time to sit down!

night. JOHN AIRD wanted to know whether arrangements have been completed for enabling Members and their friends, seeing the review from the Campania, to stay on for the illuminations. As at present expensed, however, he tions. As at present arranged, having had frugal lunch served to them at national expense, the Campania company are to be put ashore in time to catch afternoon trains for London.

Appearance of MACARINEY at table to answer question gave assurance of hope to Members personally interested. No man could beam like the Secretary to the Admiralty did unless he had good news.

"Yes, Sir," he said cheerily, "I am glad to say it has been possible to make such arrangements.

arrangements. (Cheers.) Accommodation can be provided for 350 persons to dine -(renewed cheers)—sleep—(loud cheers)
-and breakfast—(hilarious applause)—on
oard the ship. The charge will be five board the ship. guineas a head." by low groans. A pained silence, broken

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill in Committee.

Friday.—General jubilation at adjournment for Whitsun Recess. Only Henniker Heaton gloomy and depressed.

"All very well for you and the rest to go and make merry," he said, when I asked him if he wasn't feeling well. "You don't care a rap whether the telegraph people reckon stepfather as two words, whilst you may get your grandmother through as one. It's different with me. Can't sleep o' nights thinking of it. Then there's Charing Cross. Is Charing Cross one place or more? I know of only one, and yet they make two words of it at the telegraph office. Similarly Kentish Town is reckoned at a penny in a message, whereas you may welter in Woodford Green for a half-penny.

"Why these things should be I can't tell you, and I can't get the Postmaster-General to tell me. The only gleam of light on a darkened existence was flashed on me when the Duke of Norfolk, in response to earnest and repeated entreaty, allowed mother-in-law to go as one word. In his letter to me his Grace said the relations with one's mother-in-law are so tender and intimate, the occasions for loving communication so frequent, the desire for rapid inter-communication so overpowering that he really could not turn a deaf ear to my petition. So motherin-law costs you only a halfpenny. But, as I say, the Post Office, whilst passing your grandmother on the same terms, draws the line at stepfather, sternly insisting on a penny. You may go and jubilate in the Jubilee if you like. For me, whilst these things are, life is scarcely worth living."

Business does not be same terms, draws the same terms, draws are life in scarcely worth living."

Business done.—Adjourned for Whitsun Recess.

## A Recent Incident.

By the side of a murmuring BROOKS An elderly gentleman walked; The one was excited in looks,
The other quite cool as he talked.
He spoke of the folly of youth,
In tones that go straight to the heart,
His moral was "Stick to the Truth."
"Stick!"—"Um—here's the House—v
must part."

## AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

THE SALOON OF LONDON.

DEAR MISTER, I visit the Royal Academy one certain afternoon. There is enormously of world. Impossible of to circulate! Impossible of to see the pictures! And what of persons who have not of the all the air of to be artist painters! What of old ladys, what of young gommeux, that which you call "smashers," what of misses of province in costumes truly remarkable, above all what of clargements! Samuelti and de clargements! Almost one would misses of province in costumes truly remarkable, above all what of clergymans! Sapristi, que de clergymans! Almost one would believe himself in a missionary's meeting, or in a churches congress. Sont-ils amateurs d'art, les clergymans anglais! Eh well, I go to essay, and by degrees I slip myself at the middle of the crowd in the first saloon. At pain I see the pictures. Unhappily I have not two meters of height, and by consequence, almost all the time, I see nothing at cause of the hats high of form of the smashers, or of the hats, still more high of form, of the gigantic misses. What enormous hats! What enormous misses! Some veritable amazons! veritable amazons!

However, I succeed to see some ones of the pictures. He However, I succeed to see some ones of the pictures. He seems to me that the painters who have not made some portraits or some landscapes have produced some scene of interior. What of pictures of the home! What of babys, of little childs, of little dogs, of grandmothers, of cats, of nurses! Some ones are charming, but at the fine that becomes fatiguing. Then evidently, for to repose himself, one must to regard the numberous pictures of Napolson First. I see two pictures enough remarkable and enough surrounded of spectators—the Halmet of Mister Abber, and the Boulter's Lock of Mister Gregory. Ils ne se ressemblent pas, they resemble not themselves, they are ne se ressemblent pas, they resemble not themselves, they are tragedy and comedy—a tragedy of the most sombres, a comedy of the most gays. In effect the colours of the Lock of Boulter are almost too much gay. While that I regard them, ébloui, a fat lady, a little aged, says to a mister who accompanies her, "That is a scheme of colour." Then I perceive that she has the hairs of gold, and that she carries a robe of red adorned of blue, and I comprehend that she has much studied the "schemes of colour," but until here not very well!

By degrees I traverse all the halls, and I arrive to the gallery By degrees 1 traverse all the halls, and 1 arrive to the gallery of sculpture, almost desert, and more late the gallery of architecture, absolutely desert. I have not envy of to repose myself in this sad solitude. But I am suchly fatigued that I desire to find the sideboard, le buffet. It would be very agreeable to drink the fivocklock—a vermouth with some water of seltz, or perhaps an english "lemonsquasch" with much of sugar—surrounded of sculpture and of verdure as at Paris. Ah, the beautiful occasion of to smoke a cigarette, and of to see to pass the ful occasion of to smoke a cigarette, and of to see to pass the adorable misses!

adorable misses!

Eh well, I demand to an employed, at the tourniquet, where is the sideboard, the "bar." He indicates to me the route. Of new I traverse the crowd, and I arrive to the gallery of the aquarelles. Unuseful then of to demand the bar, at the middle of a such odour of the kitchen! O'est évidemment par là. Tiens, les caves! Hold, the caves! Hold, the noses! It is a subterranean kitchen. Again I traverse the crowd and I demand the bar. Again the employed indicates to me the gallery of the water-coloureds. I say, "No, it is not by there, it is the kitchen." But he responds to me that if, que si, and that I must to descend. As that I arrive in fine to a restaurant, still more sad than the gallery of architecture. Not of verdure, not of sculpture, not of occasion of to smoke! I arrest myself at the entry. the entry.

While that I hesitate, a maître d'hôtel, that which you call "top waiter," demands me if I desire "the shilling tea." What is this that this is that that? He responds, "You pay a shilling, and you eat as much as you like." Allons done! To eat so much of the bread and butter, of the buns of bath, of the spongy cakes, of the jam pies, all that with some innumerable cups of tea? Sapristi, que non! Mille fois non! Sans mot dire je m'enfuis, without word to say I fly myself, and I arrest not myself before of to arrive in the Piccadilly. Me I love not much the tea, but a prodigious fivocklock as that, in a cellar—ah no, thank you!

Agree, &c., Auguste. thank you! Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

#### The Boastfulness of Belinda.

Arabella (concluding the description of the magnificence of her employer's home). And in the servants' 'all we 'as 'ot plovers' heggs ev'ry mornin' for brekfist.

Belinda. That's nothin'. At hour 'ouse hall the fires is laid with reel sparrow-grass sticks instead of wood!

[Arabella dries up. tion prices.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XIII.

# A TOAST TO THE POSTER GIRL.

(By an Artful Advertiser.)

HERE's to the maiden in verdigris green, Here's to the heauty in brimstone;
Here's to the flaunting, flat, Poster-girl, seen
On hoarding-board, dull brick, or grim stone!

Chorus.

Let the toast pass-· Drink to the lass! I'll warrant she'll prove—as a Poster—first-class!

Here's to the charmer with nose Roman size; Or the nymph who can boast next to none, Sir; Here's to the girl with a pair of green eyes, And a face like a twopenny bun, Sir. Chorus-Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom quite flat, And a mouth like a mouldy squashed cherry;
Here's to the girl with a grove on her hat,
A crude caricature of Miss Terry.

Chorus—Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be gawky, or let 'em be grim, And crowned with a knot or a feather, Fill a bumper of "Boy," yes, bang up to the brim, And toast all the caboodle together!

Let the toast pass-Drink to the lass! I'll warrant she'll prove—as an Ad.—quite first-class!

From the Irrepressible (not captured).—A daily paper states that a certain Syndicate is making a "corner" in Poultry for the Jubilee week. We suppose that this is the result of British hen-terprise.

#### A Great Power to the Little Ones.

FREEDOM's first rate, for Powers of first-class size; But little powers must not take liberties.

"THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."-Jubilee Show seats at sensa-



Monsieur. "Voilà un Chien comique! What you call him?" Miss. "I THINK IT IS A TERRIER. Monsieur. "Terrier, parbleu! Then I call him Ventre à Terre-ier!"

# A TAIL OF SCIENCE.

(By Tommy.)

At a meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society, Mr. E. Mawley presiding, a paper "On the use of Kites to obtain Meteorological Records in the Upper Air," by Mr. A. LAWRENCE ROTCH of the Blue Hill Observatory, Mass., was read.]

EXCEPT Mr. Dick and myself—whom Science has now proved right-

I fancy that no one in history has given due meed to the kite!

There was Benjamin Franklin, of course, who knew it was more than a toy:

But the pioneer of Science, I hold, after

all, was the Boy!
The toys of youth, you will find, if you look with unprejudiced eye,

Have taught man to dive and to soar, and

will probably teach him to fly.

I spent all my pocket-money last month in a monster kite;

And my father spanked me—for waste—

and said it was sinful, quite,
To squander on paper and paint, and a

mile of string on a skewer, What I might have spent on a book upon

Science by Huxley or Brewer.
And now come Mr. Mawley, and Mr. A.

LAWRENCE ROTCH,
To prove that as Science's wonder and meteorology's watch,
The kite of our youth takes the cake! In

informing my Gov. I shall glory. Hooray for that Lawrence Rotch of the Blue Hill Observatory!

Tis a lovely tale, by Jingo, chock full of those long-tailed words

On which the Gov. is so sweet. These kites they use, like birds,

With an Anymethermograph on a Bore

With an An mothermograph, or a Barothermohygrograph,

Attached to each aluminium tail—and this ien't my chaffAnd they'll tell you all sorts of things about height, and heat, and humidity; And to kick at a kite after that is a proof of paternal stupidity.

I mean to mug up those long words, as I know it will please the Gov.

If there's one thing more than another my respected pater does love, It is what he calls polly-syllables. I'll

give 'em to him in plenty, Like Mr. Tite Barnacle, with "circumlo-cution," "with the air of about five-

and-twenty,"

that will fetch him tremendous; and just won't dad look seraphical, And give me a tip-when I come out slick

with—Barothermohygrographical?

## INTERVIEWS WITH INANIMATE OBJECTS.

A BARREL-ORGAN.

It is no easy matter to successfully interview a barrel-organ. How I managed it must remain a secret, tempered by one

"What do you consider your proper rank as an instrument of—of—music?"

"Beyond all question, I should head the

list. Other instruments have no conception of tune apart from a more or less skilled musician, whereas the veriest donkey-power, if properly applied, is all that I need for the production of melody." "I think I grasp the idea. The trumpet,

trombone, and fiddle, are, comparatively speaking, raw material, but what of the musical box?"

"I confess that the musical box runs me close in intelligence, but it is deficient in power, and cannot produce my truly or-chestral effects."
"What is your favourite definition of yourself?"

"As a powerful instrument for the elevation of the masses."

"Then your mission is-"To disseminate far and wide the choice music-hall melodies of the day."

What is your favourite tune?" "It is rather hard to select where so many are really good. Personally, I place "E dunno where e are" in the very front rank, but there is no denying a great deal of inspiration to 'The Bogie Man.'"

"Have you not been objected to?"
"Yes; by confirmed faddists who have no music in their soul. I quite agree with Max Nordau that the mass of artistic and literary men are neurotic degenerates, and therefore unworthy of consideration.

But have you no pity for invalids?" "A case of genuine illness is a different matter, but there are so many malades imaginaires in this world, that a medical

certificate should always be forthcoming."
"Is it not true that some grinders are

unsympathetic, and would refuse to move on, even for a medical certificate?"
"A great deal of nonsense has been written on the subject. I have never yet known a man refuse to move on, if presented with half-a-crown for the purpose." "Would not that be an expensive me-

"That leads me up to my great remedy for everything! Music is an integral part of education. Money is being spent on Voluntary Schools and necessitous Board Schools. Why should not the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER endow all the harrel-opeans of the nation? It would barrel-organs of the nation? It would then become unnecessary for a grinder to insist upon playing at any given spot, and houses where sickness prevailed might hang out some recognised sign which would secure immunity. Of course, to prevent imposture, the Public Officer of Health (or. perhaps, the Charity Organi-

sation Society) would inquire carefully in every case to see that it was a bond fide case of illness."

"Admirable! And now, what do you think of the prospects of English music?"

"There is much to encourage the consistent of the consistent of the constant of the consta Music-halls are spreading, and the population. You will find noisseur.

leavening the population. ten boys and girls capable of whistling the latest music-hall ditty, for every one who could do so a few years ago. Yes; the outlook is distinctly promising!"

Just then, someone began to turn the handle, and I retired.

## THE LAY OF A GARDEN HAT.

A Swain having been reproached by his Fiancée for cutting her, replies.

DEAR AMY, do not think I deem You not, as ever, charming, The subject for a poet's dream, One's sense and heart disarming!

So prithee, in your mercy say You will not be too hard on The man who can but crave and pray

To gain a boon—your pardon! It simply was because you wear A hat of such pretensions,

That underneath its gay parterre You lose your own dimensions. That hat conceals your violet eyes With artificial roses.

And recognition so defies One wonders where your nose is! It is a hat that wants much room, Bedecked beyond expression-

I only trust you'll clip its bloom

Before the QUEEN'S Procession!



With firm-gript lance and gesture free, BOADICEA! And ANNE—strange pair!— To hail VICTORIA'S Jubilee!

Hainault's PHILIPPA, EDWARD's bride,
The brave she-lion ELIZABETH,
MARY, MARIA the Austrian's pride,
That lovelier MARIE, wed to death,
JOSEPHINE, CATHERINE, she whose breath

Wafted COLUMBUS o'er the sea!— Earth's host of great queens mustereth To hail VICTORIA'S Jubilee!

God save the QUEEN! So shout her peers, Great shades from earth's long history, Who greet VICTORIA'S Sixty Years, And hail her Diamond Jubilee!

#### TOM THUMB AT BUCKING-HAM PALACE.

"To M
THUMB exhibited in
the evening
at Buckingham Palace
as NAPOLEON, HER
MAJEST
liking a little
nap after
dinner." So
said Mr.
Punch in his
"Bubbles of
the Year"



(1844), under date April 2, of his Almanack for the year 1845. The young QUEEN is taking her little NAPby the hand; the PRINCE CONSORT. the Duke of WELLING-TON, Sir ROBERT PEEL, Lord BROUGHAM, and Sir JAMES GRA-HAM looking admiringly

# MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC DREAM.

MR. PUNCH was certainly seated in a private box, so he must have been in a theatre. But what the play was about, and where it was performed, are different matters. Mr. Punch refuses to pledge himself. All he knows is that he had many visitors. He recognised most

of them, and theyallknew him.

"This place is more comfortable than the old house of '37," said Mr. MAC-READY. "In the early days of Her MAJESTY'S reign stalls were unknown."

"Yes, and the patent theatres had a monopoly of the legitimate," observed Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES. "In our time a play had to be turned into a burletta and gar-nished with music before it could be produced elsewhere."

"At the Haymarket, just sixty years ago," continued Mr. MACREADY, "I was playing in a version of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S Maid's Tra-

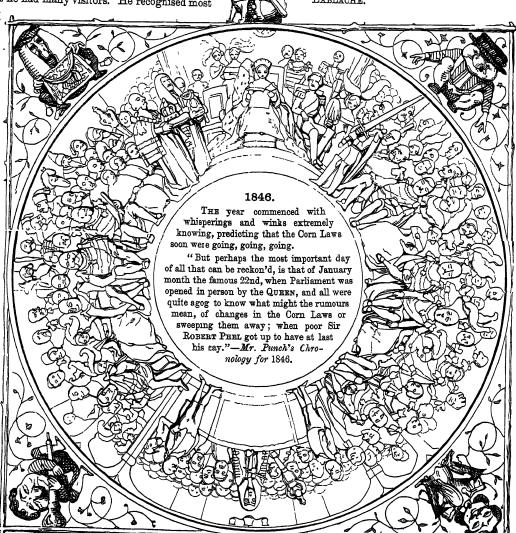
gedy, called by our friend here, The Bridal. I of course took the principal character myself."

"I was singing at His Majesty's Theatre at the same date, and they called me Miss Grisi," said a famous cantatrice, "and I had for my colleagues PASTA and LABLACHE."

"Who was a t the e Strand?" asked Mr. Punch. "I fancy they were playing a piece by Moncrieff, called Sam Weller; or, the Pickwickians. Who was in it?"

"I quite forget," said Mrs. STIR-LING. "But at the date of our dear QUEEN'S accession there were at least two of your own merry men writing for the stage, DOUGLAS JERROLD, of Black-eyed Susan fame, and King Incog, Revolt of the Workhouse, GIL-BERTABBOTT ABECKETT."

"Before my time," cried Mr. Punch.
"I did not take up my permanent a bode in L on d on until 1841, and you! are talking of 1837."





T MADAME LA MODER REVIEWS A FEW OF HER VACARIES DURING THE LAST SIXTY YEARS.

### OUEEN VICTORIA AND MR. PUNCH.

THE Victorian Era and the Punchian Period have been, as was fitting, almost exactly contemporaneous. HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY had—as was also fitting, place aux dames!—a little start. VICTORIA acceded to her throne, upon the death of WILLIAM THE FOURTH, on June 20, 1837, and was proclaimed on the 21st. Punch came into his kingdom just four years later in

the throne of the world-wide British Empire for four years only, referred to her in his "Royal Rhythmical Alphabet" in this prophetic line:—

"V is for VICTORIA, 'the Bess of Forty-one."

Now, fifty-six years later, everybody is drawing comparisons between VICTORIA and that earlier great English

1841,andwas proclaimed, urbi et orbi, by Preface, his own favoured and especial form of proclamation and edict, on July 17th of that year. Punch, however, though owning no man master, was ever a loyal 1846. subject to his "This is a time of sharp in-"THIS is a time of sharp intrigue, confusion, noise and bustle;
for ROBERT PREL has lost his place,
and given place to RUSSELL. So the
"Great Commoner" retires, but in heroic
attitude; sure of remembrance by the poor,
with goodwill and with gratitude. The
gentle, constitutional, young QUEEN well
stands the test of welcoming the coming,
while she speeds the parting quest. Sir Sovereign Lady, whom, in his third number, he referred to as ROYAL while she speeds the parting, guest. Sir MISTRESS. while she speeds the parting, guest on Robers's followers look glum and mutter grim admonishment, whilst Johnny's boys romp gaily in, to the Iron Duke's astonishment."—Mr. "ever solicitous to enchain the Punch's Chronology for hearts of her 1846. devoted subjects by an impartial use of her pre-rogative." With a foresight truly remarkable, he, in his sixth number, when the young QUEEN, only just of age.

queĕn, ELIZABETH, whom she has rivalled in glory, and surpassed both in all womanly excellence and in length of reign. Let it be remembered that Punch prophetically and publicly made that comparison as early as August 21, in the year of grace 1841.

Punch, whotoslightly modify the familiar aspiration of HER MAJESTY'S earliest Poet Laureate,

"--- could wish his days to be Bound each to each byration-al loyalty,"—

is now celebrating, in his Hundred and Twelfth Volume, the Diamond Jubilee of the same royal lady whom he soberly honoured in his First.

## SOME JUBILEE STATISTICS.

had occupied

CONTRACT OF THE PARTY

(By a Mathematician very Much Abroad.)

It has been estimated that the seats to view the Procession, if placed side by side, would reach from St. Paul's to Liverpool;

if placed side by side, would reach from St. Paul's to Liverpool; but that is not all, for calculating from the returns to hand which are based on the 1887 figures, it appears that 7,126,459 corns will be trodden on 257,166,002 times between the hours of 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. on June 22. Their respective owners will utter 949,422,785,124 imprecations, which, if carefully recorded in 623,655 phonographs, instead of being wasted on the wrong persons would be among to supply the whole on the wrong persons, would be enough to supply the whole population of London and their heirs at the rate of 188,472.142857 per head until the arrival of Macaulay's New Zealander in 3258 a.D.

"Now we sha'n't be long!" will be remarked by 6,238,651 persons, 6,237,520 of whom ought to be confined in 58,109 lunatic asylums, the remaining 1,131 having escaped for the day. 2,642 Derby dogs will get in the way of the cortège, giving vent to 38,122 howls, and receiving 400,009 kicks.

2,489,060 views will be obscured by 248,906 matinée hats.

94,361 infants will be lost or mislaid by 94,180 mothers—the difference in these totals being accounted for by the fact that 358 will be twins and 3 triplets.

32,604 persons of the male sex will not come home that night,

32,004 persons of the male sex will not come home that night, having lost, so 14,392 will say, 178,299 trains; the remainder will appear in 218 police-courts the next morning.

Of the 289,175 seat-holders 52.3 per cent. will view only the top half of the Royal Bonnet, 17.06 per cent. will be busy with lunch at the critical moment, 8.5 per cent. will have fainted from fatigue or excitement, and 7.17 per cent. will not get there at all.

## A Peep into the Crystal Palace.

HANDEL is the composer in possession. The motto of the day is "Manns conscia recti." It will be a great week for the Palace, which will always be a genuine delight for all visiting London on "this occasion only," and who would onait from their agenda almost anything rather than a visit to the Crystal Palace, especially during a "Handel Festival." The C. P., with a HANDEL to its name, is an irresistible attraction. Mr. P. wishes the C. P. a big success with the B. P. the C.P. a big success with the B.P.





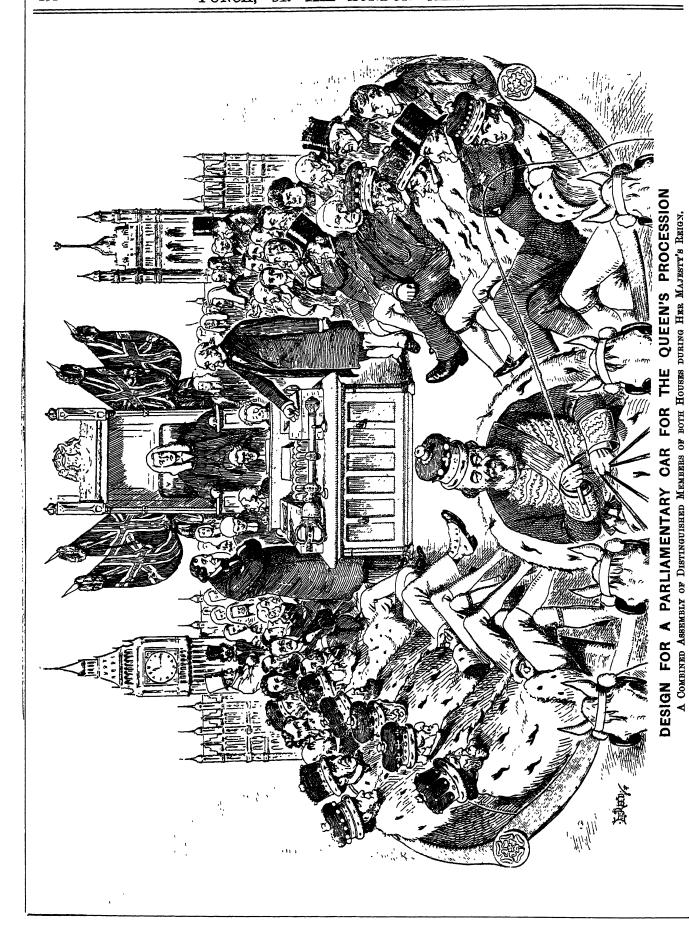


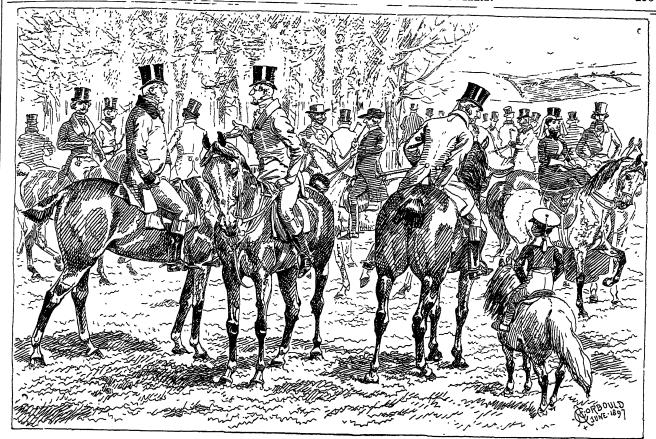




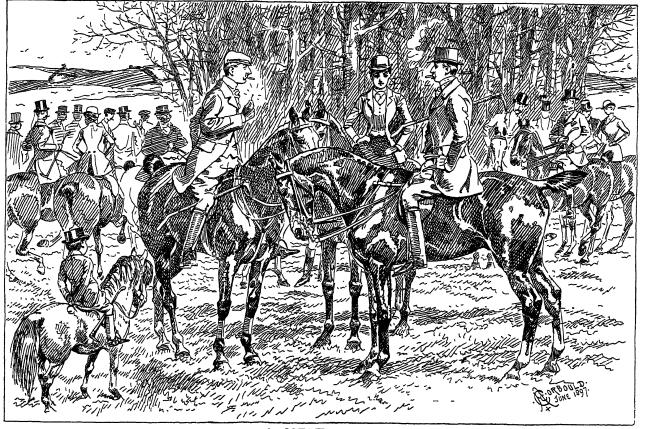
THE JOURNALIST-NOW.

FLEET STREET.





A MEET. 1837.



A MEET. 1897.



# AT THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

First Doubtful Character. "My eye, Mate, this is a Squash!"

Second D. C. "Squash! Why, s'elp me, if I ain't 'ad my 'and in this Cove's Pocket for the larst Twenty Minits, an' CAN'T GET IT OUT!"

## EXTREMES MEET;

OR, SOME VICTORIAN CONTRASTS.

Scene—A Club Smoking-room. (Artist—Mr. Punch.) Characters— Augustus FitzFaddell, a "heavy swell," tempore Leech, with eyeglass, whiskers, lisp, and drawl of period. Bobbie Blount, eyeglass, whiskers, lisp, and drawl of period.
a gilded youth of the present day.

Augustus. Haw—twy one of these wegaliaws?

[Tendering a weed of about the size of a rocket.

Bobbie (flinching at the mere sight of it). My dear old chap, afraid I musta't, really. Never smoke anything but an occasional cigarette, don't you know.

[Produces a small gun-metal case with cipher in brilliants,

and lights a slim, gold-tipped cigarette.

Augustus. Wathaw pwetty, those little paper things—look tho doothid innothent.

Bobbie (looking at his wrist). Hullo, confound it all! I've lost my bangle—nuisance!

Augustus. I can feel for you, my deaw fellaw; only the othaw day I lost the little gwidiron off my chatelaine, and I've been a positive weck evaw since—haw.

Bobbie (to himself). Beastly effeminate ass, this. (Aloud.)

Ah, we all have our sorrows, what.

Augustus. I vewy nearly cwied, I assure you. And this morning I made the howwid discovery that a wuby had dwopped out of one of the eves of my death's-head scarf-pin!

Bobbie. Hard luck! Augustus. It was thuch a weally stunning pin. I don't feel pwoperly dwessed without it.

Bobbie. Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. No one can accuse you of not being "dressed."

Augustus. Think not? I—aw—flattaw myself these twousaws are wathaw neat. Got the ideaw from the zebwa at the Zoo.

Bobbie. Rippin—that is, well, I mean to say—they look all

right—on you.

Augustus Don't vou find it a howwid baw not being able to gwow any whiskaws?

Bobbie. Oh, I don't know: most of the fellows I know are rather by way of clean-shavin'—if you know what I mean.

Augustus (shuddering). Weally? If I sacwificed my whiskaws,

I should look the extwemely widiculous. They're the pwide of my existence. Without whiskaws, life would be an-awblank.

Bobbie. Oh, you could keep a poodle or somethin', what?

Augustus. A westless quadwuped who would expect me to thwow sticks into the wataw and muddy my side spwing boots! Haw, no thanks. I feel faint at the mere ideaw. Take my arm

nam, no thanks. I reel faint at the mere ideaw. Take my arm and let us—aw—stwoll down Piccadilly.

\*\*Robbie (to himself).\*\* Stroll down Piccadilly arm-in-arm with a Johnny like an old-fashioned music-hall pro! Catch me! (Aloud.) Er—delighted—that is, well, fact is, promised I'd bike down to Ranelagh with some people. Time I got into bicyclin' kit. Do you ride a bicycle, what?

\*\*Augustus.\*\* Me wide a howwid velocipede and woll along in a fwantic huwwy! No, no; I think any want of wepose is shockingly vulgaw—aw.

rwantic nuwwy! No, no; I think any want of wepose is snockingly vulgaw—aw.

Bobbie. My dear chap, nowadays the only really vulgar thing is refinement. By, by. (To himself.) Where on earth has that emptyheaded bounder sprung from?

Augustus (to himself). Wegulah snob! Aw, I wondaw what's become of all the weal swells.

#### THE DIVERSIONS OF JUBILEE DAY.

LONDONERS cannot be accused of taking their pleasure sadly, or, if they do, it is their own fault, and not that of the officials,

who are so considerately providing for their entertainment.
"Vehicular traffic" is to be "diverted" in all sorts of ways:

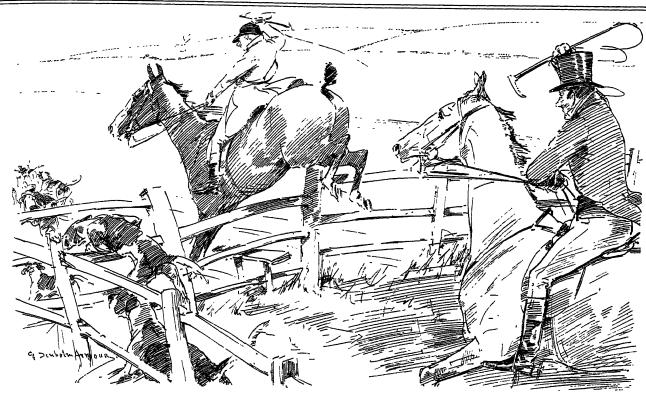
"Light vehicular traffic" is also to be "diverted," with probably some less boisterous form of amusement. For "Traffic going Eastward," other "diversions" are arranged.

going mastward," other "diversions" are arranged.

And, what is more, anybody employing vehicular traffic, and, in spite of all police blandishments, obstinately refusing to be "diverted," will find himself in Chokee, or in Queer Street, where he will be left to himself to reflect on the inconvenient results of any individual not falling in with the official sense of

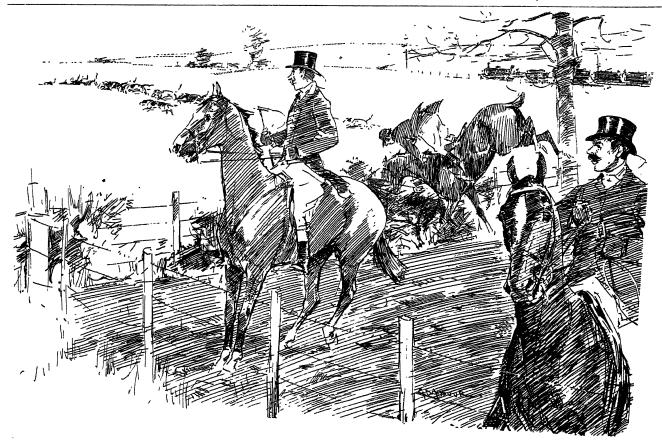
"Diversions" everywhere, and, probably, most theatres closed.

WEEDS THAT DIMINISH APACE AT A SMOKING CONCERT.—Cigars.



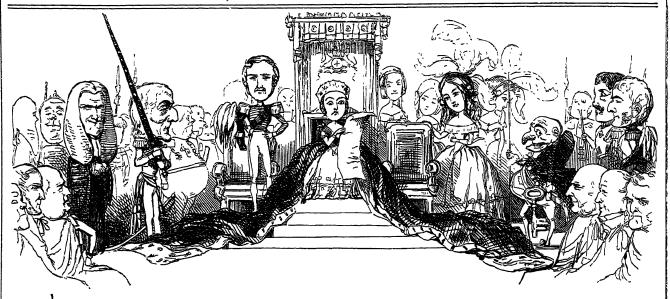
PAST AND PRESENT. A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1837.

"GLORIOUS RUN TO-DAY! DREW TOD'S GORSE-A SURE FIND. TOOK A SPLENDID LINE. BIG JUMPING, MOSTLY TIMBER."



PAST AND PRESENT. A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1897.

"Wretched Sport! No Foxes in the Country! Found late in the Afternoon at Tod's Gorse, but could not bide a Yard for Wire. Several Hounds Killed on the Railway."



## OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 4, 1845.

THE opening of Parliament, by our young QUEEN in person! A theme which Punch's loyal Muse failed not to turn a verse on! The fair young QUEEN of February, Eighteen-forty-five, In Eighteen-ninety-seven, Heaven be thanked! is yet alive; Though half a century hath fied, and forms have passed away Of many great ones who beheld that Royal Opening Day, The handsome, glad young Consort with plumed hat and princely port.

The venerable Iron Duke, pride of the young Queen's Court, Lyndhurst, the stately Chancellor, suave Granville, stern Bucoleuch,

Grave Aberdeen, proud Stanley, Napier, Ellenborough, too, All cluster round the sweet girl Queen who holds in fingers taper A memorable Royal Speech, that wondrous "Scrap of Paper," Whilst down below, in a wild rush the "loyal Commons" troop, Headed by Mr. Speaker. Peel and Russell lead the group. Graham and Goulburn follow; there is Brougham's colossal beak; O'Connell, with "Repeal," intent Ould Oireland's wrath to wreak

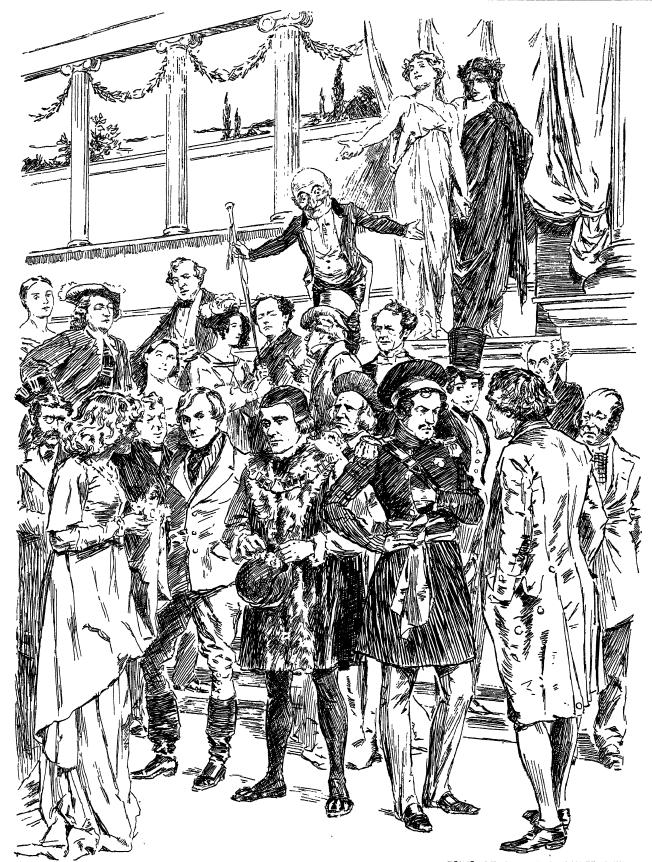
Upon the haughty Saxon, whilst behind him swift "Ben Dizzy," Intent on "smashing everyone," is making very busy.

Then that "Cheap Bread Petition!" Ah! what changes it portends Of Peel's fast coming policy doomed to sunder closest friends! Alas! Or friends or foes these hosts are now all passed away, The Queen and Punch alone survive to greet this Jubilee Day; VICTORIA to see a sight no Sovereign yet hath seen, And Punch to ponder memories, and to shout "God save the

Queen!"







THALIA AND MELPOMENE, ASSISTED BY MR. PUNCH, HOLD A RECEPTION OF NOTABLE HISTRIONS OF THE PAST SIXTY YEARS.



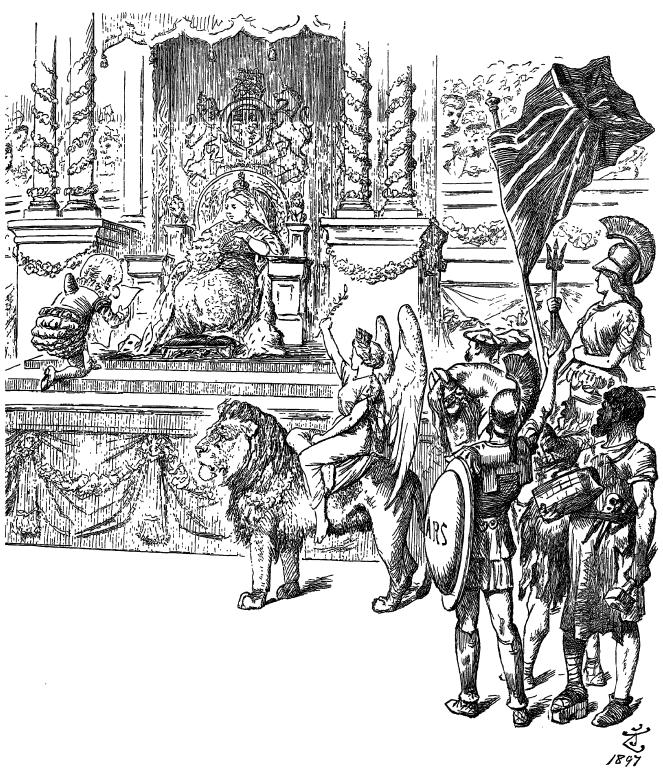
THEN first he formed th' immense and solid shield, Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field; On whose broad disc the artificer made plain The wondrous triumphs of Victoria's reign. Thereon, in symbolism fair, appears Science's victor course through Sixty Years.

Thereon, too, pictured clear in every part, The gentler conquests of her sister, Art! The images of Peace, and types of War; Engine and cycle, ship and motor-car, Great gun's and swift torpedo's Titan might, Triumphs of Health, sweet ministries of Light;

Wonders of speed and miracles of sound,
With Beauty's benedictions, grace that round
Of marvels, showing plain how Power and Wealth,
Culture and Cultivation, Taste and Health,
Growths of her Sixty Years, their honous yield
To deck the disc of the Victorian Shiffin!



"FOR QUEEN



ND EMPIRE!!"

# "COMPASS'D BY THE INVIOLATE SEA."



A QCEEN sation the rocky brow
Which looks o'er the broad British sea;
War-ships in hundreds ranged below,
To grace our Diamond Jubilee.

Funch counted them, and cried, "Hooray! I his sight well crowns a glorious day!"

Britannia silent sat and gazed On those grim warders of her isle,

Flags flaunted, beacons brightly blazed!
Responsive then to Punch's smile,
"All's well," she cried, "old friend, whilst we
Are 'compass'd by the inviolate sea.'"



PAST AND PRESENT.

A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1837.

"Had a glorious day's Sport! Bag Nine and a half Brace. Dogs worked beautifully! I begin to like my new Percussion Gun."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 21.— House in Committee of Supply; benches almost empty. Corporal Hanbury at gangway-end, and PRINCE ARTHUR seated nearly in the middle, are only occupants of Treasury Bench. After a while, soothed by Treasury Bench. After a while, soothed by monotonous voice of Chairman putting vote after vote, Prince Arthur's chin dropped on his breast. He seemed to sleep—no strange thing in circumstances. What puzzled me as I watched him (noting, by the way, the streaks of grey beginning to gleam in his dark hair), was the motion of his head and the expression on his face. Sometimes he turned his head to the right, bending down as if listening to one seated an inch or two lower than himself. His mobile face displayed the keenest interest. Occasionally his lips moved, as if in response to an observation. response to an observation. Anon, he turned quickly to the other side, and, his head now uplifted from its bending attitude, seemed to listen with the same air of reverent attention.

The curious scene did not last many moments. Not the least weird part of it was the conviction borne in upon me that I had been watching a conversation carried on for at least an hour. PRINCE ARTHUR

assured me later he had certainly been talking to Lord John Russell and Pam for over an hour. Yet I am prepared to take oath that the whole thing, which I saw from first to last, did not occupy two minutes.

Whilst it was fresh in his mind, PRINCE ARTHUR told me all about it. He was ARTHUR told me all about 10. Inc. sitting, as I have said, watching the votes piled up; last thing he remembers was the roles of Mr. Lowther saying, "The the voice of Mr. Lowther saying, "The question I have to put is—"

"Do you think this is the Treasury Bench? It doesn't look like the same

This last was not Lowther's voice, nor was it a continuation of the question he

had been putting.
"Of course not," said another, sharper, and more cheery voice. "The place we sat in this night sixty years ago, on the eve of the accession of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, was a temporary building run up after the old Houses were burned down. It was used pending the building of the palatial structure opened in the Exhibition year."

"The year you were turned out, my dear Johnny; when Derby came in, bringing Dizzy with him as Chancellor of the Exchequer."

PRINCE ARTHUR knew who they were at once. The little gentleman with the broad-

brimmed hat was Lord John Russell, Home Secretary and Leader of the House of Commons in Lord Melbourne's Ministry, the one which paid earliest homage to Queen VICTORIA. The other (who, PRINCE ARTHUR was surprised to see, didn't carry a straw in his mouth) was Lord PALMER-STON, Foreign Secretary in the same Government. They seated themselves one on each side of PRINCE ARTHUR, Lord JOHN to the right, PAM to the left.

to the right, Pam to the lett.

"Didn't you feel creepy?" I asked him.

"Not a bit," he said. "Seemed most natural thing in the world. 'Good evening, my lords,' I said. 'Very pleased to see you in the old place. Glad, also, to find you so friendly. Old scores forgotten up there—or, I mean, wherever you may chance to foregather?"

"Oh! yes," said Pam; "I long ago had tit-for-tat with Johnny Russell, and we bear no malice. Thought we'd drop in on this interesting occasion. Hope we don't intrude. Were present, you know, at first Privy Council of the girl-Queen; heard her first speech from the throne in another place; interesting to stroll round and look in on the old shop sixty years after. Place looks different from this night sixty years ago. I don't mean chamber itself, that of fashion of dress. You've more young men than we had. If you turn up the list of the House of 1837, you'll see we were mostly middle-aged gentlemen of substance.

"Yes." said JOHNNY; "and what strikes me particularly is the way you fellows sport the moustache. In our time, only army men, and not all regiments, wore the moustache. If I remember right, some years after the QUEEN came to the throne,

only two regiments wore the moustache, the Huzzars and the Blues."

"Quite so," said Pam. "Your memory, always wonderful, has not shrivelled up under normal circumstances of extreme heat. Ahem! I mean you are still as smart as when you fomented that row about my saying a friendly word to the Prince President after the coup d'état."

PRINCE ARTHUR thought he detected a sneering tone in this remark. Lord John

took no notice.

"I am much obleeged to you," he said, with courteous inclination of his head. "I certainly remember a scene in the House just fifty years ago. There was there a member of O'Connell's party, one Alder-man Reynolds. He represented the city of Dublin. An Orange Member who wore a heavy pair of moustachios, having made a violent attack on the Repealers, Aldera violent attack on the Repealers, Alderman Reynolds rose to reply. In course of his speech he constantly alluded to the Orangeman as 'the hon. and gallant Member.' 'I am not in the army,' interrupted the Orangeman. 'The hon. Member says he is not in the army,' responded the alderman, 'but I think if he has quitted the trade he ought to take down the sign-poard,' and here the alderman swent from board,' and here the alderman swept from

his upper lip an imaginary moustache."
"Ha! ha!" laughed Pam, in his cheery
way. "I suppose my Prince knows no
personal remarks of that kind in his multireformed Parliaments; no shaking of fists across the table, no Members suspended for disorderly conduct, no free fights on the floor of the House, eh?"

A blush mantled Arrhur's ingenuous

face. This must have been the moment

when I observed him hanging his head.
"Tut, tut!" said Lord John. "Human
nature's the same at all epochs. House of

Commons, the most perfect microcosm of human nature, varies little through the ages. Nor does the tendency to laud earlier times as compared with the present. I suppose, now, you've lots of superior ola I suppose, now, you've lots of superior of gentlemen who protest that your House of Commons to-day is a ragged assembly compared with what it was sixty or seventy years ago? I can imagine one of these writing, 'The new Parliament consists of more editors of papers, shop-keepers, obscure barristers, and attorneys than any former Parliament. Holland and Portugal might disannear from the world Portugal might disappear from the world without exciting the feelings or care of a

"I heard something at the Carlton the other day very like that," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "Only there was nothing said chart Helland and Partural. It was the about Holland and Portugal. It was the Cape and Constantinople that troubled the patriotic mind. Cropping up in our foreign politics of to-day there is about mention of Holland and Portugal a smell

"Precisely. You've just hit it. The passage I quoted is from a letter by Soarpassage I quoted is from a letter by SCAR-LETT, afterwards Lord Abinger. I remem-ber it as if it were yesterday, though it was dated February 11, 1832. At that time, Holland and Portugal were troubling the waters of foreign politics. But there's always something for what believe you call the Jingo to get in a fluster about. There's nothing new under the sun certainly not the Jingo. Pam was the primest Jingo of the century; weren't you, dear boy?"

"Yes; and a nice time I had with you and Prince A————," murmured Pam, a

look of melancholy momentarily clouding look of melancholy momentarily clouding the place where his brow used to be. "After all, many things are new in this place," he added after an awkward pause. "Your closure, your twelve o'clock rule, your long contributions to debate by in-considerable Members, your tea on the Terrace, your private rooms for Ministers, your objection to adjourn over the Derby. your objection to adjourn over the Derby, your electric lights, your signal from the Clock Tower, your national expenditure of over a hundred millions, and, more marvellous still, your income in excess of that fabulous sum. All these are new since the June afternoon when JOHNNY and I sat on the bench corresponding with his in the temporary House of Commons, knowing that in the early morning WILLIAM THE FOURTH had passed away, and that we

were now the Ministers of a Queen."
"There are," PRINCE ARTHUR observed, "some other novelties in the situation as compared with the epoch you recall. How

would you like-

would you like——"
PRINCE ARTHUR turned to put a question to Lord John, and found the space he had occupied empty. There was nothing between him and the portly figure of Corporal Hanbury. Turning his head quickly, he found that Pam also had vanished, leaving not a straw behind. He rubbed his eyes. There was Mr. Lowther in the Chair, at the moment remarking, "The question is that a sum not exceeding £320,000 be granted to Her Majesty to meet the charges arising out of——"

meet the charges arising out of—"
"Why." cried Prince Arthur, looking round, decidedly dazed, "he was saying that when They came in!"

Business done.—Strangers in the House.

A DRUCE OF A PLAYER.—The captain of the Cambridge University Cricket Club.



# PAST AND PRESENT.

A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1897.

"Sport fair to-day. Bag Three Hundred Brace. My new pair of Hammerless EJECTORS SHOT WELL. SHOULD HAVE DONE BETTER IF I HAD HAD A THIRD GUN."

## MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC DREAM. (Continued.)

"I was coming to the front in 1837," said JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE. "I wrote

and played for a quarter of a century."
"You did," acquiesced Benjamin Webster.
"I was lessee of the Haymarket in the forties, and you took my lease of the little house afterwards. Don't you remember, Mr. Punch, that I offered a prize for the best comedy, and one of your staff gave a series of scenes from the rejected competing compositions?"

"To be sure. And the collection included TALFOURD, BULWER LYTTON, and

FITZBALL."

FITZBALL."

"The last was my rival with the books of the operas," put in Mr. Bunn. "You used to chaff me, Sir, but so you did everybody, inclusive of that poor little foreigner chap, Monsieur Jullien."

"He was a foreigner," put in Balfe, "but he could appreciate native talent, such as that possessed by Miss Romer, who was playing in my Catherine Grey, not to speak of my contemporaries of later days, Louisa Pyne and William Harrison."

"You were rather hard upon me, Mr. Punch," said CHARLES KEAN, "but I bear no malice. I did my best, although I gave

no malice. I did my best, although I gave you the impression that all the characters I created suffered from a cold in the head."

"My good CHARLES, I am delighted to see you," cried the Sage, cordially. "And you, too, CHARLES the younger, son of the elder MATHEWS. KEAN, you regenerated the poetical drama, and CHARLEY, you taught us light comedy."

"I was in that line myself," observed LEIGH MURRAY. "Do you remember The Camp at Chobham. with KEELEY?"

Camp at Chobham, with KEELEY?"
"Ah, now we have taken a jump into

the Crimean days, when Miss WOOLGAR and Madame CELESTE were at the

Adelphi."

"I believe you, my boy," drawled Paul Bedford. "I played up to Wright."

"And John Laurence Toole," said Mr. Punch, "who is still happily amongst us."

"HEARTS" THAT ARE OFTEN BOUGHED DOWN.—The cherries of Kent.

HOT COPPERS.—Perspiring policemen on Jubilee Day.



#### **EXTREMES MEET:**

OR, SOME VICTORIAN CONTRASTS.

Scene—A London Street (designed, arranged, and executed by Mr. Punch). Characters—Street-boy, early Victorian: battered tall hat, comforter, short jacket, and shorter white duck trousers; Streetboy, late Victorian.

Early Victorian Boy. Vell, but I say, vill it come along this

'ere werry road?

Late V. B. Yuss! yn't I a tellin' of yer? Tork abart a

bloomin' mug, you tike the kike, strite yer do!

Early V. B. But vot'll it be like ven it does come along?

Late V. B. What'll it be loike? Whoy, loike a Jubilee, o'
course, yer fat 'ed!

Early V. B. But vot is a Jubilee—sort of Jack-in-the-Green?

Late B. V. A Jeck-in-the-Green! Na-ow! There'll be a bloomin' percession, wiv the QUEEN in 'er kerridge, and all the ryal blokes on 'orses, an' sojers, and sich.

Early V. B. Crikey! And vill the QUEEN be a vearin' or 'alding of it?

'olding of it?

Late V. B. Wearin' o' what? D'yer mean a topper, sime as what you've got on your crumpet?

Early V. B. I never said nothink about no topper, nor yet crumpets. I mean this 'ere Jubilee Dimond.

Late V. B. Oo 're yer gittin' at? There yn't no Jubilee doimond, it's a Doimond Jubilee.

Early V. B. Na-ow! It yn't mide outer nuffink.

Early V. B. Na-ow! It yn't mide outer nuffink.

Early V. B. Then vot do coves go and call it a Dimond Jubilee for? Come, now!

Late V. B. What do they?—Whoy, it's pline enough, yn't it? They call it a Doimond Jubilee becos— Well, there, you wanter know too much, you do, with yer "vells," and yer "vots," and yer "vots," and yer "vots," and yer "vots," loike a bloomin' 'Oundsditch sheeny! I cawn't mike out whart yer syin' of arf the toime. Whoy cawn't yer pernounce sime as what others do?

Early V. B. It ain't my fault if I haven't had your beddica-

Early V. B. It ain't my fault if I haven't had your heddication, is it?

Late V. B. Well, there's suthink in that. Them Board School blokes yn't arf as sharp in some plices as what they are in others. I've 'ad to gow regler, I 'ave.

## A SONG IMPERIAL. 1897.

STAND up England, land of toil and duty, In your smoking cities, in your hamlets green; Stand up England, land of love and beauty, Stand up, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

Stand up Scotland, up Wales and Ireland, Loyal to her royalty, crowd upon the scene; Stand up, all of us, we who are the sire-land, Stand up, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

Stand up ye Colonies, the joy-cry reaches you,
Near lands, far lands, lands that lie between; Where the sun bronzes you, where the frost bleaches you, Stand up, shout out, God save the Queen!

Stand up all! Yes, princes, nobles, peoples,
All the mighty Empire—mightier ne'er hath been; Boom from all your decks and towers, clang from all your steeples God save VICTORIA, God save the QUEEN!

Why not? Has she not ever loved and served us, Royal to us, loyal to us, gracious ever been?

Ne'er in peace betrayed us, ne'er in war unnerv'd us;

Up, then, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

But now our sun descends, from the zenith westward,
Westward and downward, of all mortals seen; Yet may the long day lengthen, though the fall be rest-ward, May we long together cry, God save the QUEEN!

When in the coming time, 'neath the dim ocean line, Our dear sun shall sink in the wave serene, Tears will fill these eyes of mine, tears will fill those eyes of thine, Lowly kneeling, all will pray, God save the Queen!

"HE is not exactly an infidel, nor a deist," observed a Mrs. Malaprop of our time; "they tell me he is an Acrostic."





## **EXTREMES MEET:**

OR, SOME VICTORIAN CONTRASTS.

III.

Scene-The Sea-shore (from sketches made by Mr. Punch). Charac-TERS—Miss Flora, tempore Libech: mushroom hat, hair in a net, zouave jacket, and crinoline; Miss Bloomer, same period: Spanish hat, jacket, white waistcoat, short skirt and frilled pantalettes; Miss Latohkey, present date: divided skirts, straw hat, tweed coat, many's chick calling and tie. man's shirt, collar and tie.

Miss Flora. I know you'll say I'm a silly little thing, but I don't want the men to think me a fright.

Miss Bloomer. All sensible men, my dear, consider the Bloomer

Lauss Bloomer. All sensible men, my dear, consider the Bloomer costume most becoming. It's only that stupid old Punch that tries to hold it up to ridicule.

Miss Latchkey. Why should you care what men think of you? Surely, surely a woman has some higher object than to make herself the pet and plaything of those selfish tyrants. She has her work to do in the world.

Miss Flora I do make herself had been selfish tyrants.

Miss Flora. I do work hard, at my piano and harp, and I make bead mats and wax flowers, and oh, lots of things.

Miss Bloomer. And I have laboured incessantly to prove to these so-called "Lords of Creation" that their most distinctive articles of attire are even better adapted to the feminine figure than to their own.

Miss Latchkey. You neither of you understand! Don't you see that all your pretty accomplishments, all your eccentricities of costume are alike directed to the slavish end of making yourselves more attractive to the eye of man? I have got far beyond that I ignore man's very existence—except as a comrade and rival, to be met and crushed in the struggle for existence. I assert the woman's right to live her own life in dignified inde-

pendence.

Miss Flora. La, dear, and how do you manage it?
Miss Latchkey. Very easily. I share a tiny flat with another girl, and live on tinned lobster and marmalade and tea, which is better than vegetating in the stifling atmosphere of the domestic circle Besides, I have the support of knowing that I am doing good and useful work.

Miss Bloomer. Might I inquire what work?

Mass Bloomer. Might I inquire what work?

Miss Latchkey. Certainly. I am on the staff of "Chiffons," and do the fashionable weddings and parties, and describe the frocks and so on. Sometimes I get a minor celebrity to interview—a woman, of course. The pay isn't much, but anything is better than the degrading rôle of ministering to the vanity of the other sex!

Miss Bloomer. So far as I can understand, your present mission, my dear, is to minister to the vanity of your own sex, which is undoubtedly a far higher and nobler occupation.

Miss Flora. It must be very nice, and I'm sure it's quite as ladylike as doing wool-work. I shall try and coax dear Papa to let me take it up. [Speechless disgust of Miss LATCHKEY. | country.

## MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC DREAM.

(Concluded.)

"AH, what memories are conjured up when we speak of the Adelphi," said BEN WEBSTER. "There were the Green Bushes and the Colleen Bawn."

"Myself in that same," cried DION BOUCICAULT, with a taste of a brogue.

"And don't forget myself—in the Peep o' Day," murmured EDMUND FALCONER.
"It had a plot that no fella could understand," stammered

Lord DUNDREARY SOTHERN.
"Glad to see you," said Mr. Punch. "Your David Garrick

has a worthy representative at the Criterion."

"Pray don't forget the merry companies at the Strand, the Royalty, and the old Prince of Wales," said Mr. JOHN CLARE.

"There were Pattie Oliver, Charlotte Saunders, Rogers, James, and a lady and gentleman who since have become as famous in comedy as burlesque."

"Johnnie Hare and Mrs. Bandroft," acquiesced Mr. Punch, "are both still amongst us."

"Your merry men kept the drama on its legs for the greater part of the half-century," observed Mr. E. T. Smith, who, like Sir Augustus Harris, had been both lessee of Drury Lane and proprietor of the Sanday Times. proprietor of the Sunday Times.

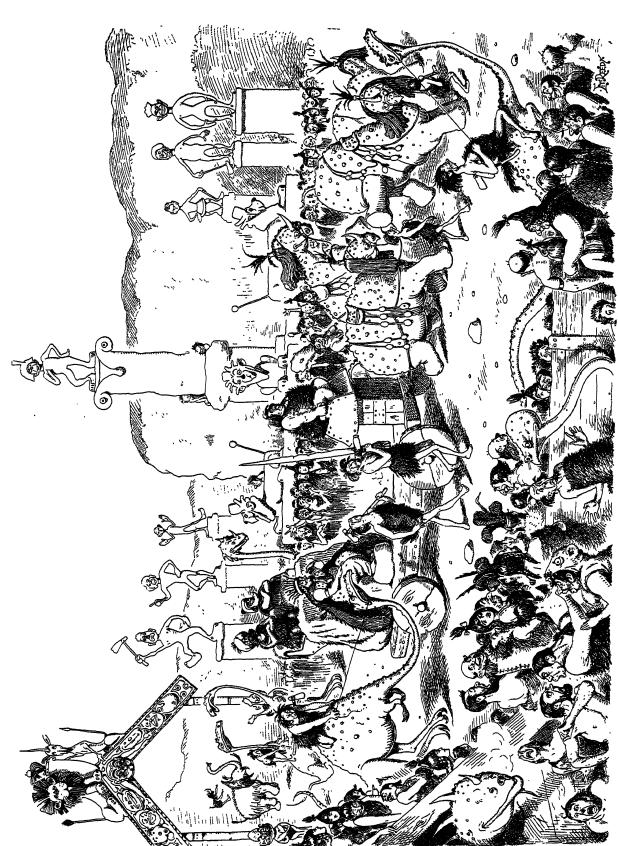
"You are very good to say so," returned the Sage, politely.
"And when I think of those of my staff already mentioned, and add to their names those of LEMON, SHIRLEY BROOKS, TOM

TAYLOR, and BURNAND, I am inclined to believe you."

And then Mr. Punch turned to greet fresh arrivals. And then Mr. Funch turned to greet iresh arrivals. Charles Fechter (claiming to be an Englishman), Bandmann (refusing to be a German), Jefferson (admitting his American citizenship), Tom Robertson, Phelips, H. J. Byron, Robson, Emery, Widdicomb, Creswick, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale, Compton, Clayton, and a score of others, recalling to his mind the hopes and fears, the triumphs and failures of half a century.

And as Mr. Punch rose to greet them he suddenly awoke, and attended to the performance on the stage for the remainder of the evening.

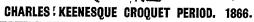
MESSRS. Compiler RYLAND and Publisher ALLEN might have made a better use of their own idea than they have done in their small book, entitled, Events of the Reign from '37 to '97, which, in a general way, will be found an aid to memory. Herein is of course recorded the principal event of the century, to which it was impossible for our blushing "Toby, M.P." to allude in his admirably-arranged volume recently published, entitled, The Queen and Mr. Punch, which has already achieved world-wide renown, yelept the issue of "The First Number of Punch, July 17," a day ever memorable in the glorious annals of our



A PREHISTORIC JUBILEE!

(Our Artist assures us that he has accurately represented the scene of loyalty and enthusiasm at a principal point of the route; o what can we do but take his word for it l)







'JUST THINK OF IT, MY BOY. IN THOSE DAYS WE HAD NO ELECTRIC LIGHT, NO X RAYS "NO CINEMATOGRAPH, NO ""
"MUZZLING ORDER!"



"AYE, THERE 'AVE BEEN A SIGHT O' CHANGES IN THELE 'ERE SIXTY YEAR; BUT, BLESS 'EE, A PINT POT DON'T 'OLD NO MORE NOW THAN IT DID THEN!"



EARLY DU MAURIERESQUE CRINOLINE PERIOD. 1860.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

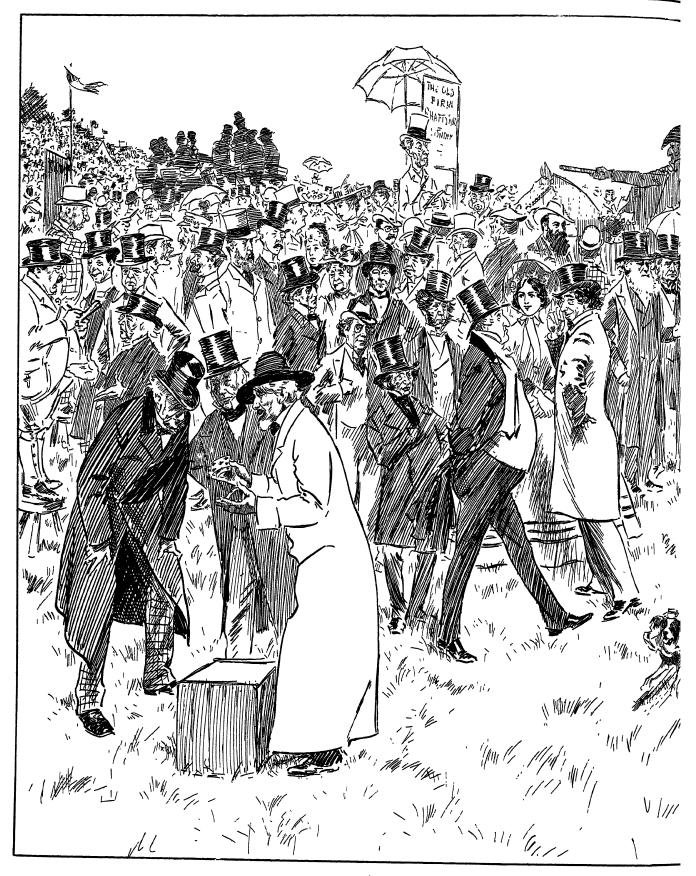
This portion of the Procession was received with Unbounded Delight and Sympatheric Interest throughout the entire Route,

# THE BANNER AND THE BEACON.

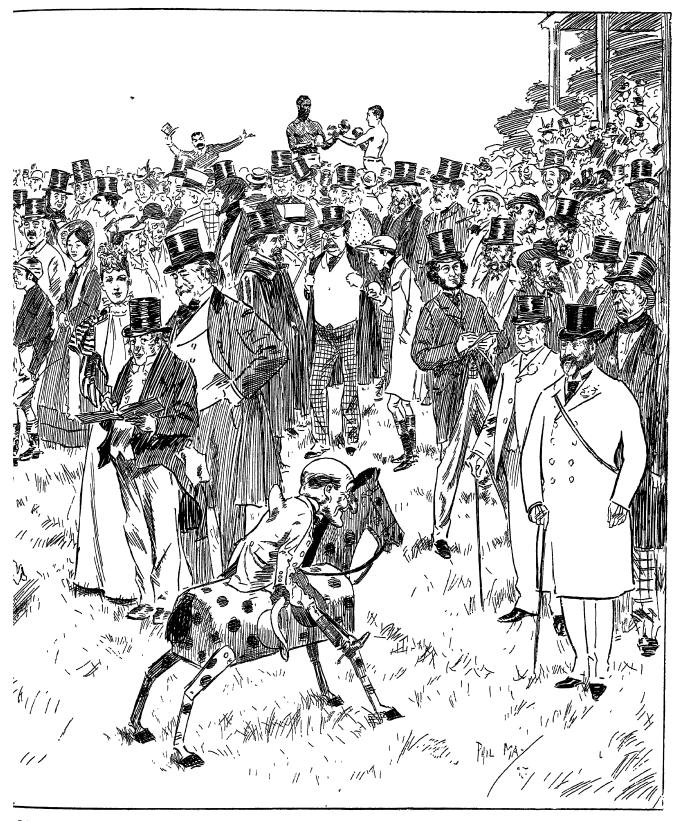


Ir was about the lovely close of a warm day in June, Sweet bells, loud trumpets, all that day had played most joyous tune; Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea, Such night as England ne'er had seen, nor e'er again shall see.

And now, to greet the Jubilee night of our glad sea-girt isle, At earliest twilight beacon-piles lay waiting many a mile. Far on the deep the sailor sees, along each shore and shire, Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire!



A DIAMOND JUBILEE DREAM



OF VICTORIAN DERBY DAYS.





## THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

Olivia. "Of course you went to the Jubilee, Mr. Dudeley?" Mr. Dudeley. "'BLIGED TO, DON'TCHERKNOW. KNEW ALL THE PROPLE IN THE PROCESSION!"

#### SOMETHING LIKE A FESTIVAL!

THE Crystal Palace, with a HANDEL to its name—an anticipated THE CRYSTAL Falace, with a HANDEL to its name—an anticipated honour at Jubilee time—achieved a great success last week. What selection on Selection Day could have been more select than Mesdames Albani, Ella Russell, and Nordica, with a couple of tenors, Lloyd and McGuckin, our "Charley-is-mydarling Santley," and the Black, not a bit off colour? Then last, but not by any means least, Miss Clara Butt, whose very name is so suggestive of a voice clear and full. "Butt me no Butts," except this one, and she is magnificent. The Crystal Palace ought to do a good business with all our Colonials and Palace ought to do a good business with all our Colonials and visitors from many lands during this Jubilee fortnight. Lots of "Brocken" Nights, and splendid fireworks.

## Cursory Rhyme.

(By an Expectant Lover of Cricket.)

BATTER wake, batter wake! Cricketer man, Make a big score as fast as you can! Cut it, and drive, mark it "W. G.," And put it in print for the public to see!

#### On the Cards.

[It has been complained, that in the preparation for the great Jubilee Pageant, Labour, save in the crush of the streets, had hardly a "look in."]

THE QUEEN of Hearts, on her Diamond Day, Will smile on her subjects, and make them feel gay. Clubs, too, will flourish, but Toil, I'm afraid, Will find small provision is made for the Spade!

#### SIXTY YEARS AGO.

"A GRANDMOTHER" ON TWO GREAT DAYS. (A long way after the late Laureate.)

Sixty years ago, my darling, sixty years ago! My hair was as dark as your own, little Annie, though new it is white as snow.

King WILLY the Sailor-King, had died on the twentieth day of June.

Methinks I can hear the bells a-tolling their solemn and sorrowful tame

And I was a girl, like the sweet young QUEEN, who on that day came to the Crown.
"Sweet seventeen!" said your grandfather then, and my hair

was shiny and brown, Banded in formal bands, little Annie, drawn over each ringpierced ear.

Ah! the fashions then we thought fine, though now you might fancy them quaint and queer.

Early Victorian style, little Annie, the modern critics may mock, But I was as proud of my big poke-bonnet and prim short-waisted frock

As a modern girl of her tailor-made dress and her hat like a garden-bed.

The boys who besieged my heart, little Anne, cared not what I wore on my head.

Early Victorian style! Ah, well, it was stodgy, and stiff, and strange,

And sixty years in our fashions and tastes have witnessed a wondrous change.

The horse-hair sofa on which I sat when your grandfather came to woo.

I remember well; and the wall-paper, too, with its pattern of crimson and blue.

But manhood was manhood, and love was love, e'en in Eighteenthirty-seven,

And that stiff, quaint room in the twilight gloom was an Early Victorian heaven

To two young hearts, on that summer eve as the summer sun sank low,

Sixty years ago, my darling, sixty years ago!

How well I remember my first glad glance at our gentle, girlish QUEEN

At her palace-window. She seemed half shy, half shamed that her tears were seen,

Yet stately, too, in her girlish style, for then, as at this late day, Queendom and womanhood mingled in her; at least, so the wise ones say.

And so I think; though she well might shrink. Such a burden for one so young!

But the weight of a crown hath not bowed her down. She'd a spirit that ever sprung

Like young wheat after the beating shower, so slight, but erect and proud. And now, on her Diamond Jubilee Day, I would fain make one

of the crowd.

That may not be, little Annue; but still, in my lonely waiting here

To rejoin the friends of that early time, who have left me many a year,

I can raise my prayer. And there's many an old heart, lone,

unknown, unseen,
Will join to-day in its quiet way in the cry, "God save the
QUEEN!"

Early Victorian! Ah, my child, art-critics may sneer and slate, But the heart hath its fashions that do not change, be it early, or be it late;

And a bosom wearing a dowdy dress with as loyal love could glow, Sixty years ago, Annie, sixty years ago!

Yes, mine is a time of peace, my child; I have little left to grieve;

And so may it be with our Gracious Queen! May she, too, have Light at Eve!

And when all the jubilant shoutings of this Jubilee Day shall cease, May the crown of all this glorious time be the boon of blessed Peace!

THE PLACE FOR DYNAMITING ANARCHISTS TO BE IMPRI-SONED FOR LIFE.-Bomb-ay.



A QUICK CHANGE.

Miss Jubilee. "We had a rare good time in London, and now I'm off for a 'Whiff of the Briny' at the Naval Review!"



#### PERILS OF CYCLING.

(A sketch in Battersea Park.)

Angelina. "COME ALONG, DEAR!"

#### OUR CONVERSATION-BOOK.

Some Idiomatic Questions and Probable Answers. For the Use of Intelligent and Polite Foreigners during the Celebrations.

To a Railway Porter, on arriving at Charing Cross.—Pardon me, Sir, but would you be good enough to indicate to me where I may possibly find my luggage? I have two travelling trunks, five portmanteaux, one hold-all, one bicycle, one hat-box, one bassinette, one perambulator (as the case may be). You will do me a thousand favours if you will kindly spare me a moment.

Very sorry, but I can't stop. We 're short-'anded this morning.
Wait a moment, I beg of you. Would you oblige me by accepting this trifling present of five (ten, fifteen) shillings?
Thanky, Sir. Praps I can 'elp you for 'arf a minit. You

come along with me. Dear me, what a crowd! Excuse me, Sir, but you are treading on my toes! No, I do not see my baggage anywhere. How annoying!

Dessay it will turn up somewheres next week. Must be orf now!

To a Policeman, outside.—Good morning, Sir. I am anxious to pay a visit at my friend's town-house in Soho (Leicester Square Tottenham Court Road). Can you direct me thither?

Yes, Mounseer. Take the train back to Dover, go over to

Ostend, then you cross to Harwich, and arsk for an excursion ticket to Birmingham, Oxford, and Paddington. That's the only way you can git through this crowd.

At a Cabman's Shelter.—Good afternoon. I hope I do not disturb you say that I have been writing here two three or form.

At a Caoman's Shetter.—Good arising here two (three or four) hours. Could you tell me if there is a likelihood of your being disengaged to-day? I trust you will not charge by the hour for

the time I have been standing here? Look 'ere, Jim, 'ere's a blooming furriner expecs me to put Look 'ere, Jim, 'ere's a blooming! Go 'ome and eat coke! Aunt Matilda. Go 'im dahn on my waitin' list for nothing! Go 'ome and eat coke! At a wayside Coffee-stall.—Madame, I have the distinguished broken out at last!

honour to present you my compliments. It is now half-past six, and I have been unable to obtain any refreshment since I arrived in England this morning. Could you favour me with a slight repast?

Certingly. Will you 'ave whilks—there's three left—'arf-crown apiece, or would you like cawfy rinsins, three-and-sixpence a cup?

Somewhere in the Remote Suburbs, 10 P.M.—I beg your pardon, [a'am. Pray do not shut the door in my face! I have been on Ma'am. foot for thirteen hours, and have not yet arrived anywhere at all. No, I am not a burglar in disguise, nor a tramp, though my hat No, I am not a purgiar in disguise, nor a tramp, though my hat has been smashed, my coat is torn, and I have only one boot left. Here is my card (my passport, my acte de naissance). I cannot find Soho nor Leicestersquare, and am unable to walk a step further. Can you afford me shelter for the night? I shall be eternally grateful to you.

There are no ladgings to be and pearer than Barnet or Biggles.

There are no lodgings to be 'ad nearer than Barnet or Biggleswade. Lawkamussy, whatever made you come over to London on a day like this? Good night!

# Familiar Line from Cibber-Shakspeare's Richard the Third.

(Adapted to the Present Time and Fashion.)

Irritable Sight-seer (whose view is blocked by a lady's hat). "Off with her . . . . hat! So much . . . ." [Gives the necessary directions.

## A Cruel Young Fellow.

Adolphus Hardcase (reading from the money article of the "Daily Mail" to his family at breakfast). Hallo! here's some news. "Little Turks hardened, Italians advanced, Russians declined." Aunt Matilda. Good heavens! Then war in the East has



# A NICE CALCULATION.

Small Child. "MOTHER, YOU SAID IF I WAS GOOD ALL THE AF-TERNOON YOU WOULD GIVE ME A PENNY. IF I WAS ONLY RATHER NAUGHTY, WOULD YOU GIVE ME A HALFPENNY?"

# OPERATIC, NOTES.

Monday, June 14.—Show me where, within measurable distance of 85, Fleet Street, which is the hub of the universe, there is to be found a finer performance of Wagner's Tristan und Isolde than was given at Covent Garden on Monday night last, and, by my halidome, gadso, and so forth, I will hie me thither and hear it. Such a performance as was this on Monday would almost persuade me to be a Wagnerite. But "almost" is a very long way off and for my part I cannot believe that with our long way off, and for my part I cannot believe that with our tune-loving, barrel-organised public, Tristan und Isolde, Gotter-dämmerung, and "all the Wagnerian lot of 'em," will ever be genuinely popular, as, for example, have been the works of Mozart, Auber, Donizetti, Gounop, Balfe, cum aliis compositoribus. And what a trial for the mimetic powers of the actorsingers, when they have to express their feelings in action for
the space of some fifty bars of music! Their feelings would
probably be very simply expressed in rather forcible language
to the librettist or to the stage manager. Had it not been at the
Opera, where everyone, from topmost gallery to foremost orchestral stall, is on his or her wary hest superfine behaviours are the real stall, is on his or her very best superfine behaviour, would not a few of the immortals up above have "guy'd" the good old familiar situation, repeated ad nauseam, of two lovers placing their wobbly hands over their beating hearts to express their overwobbly hands over their beating hearts to express their overpowering passion, sighing, advancing a few paces, pausing, sighing again, giving die-away glances at each other, meant to be expression of undying yearning for each other's love, but conveying the idea that both of them are awfully bored by having to "fill up the time with business." And then that other part of a long "love" scene (so totally different in every sense from the innocent boy and girlishness of Romeo and Juliet), where the two guilty lovers remain on one of "the benches in the park," locked more or less in each other's arms, not singing a note for the space of what may be ten minutes, but which to an Unwagnerian seems quite an hour while the lady's maid "without" sings, to a harp accompaniment, what to an Unwagnerian must sings, to a harp accompaniment, what to an Unwagnerian must lalways well hammered in.

seem the song of the Opera—is not this most undramatic, for drama means action, and it is only with the return of the King Husband and his friends that there is any action at all. Then there is a very mild row, and a short, sharp encounter between husband's friend and wife's lover, in which the latter comes off second best, apparently to the annoyance of le mari un peu complaisant.

JEAN DE RESZEE magnificent in voice and appearance as the sad and spoony Tristan—plus triste 'un que jamais—and Frère EDOUARD excellent as the Heavy King Mark—" quite up to the Mark" observes the man who will have his joke and somebody

else's too.

Mile. Sedilmair as Isolde ("as Is-young" would be more complimentary than "as Is-olde"), thoroughly good, as was Miss Marie Brema, representing the confidential lady's maid condemned to such pantomimic action as was the "Confident" in SHERIDAN'S Critic

Mr. Classical-Dictionary-Pringle and Mr. David Bispham, both equally good as the malicious Melot and the kind Kurwena respectively. Hair Seidl energetic as conductor, and honoured with a call on to the stage. He came up from the vasty deep orchestra when called, and modestly, in Wagnerian pantomime, disclaimed all share in the honour done to him.

Summary.—House crammed and brilliant. Royalties and Diamond Jubilants about everywhere. Up goes the price of

seats.

Tuesday.—Les Huguenots, or Gli Ugonotti, whichever you like, my little dear, only not much "glee" in the "Ugonotti"; and an odd substitute for the promised Nozze di Figaro. Miss Engle a charming Queen Margaret of Valois, JUPITER PLANCON grand as St. Bris, con brio; Brother EDWARD a good strong, rugged Marcello. Signor CEPPI not much as Raoul di Nangis, probably annoyed at having the first vowel omitted from his name in the play-bill, where the character was announced as "Raul"—which, as Captain Wagstaff observed, "was raully too bad." Maggie

as Captain Wagstaff observed, "was raully too bad." Maggie Macintyre vocally delightful, but, histrionically, not quite "all our fancy painted."

Wednesday.—Die Walkire; or, The Pedestrians; Thursday, we're Lohengrinning; Friday, an encore of Tristan, and announcement of Tannhäuser to finish what would have been an entire German Wagnerian week, to some folk, dry as a bone, but for one drought of Mayer, heer on Monday.

for one draught of Meyer-beer on Monday.

By Royal Command, the Lord of High DE GREY, and the Admirable Arry Iggins, our two Covent Gardenian Directors-in-Chief, have arranged, with their practical foresight, or rather, with their practical Neil Forsyth, a Grand Jubiloperatic Gala Night for Wednesday, June 23. Prosit! But—how tired everyone will be!!

## THE SONG OF THE JUBILEE.

Tms is the Song of the Jubilee! The Song of the Air and the Land and Sea! The Song, that shall ring with a heartfelt glee From the foam of our home, From the sand of our strand, To wherever there stretches the gentle hand Of the Mighty QUEEN, who rules the Free, "VICTORIA! VICTORIA!"

This is the Song of the Jubilee!
From the grandfather down to the babe on the knee!
From the bird in the cage to the bird on the tree!
Hail it East, with the West!
North and South join with zest!
Whenever your Owney, and our Flog is bleet Wheresoever our Queen and our Flag is blest, There welcome the Song with your Three Times Three, "VICTORIA! VICTORIA!"

### Result of the Aggravated Grandmother's League.

Turf Patron (to Bookmaker). Well, Mr. Rails, I see you've been summoned again. I hope it hasn't done you any harm!

Mr. Rails. Not a bit of it! The public always gathers round an injured party!

From the Irrepressible (evidently dodging the Authorities). Q. What parish in England is most abundantly provided with clergy? A. Kew. Since every dwelling is provided with a Kew-rate.

CORRECT DEFINITION OF THE INCOME IMPOST.—The Tin Tax

## TAKING THE AIR.

["If the day ever comes when cycling shall have had its vogue, there is a fair possibility that it may be succeeded by an epidemic of ballooning."— The World.]

Now that the season is in full swing, everybody in town is ballooning, and an enormous number of ascents are made from Hyde Park every morning. But it is surely necessary that the authorities should take steps to protect those who are old-fashioned enough still to walk or drive. At present this can only be done with the greatest peril, as the humble wayfarer is in continual danger of being flattened by a large bag of sand dropped on his head from an altitude of a few thousand feet. Again, something should be done to prevent the repetition of such an accident as befell Lord Colonicken the other morning. As that aged nobleman was walking along Pall Mall, the grapnel from a descending balloon, whose occupants were bound for the Reform Club, caught in his clothes, and, owing to the strength of the wind, dragged him rapidly through the streets. By running at top-speed, his lordship avoided falling, but it was not until it had reached Kensington Gardens that the balloon at length was brought to the ground, by which time Lord Colonicken, who is about seventy years of age, was extremely exhausted.

Messrs. Aeronaut keep to the fore as the best balloon-makers, and their catalogue reminds us that their firm numbers all the leading members of Society among their customers. It is now fashionable to have your car painted in brilliant colours, while for those whose means forbid them to buy a balloon, Messrs. Aeronaut manufacture dainty parachutes at very moderate prices. Certainly one's machine must be made of the best quality, or a disastrous accident is sure to happen. Only the other day Lady Florkinson punctured her silk while flying in the park, owing to some defect in its quality. Fortunately, she was immediately above the Serpentine at the moment, and so escaped with nothing worse than a cold bath and a great shock to the nerves.

We are glad to hear that Sir Hubber FitzTompkins has been restored to his anxious friends, who had been much distressed by his sudden disappearance. It seems that he had gone out with his balloon as usual, intending to fly down to Hurlingham. Unfortunately the wind suddenly changed, and blew very strongly, carrying the involuntary traveller to Iceland before he could effect a descent, thereby causing him very great inconvenience. No news has been heard since last week of the Countess of Bunkum's picnic party, who started in seven balloons for a trip to Brighton. They were last sighted in the south of France, and it is feared that they must now be suffering from the heat, as in all probability they have descended somewhere in Central Africa.

As usual, the doctors are endeavouring to persuade the public that the newest pastime is unhealthy and even dangerous. Their diatribes, however, do not seem to receive much attention, to judge from the number of balloons which daily darken the sky. Of course, in order to enjoy it properly, one should never start unless equipped with clothing for every temperature, and provisions for a couple of months. And all attempts at "breaking records" in altitude of ascent should be left to the professionals. But, if indulged in moderately, ballooning is a most satisfactory pursuit, giving its followers both change of air and pleasurable excitement, especially when one sails into a thunderstorm, or the valve jams, or the gas leaks—incidents which constantly happen, and prevent ballooning being ever accounted an uninteresting form of amusement.

We are glad to see that the Church, at any rate, gives this recreation hearty support. Indeed, on Sunday last the Bishop of Smithfield converted his captive balloon into a pulpit, and addressed a large congregation from it in the open air. Apparently his treatment of some rather controversial points offended one member of his congregation, who severed the rope of the balloon with a pocket-knife. This, unfortunately, brought the sermon to an untimely end, as the Bishop was immediately carried away into space, and has not been heard of since.

Several balloon gymkhanas are shortly to be held, and will doubtless prove interesting. Of course, when the season is over, everyone will take their balloons with them into the country, and it is possible that the servants, who rather resented pumping is "Beer and for beer!"

# THE QUEEN AND THE HOLIDAYS.

Delight of Mr. Barlow and Pupils on hearing of Her Majesty's wish for an extension of School Holidays this Diamond Jubilee Midsummer.



"HOORAY! THE JUBILEE!
THE JUBILEE! THE JUBILEE!
HOORAY! THE JUBILEE!
WE'VE GOT AN EXTRA WEEK, O!
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

out a tyre in the old bicycling days, will feel still more injured at having to inflate twenty or thirty balloons for a country-house party. But before long the cook and the butler will be seen disporting themselves in mid-air on their own account.

# What Sir H. Irving didn't Hear

When he uncovered the Statue of Mrs. Siddons at Paddington.

One of the Well-Informed in the Crowd. I say, Bill, I thought as a statue if it weren't a-norseback were allus a-standing hup? Second Better-Informed. Rightchyar ol' man! Only this 'ere is a statetoo of Missus Sit-downs.

Test of True Gallantry.—Were a young belle of the season to be suddenly placed in imminent danger, would not men of all ranks and ages rush to her assistance? Would they not, at all hazards, attempt to save her? Why, certainly. Well, here is an "Old Belle"—the "Old Bell of Holborn."—once the pride of coaching men, now doomed to certain destruction unless those interested in the good old coaching days, and their survival in this "so-called nineteenth century," will come forward and save this "Old Bell" from destruction. Let it be preserved and restored to its former usefulness, with a first-rate cuisine, where simple fare shall be had in perfection, of which the simply travelling fares to Brighton and back will, in company with the friends and guests, partake previous to departure and on their return. Let there be preserved us at least one of the "Fine old English Hostelries" of the Pickwickian days, "all in the good eld style," adapted to the modern requirements.

AT Denbyshire Summer Assizes, Mr. Justice RIDLEY recently sentenced one TAYLOR, of the Royal Order of Ancient Shepherds, to penal servitude for three years for forgery and embezzlement. The "Malus Pastor" was punished for illegally "fleecing."

Our Real Alex-uns.—The thousands of Britons whose motto is "Beer and for beer!"



"KINL LADY, I WAS NOT ALWAYS LIKE THIS!"
WHY, NO. IT WAS YOUR OTHER ARM THAT WAS PINNED UP YESTERDAY!

# WARRANTED MADE IN GERMANY.

(Extract from an Imperial Note-book.)

On! how I should have enjoyed it! Fancy miles and miles of bowings and cheerings and flags! Splendid! But of course I would have had something better than the stage coach. Would have designed a car something between the Tour Eiffel and the Pyramids. Of course, searchlights directed at me from all sides! Oh! I would have a grand time of it! But think I should have done better at Temple Bar. Would have made the Lord Mayor and sheriffs get off their horses, seen them into my triumphal car, and then ridden the three chargers at once myself! Could have done it easily. Always direct the Berlin circus myself. I am, by the way, a

first-rate master of the ring. Oh! it would have been lovely! And what a thanks-giving service I would have had! But the whole world should have been turned upon St. Paul's by telephone. And I would in person have conducted the Te Deum.

And then, after my procession, I would have made all the seatholders march in procession before me. They should have saluted me, the whole lot of them. That would have been grand! Then, at the Ball, I would have done all the dancing, and at the Naval Review all the manocuvring. What a grand affair I would have had! With all those ships ready to hand, not sure I wouldn't have paid my promised visit to Paris. Don't know much about naval manœuvring, but think I could the Seine, to the Louvre.

And oh! what a game I would have had at Aldershot! And out of it! Yes; all out of it! Of course, it was felt that if I were there, I would sure to be the central figure. Well, that wouldn't have done. Show belonged to much-revered relative. But should so like to do something of the sort myself. Could easily get a million soldiers; and by depopulating all the Crown colonies, would scrape up a hundred German colonists. And I daresay old KRUGER would turn up for a consideration. Then with cardboard and fireworks could do a lot more. But then I haven't reigned sixty years. At least, not quite. And yet I should so like to do something of the sort! Eureka! I have it. I know what I will do. I will hold a Double Diamond Jubilee on behalf of my predecessor, FREDERICK THE GREAT!

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Boating Man, invited by a Comely Widow to view the Jubilee Procession, answers her with considerable audacity.

THERE is no subject of the QUEEN
Who yields to me in loyalty!
And yet somehow I'm rarely seen
About the haunts of royalty.
This is not due to disrespect,
Nor yet because I'm hazy
About Court loings. I select
My plan—because I'm lazy!

A beefeater in full costume
Impresses me most vastly;
But sometimes, at a Drawing Room,
I've seen fair maids look ghastly!
It would not do to diagnose
Why they should just have failed in
The light in which full many a rose
Assuredly had paled in!

I only know I cannot stand
The crowds, the bands and cheering.
The sight, I know, is very grand,
But not my sense of hearing!
And so with all my thanks to you,
I plead lack of progression;
You'll tell me everything that's new
About the Queen's Procession!

Meanwhile, when you are lacking food
And drink, from window speering,
I shall indulge (in other mood),
P'raps Staines or Windsor nearing.
"The Bells of Ouseley" seems to me
The spot whereat to linger;
And yet, you know, I'd love to be
Beside your wedding finger!

## A ROYAL (RICHMOND) GRANT.

Dear Sir,—I understand that the Mayor of Richmond (Surrey, not Yorkshire) has been voted £250, in addition to his salary of £300, in consequence of the Jubilee, by the members of the Corporation. This is an example which ought to be followed all over the country, but half a "monkey" is, after all, but a poor trimute to a mayor. Let the Corporation go the whole hog or none, at the expense of the i-ratepayers.

Yours to command, Sheen Green. Fork-out.

DURING the Kempton Park case, Sir Frank Lookwood remarked that there was "every chance of Scotland becoming a Monte Carlo." The national song will be, "Bonnie Monty Carlie!"



SPITHEAD. JUNE 26.

BRITISH LION (taking the Young Lions out to see the Great Naval Review). "LOR' LOVE YER, MY LADS, THIS IS THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE!"



## OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.

The Gushington Girls have just arrived by rail, and are inhaling the Odours of an average London Terminus.

Miss Milly, Gushington. "WAIT A BIT, UNCLE." (Sniff.) ISN'T IT LOVELY, HILLY! DOESN'T IT JUST SMELL OF THE SEASON!

Miss Hilly Gushington. "DON'T SPEAK ABOUT IT—ONLY SNIFF!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Waste and Repair have nothing to do with a repairing lease in the ordinary adaptation of the term. It is the title given by Dr. Robson Roose to a collection of his essays, contributed at various times to some of the principal magazines, now published in one volume by JOHN MURRAY. It is waste and repair in the lease of life with which the eminent Doctor (known in diplomatic circles as Rustem Roose Pacha) is concerned. As many of our best known public men can testify, the subject is one he is by successful practice peculiarly qualified to deal with. The results of his wide experience, guided by profound knowledge and singular aptitude, is distilled in this handy volume. Among the subjects dealt with are the wear and tear of London life, the art of prolonging life, clothing as a protection against cold, health resorts and their uses. In the course of dealing with these and other subjects of every-day life, Dr. Robson Rooss manages to convey in simple language a multiplicity of valuable hints, useful alike to the invalid, and to the healthy man, whose day is not long enough for its appointed tasks.

Messrs. Burnand and May have been making a sort of Canterbury Pilgrimage through Kent, keeping chiefly to the coast in the neighbourhood of Ramsgate and Margate. The result is seen in the handy volume published by A. AND C. BLACK. The Zig-Zag Guide is totally unlike anything previously put forward by the firm whose name is given to many guides. There is about it very little that is archæological, historical or in other ways heary. This just the bright chatter of torical, or in other ways heavy. It is just the bright chatter of a gay companion, who enjoys a holiday himself, and is the cause of desire on the part of others to make holiday. In spite of its bantering tone the book is full of shrewd hints of what to see and how to see it, "round and about the bold and beautiful Kentish coast." The sparkling pages are further illuminated by abounding illustrations. Some of Phil Max's very best work will be found in this modest volume, whose price completes its attractiveness. People about to visit Ramsgate and Margate will find it indispensable. Those who are not going, will, when they read it, wish they were.

"I wants to make your flesh creep," might Mr. Bram Stoker well say as a preface to his latest book, named Dravula, which he has given in charge of the Constables (& Co.) to publish. The story ing Rifle.

is told in diaries and journals, a rather tantalising and somewhat wearisome form of narration, whereof WILKIE COLLINS was a pastmaster. In almost all ghostly, as in most detective stories, one master. In almost all gnostry, as in most detective stories, one character must never be absent from the dramatis personæ, and that is The Inquiring, Sceptical, Credulous Noodle. The Inquiring Noodle of Fiction must be what in comedy "Charles his friend" is to the principal comedian, "only more so," as representing the devoted, admiring slave of the philosophic astute hero, ever ready to question, ever ready to dispute, ever ready to make a mistake at the critical moment, or to go to sleep just when sucmistake at the critical moment, or to go to sleep just when success depends on his remaining awake. "Friend JOHN" is Mr. Bram Stoker's Noodle-in-Chief. There are also some secondary Noodles; Noodles of no importance. This weird tale is about Vampires, not a single, quiet, creeping Vampire, but a whole brood of them, governed by a Vampire Monarch, who is apparently a sort of first cousin to Mephistopheles. Rats, bats, wolves and vermin obey him, but his power, like that of a certain well-advertised soap, "which will not wash clothes," has its limits; and so at last he is trapped, and this particular brood of vampires is destroyed as utterly as would be a hornets' nest when soused with hot pitch. It is a pity that Mr. Bram Stoker was not content to employ such supernatural anti-vampire receipts as his wildest imagination might have invented without rashly venturing on a domain where angels fear to tread. But for this, the Baron could have unreservedly recommended so ingenious a romance to all who enjoy the very weirdest of weird tales.
The Baron de B.-W.

# A NOTE OF THE DAY.

(Intercepted.)

My Dear Friend,—According to my promise I write you a line to give you all the news of the moment. Of course you know we have had the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee. But let that pass.

The progress of the peace negotiations at Athens are of considerable interest. And when I talk of Greece I am reminded that illumination by electric light is much cleaner than oil. On Jubilee night this was evident. But let that pass.

The House of Commons has got into Supply. And when I talk of Supply it is a matter of conjecture whether the wood employed in the seats can be used again. Of course the Jubilee was unique.

The cricket averages so far have not been sensational. have the Philadelphians, but the Australians are non est. And this reminds me that the Colonial Premiers have had a good time of it, thanks to the Jubilee. But let that pass.

The theatres are doing well. You know that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has opened Her Majesty's. The Poet Laureate wrote the

Insight has opened her majestys. The floor Latteate whole the inaugural verses, and that reminds me that the poem on the Jubilee was up-to-date. But let that pass.

I really can scarcely describe the fashions. Red, white and blue are the prevailing colours—no doubt in honour of the Jubilee. But let that pass.

The season is on the wane. When we reach July we begin to

look out trains. And this season has been particularly brilliant on account of the Jubilee. But let that pass.

And now, my dear friend, I think I have exhausted my budget of news. Of course I could tell you all about the Jubilee, but as you have seen what I could say in the newspapers, my account would be a trifle stale. And this is rather unfortunate. If I omit the Jubilee I can think of nothing else.

Yours very truly.

TAIT MONTAY.

#### A Matter of Metal.

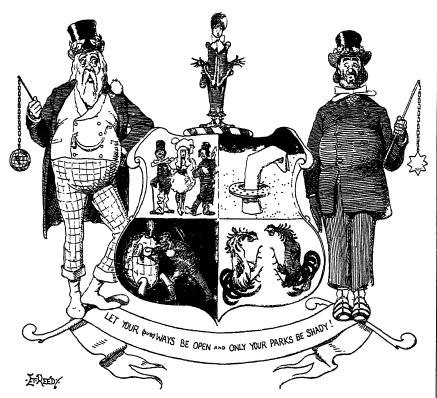
AT RICHARD LE GALLIENNE some seem enraged; But Art's brains, with a strange epilepsy a-twirl, And fiction erotic, seem chiefly engaged In "The Quest of the Brazen Girl."

PROPHETICAL.—In The Comic Almanack, illustrated by GEORGE CRUICKSHANK, under date, June 21, 1837, Mr. Punch's private secretary has found the following lines:—

" The QUEEN proclaimed upon the longest day! May this coincidence be not in vain; But prove prophetic of her lengthened sway, And to the longest day proclaim her reign."

THE favourite weapon of the burglar ought to be the Repeat-

# READY-MADE COAT(-OF-ARMS) FOR THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.



Arms: Quarterly; ist, three music-hall stars blatant voided of guile charged with double-entendres studded azure; 2nd, issuant from a "ring" sinister spotted and exposed proper a balance-sheet doctored and distinctly fichée to the last, all under a cloud sable; 3rd, a civic turtle pommelled and affronted proper charged in the middle for betterment with a belabour member poignant in satire or battersea cough-drop rampant; 4th, two party-coloured fighting-cocks dancette in furry chronically embroiled proper on a ground litigious in the main. Crest: A prude vigilant on the pounce armed with pince-nez and reticule highly proper; in her bonnet an heraldic bee rampant. Supporters: On either side an antique civic effigy habited proper up to date, the dexter bearing a special globe gules, and the sinister a star extra-special vert. star extra-special vert.

### HAYMARKETABLE PIECE.

"Gents' old materials carefully made but probably not by any means the last, adaptation of ALEXANDRE DUMAS' comedy, Un Mariage sous Louis Quinze. When in 1861 Planche did it for Mr. and Mrs. When CHARLES MATHEWS, as My Lord and My Lady; or, it Might have been Worse, The Général, so capitally played now by Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE (who, by the way, makes him so rough and uncouth as to be more suggestive of Orson than Valentine), was transformed into a lady, and played by Mrs. WILKINS, and Mrs. FITZWILLIAM played the soubrette, which is now vivaciously interpreted by Miss Adrienne DAIROLLES. The old-fashioned confidential valet, Jasmin, is effectively played by Mr. Holman Clark, "by permission of Mr. Tree." By the way, three out of the four principal characters, exclusive of Manager Martine and wife, appear here by kind perprincipal characters, exclusive of Manager MAUDE and wife, appear here by kind permission of somebody else. Mr. Terriss is "permitted" by Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, and Mr. Valentine is "permitted" by Sir Henry Irving. The formula used to be, "by kind permission," but on a change tout cela, and into what is evidently purely "a matter of business," kindness does not enter.

Miss Winifred Emery, as Comtesse de

Candale, has not had a better part, nor played a part better than this, for some time. True, it makes no such extraup" and turned out as good as new, or even better, by Mr. Sydney Grundy, who has as does the very compound character of shown workmanlike skill in this the latest, the Chevalier de Valclos on those of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, whose impersonation of a frivolous coxcomb, with all the courage of his opinions and absolutely spoiling for a duel, is masterly. Had Maître Dumas not fashioned this character on these lines, the dénouement as it is would have been im-

possible, and the comedy would have become a tragedy.

Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS is so delightful as the Count of Many Costumes, that the audience would not spare a single riband, or buckle, or scrap of lace, from his adornments; and as to the way in which he holds a letter in his left and slaps it with his right hand, as a preliminary action to reading its contents, why, there is not a genuine gallery-goer, or persistent pittite, but must feel tempted to murmur sobbingly, "Sure-ly that letter comes from See-usan! Bless her dear eyes!" and then anxiously expect him to address the Chevalier as "messmate," previous to proposing a hornpipe à deux. Yes; Number Al Adelphi Terriss is every inch a sailor. But, pardon, here he is quite the young debonnair French count, with all the airs and graces associated with the court of

Congratulations to Messrs. HARRISON, lemployed.

MAUDE and GRUNDY on their successful revival of a play which has already had a good time of it during its long career in a former state of existence. By the way, in 1851, Mr. Dion Boucloault, who had a knack of taking over whatever suited his purpose, used one scene of this play in his Love in a Maze, without any acknowledgment. But PLANCHE found him out, and mentions the fact in the preface to his published play, My Lord and My Lady.

## AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

THE FEASTS OF THE JUBILEE.

DEAR MISTER,—Unuseful of to write the in-head, l'en-tête, of this letter! Les fêtes du jubilé, voilà that of whom all the world

Me I go not to write a letter also long as at the ordinary, for in effect I have but little of things to say. Only, and this it is not a little thing, that a French desires to offer, with the most great respect, his very humble felicitations to Her Majesty the QUEEN. I dare to say that all my compatriots, even the most turious rédacteurs of the most despisable journals of Paris, even the most violent of the Socialists-in effect the least important of the French, but those who make themselves to hear the most—for little that they love the England and the monarchy, must to admire a sovereign so worthy of homage. As to the persons more tranquil, as me, they are for sure of my advice.

All the preparatives are very curious to see. I admire much the enthusiasm, so rarely in evidence, of the English ordinamly calm and correct. Ah, the beautiful occasion of to forget la morgue britannique si morne, the britannic mortuary so mournful! Figure to yourself, Mister Punch, the millions of Londonians become gay as some Marseillais in the honour of the Queen! What day of feast! Provided that he makes fine! But hope we alldays that we shall see, at above of the vast concourse of Londonians, gay as some Meri-

dionals, a sky blue as at Nice. During almost all the duration of this reign so long and so glorious, you have been, dear Mister Punch, one of the most loyal subjects of HER MAJESTY. Me I am stranger, and I have passed but some months in your country. Permit, however, that we say together our wishes the most sincere. God save the QUEEN! God save the QUEEN! Agree, &c., Hipipourra!

From an Eminent English Tenor of the Past to M. Jean de Reszke.

(AIR-"My Pretty Jane.")

My stalwart Jean, expensive Jean, Oh! do not be so shy!
But sing, oh! sing, on all your evenings,
Or else they'll think that you are I!

By Central News wire the news arrived last Wednesday that Prince Henry of Prussia was about to present the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Gosonen, with a picture, representing a fleet of English cruisers, drawn by the German Emperor. Very nice; Mr. Goschen delighted, of course; but—what will he do with it?

STAGE DORIG.—The language of the hallkeeper at a theatre where a chorus is

## RED TAPE AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-Some of the members of the Colonial Forces, now visiting the homeland of their QUEEN, are reported to be rather sore because official Red Tape—that dreadful hamstring of the old bureaucracy—has in minor measure not done Commemoration of our well-beloved Sovereign. You, Sir, representing, as you do, an Imperial Concert, know well that neither the QUEEN nor the People of the United Kingdom desire that any slight should be passed upon these gallant warriors, who, like the followers of Lars Portius of Clusium, have come from East and West and North and South. Rather would we all wish that they should be, as they deserve to be, the Heroes of this Jubilee Year. I am convinced that wheresoever they come from, Jubilee Year. I am convinced that wheresoever they come from, the Sons of the Empire are welcomed by their British brethren with fervour and delight, but it is just as well for them to understand that the Permanent Clerk in a Government Office is generally so tied and bound with the Red Tape aforesaid, that a statue of him would resemble the Laocoon without any of its artistic qualities. He is not a man, but a machine, and in the latter capacity he has never got beyond the possibility of being worked otherwise than by hand. He was brought up by hand, and he lives by hand—often to mouth. He has no ideas beyond Tradition and he resents interference with those ideas. Tradition, and he resents interference with those ideas.

I am not sure whether the American plan of shaking all the am not sure whether the American plan of shaking all the Civil Servants out of their places on the change of President would not be beneficial here, when a Ministry goes into Opposition. But in any case I am sure that Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, our greatest Imperialist, would like, as I would, to cut up all red tape and join it with white and blue for decorative purposes. Let all our Colonial visitors believe in the sincere love of their Let all our Colonial visitors believe in the since does the great Mother Country for them and their prosperity, as does the great Yours obediently,

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A BIOYOLE THIEF.—Nixion.



"WELL, 'OW DID YOU GET ON AT THE CLUB LARST NIGHT?" "OH, I HAD BEASTLY BAD LUCK. LOST A UNDRED AND SEVENTY QUIDS, AND THE WORST OF IT IS, FIFTEEN BOB OF IT WAS READY MONEY!

# INTERVIEWS WITH INANIMATE OBJECTS.

A PENNY ICE.

I HAD heard a great deal of the pernicious character of the common or "barrow" ice, so felt considerably embarrassed on recently finding myself face to face with one. Its evident coldness did not tend to put me at my ease, and I made a lame commencement of my cross-examination.

"Do you suffer at all, this weather, from

over-heating?"

"Who are you a-gittin' at?" was the suspicious reply. "It ain't no odds to me whether you heats me or not. I s'pose I was made to be heaten. If you mean, does them suffer as does the over-heating, I dunno but what as 'ow there might be somethink in it."

'You have misunderstood me, but I am not sorry, because you have incidentally touched upon the very thing about which I should like definite, first-hand informa-

tion."

"Fire away, guvnor!"

"Are you, strictly speaking, wholesome?
I have read unpleasant medical opinions to the effect that you are ruining the in-teriors of countless little East-end arabs. Doctors say that you are positively thick

with microbes."
"Mike who? "Mike who? I'm positive I ain't thick with any cove of that name. Never 'eard tell of 'im."

"It's like this. An analyser who—"
"1001 lead this. The property was a second tell of 'im."

"'Old 'ard, guv'nor! If you mean Anna 'Liza of our Court, I don't see that you've any call to bring 'er or any other lydy into this 'ere bizness."

I saw that I must make a simpler appeal.

The want of culture shown by this uneducated ice struck me as a forcible contrast to the refinement of the barrel-organ

that I had previously interviewed in the interests of Mr. Punch's readers.

BRITANNIOUS.

"They say that you are not clean, and that you make the children ill."

"Tommy-rot, guv'nor! Dirt's all right if you don't git too much of it. Some of the poor little beggars do git too much of it, there's no denying that, but not from me. There's lots o' folks who'd be all the better of a penny hice. Keep 'em cool, like! 'Alf them there editors of noospapers, and sich, should be made to eat a hice reg'lar. They're sich blessed fire-eaters that it would do 'em a power o' good. Then I'd feed the 'Ouse o' Commons on hices. That would settle their HASHMEAD-BARTLETTS a bit, and save 'em from gittin' into 'ot water."

"Thank you for the suggestion. I will write to Mr. Punch about it—but I cannot

"Just one thing more, guv'nor. As a loyal subjec', I has my views about honourin' the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Let that £25,000 cheque be spent in providin' all the school-children of England with penny hices on Jubilee day. Let 'em hall stand up at noon punctual, sing 'God save the Queen,' and then eat the hices. They will never forget it as long as they live!"

### Desperate Remedies.

First Male Passenger (in train from Waterloo to Windsor). When I first got hold of Xavier Olibo, I had pretty well to

to the to pieces.

Second M. P. That's the way to do it.

I gave the Marquise de Castellane the same treatment. In some cases there's nothing like the knife!

[Old lady in the corner nearly faints on hearing of these atrocities, and changes her compart-ment at Vauxhall; but after all, the supposed assassins were only enthusiastic rose-growers.

### JUBILEE BOOTS.

A Pendant to Matinée Hats.

["An author has devised a cork golosh, 41 inches high and weighing 10 oz. to the pair, for the use of short persons, who wish to view the procession and find themselves in the back rows."—Daily Paper.]

ZACCHÆUS now no more need climb A tree or lamp-post handy, Nor seek an eminence sublime To make his locus standi.

A simple means has been evolved By genius too long latent; The dwarf sightseer's crux is solved In this, the latest patent.

A writer sells to those who'll buy (The Daily Mail announces) A cork golosh five inches high, That weighs as many ounces.

"Boots off in front," the crowd will yell
To each obstructive giant, Since they obscure the view as well As girls with hats defiant.

If all the lieges bought a pair, One scribe in luck would revel; But we should all be "as you were"— A mob upon one level!

# The Latest Form of Assurance.

Managing Clerk (to Customer at Insurance Office). Insure your seeing the Jubilee Procession! Certainly, Sir, but we must insert a clause in the policy insisting upon your taking up your position on the previous night.

In the Royal Inclosure at Ascot.

Lady Millefleurs (to Mrs. GOBEMOUCHE). How on earth did you get in here? Mrs. G. Because I wrote and said that I

was a friend of yours!



## SIMPLE ENOUGH.

Yokel (in pursuit of escaped Bull, to Timmins, who is "teaching himself"). "HI, MISTER! IF YER CATCH HOLD OF HIS LEADING-STICK, HE CAN'T HURT YER!"

## DARBY JONES ON ASCOT.

HONOURED SIR, - Crippled by overindulgence after the success in the Derby of Galtee More, who represents, I understand, a kind of Alps in Ireland, I nevertheless have crawled from my gout-laden couch to put my hand to paper other than that delicate "fimsy" manufactured by Messrs. Portal in Hampshire for the use of the Bank of England and the benefit of Mankind. There are those who pretend that a ten-pound note is difficult of circulation. So is the blood. Nevertheless, I knew a Man who used to patronise the defunct Chain Pier at Brighton, and boast that he obtained admission gratis by exhibiting the Order to Bearer for ten doubloons issued by the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, the gatekeeper being unprovided with the requisite change. This dodge succeeded for a time, but it so happened that at Brighton Races, the crafty individual in question produced his lucky tenner to back a quadruped for a sovereign, and was promptly made a vic-tim of the Confidence Trick, one of the

in the Royal Enclosure amid the Great Personages of the Diamond Commemoration, conscious that socially you were a sort of Mornington Cannon, and capable of rivalling that famous jockey, as at Hurst Park, in landing winners. Ascot, however, is not what it was when it was chiefly patronised by those recorded in the immortal chronicles of Burke, Walford, and Debrett. The excellent service of the London and South-Western Railway Company, coupled with Sir CHARLES SCOTTER, has much to answer for. I can remember a period when the temporary tenant of a mension in the neighbourhood, provided with all the luxuries of Messrs. FORTHUM AND MASON, was unable to supply bread to his guests owing to the failure of a local roll-maker. How different is the case nowadays! One runs down to the classic Heath from Waterloo with all the ease of the Lord Mayor proceeding from the Mansion House to inaugurate a Hospital in the region of Whitechapel.

Last year, Mr. Hamar Bass appropriated the Ascot Cup with Love Wisely, and the Hunt Cup was annexed by simplest and most effective games ever contrived by the Israelites during their sojourn in the Land of the Nile.

But Ascot, noble Sir, is my theme. I can imagine you arrayed in a suit of pearl grey, surmounted by a white "chimneypot," and not unadorned with a Jubilee buttonhole—red, white and blue—strolling state of the Law on the subject of what I

may term "Place-betting," I was unable to be present. But—the tip I sent you, was it not an inspiration?

His prospect was never a dim 'um, You know how I spotted Persummon.\*

Ever your henchman, DARBY JONES.

\* We don't "know" anything of the sort .- ED.

# A JOLLY JUVENILE JUBILEE.

(By a Human Boy.)

["It has been left to the QUEEN herself to suggest the form such recognition (of youth at the Jubilee) should take, and she has shown her perfect comprehension of the juvenile mind by intimating that it would please her if the governing bodies of schools could see their way to making this year some addition to the ordinary summer holidays, in order that the Diamond Jubilee may live respiend dent in the memory of those to whom we must look to carry on the work of the Empire."—Times.

Am! God save the Queen, boys! And all I can say is that if those same "governing bodies"

Can't find out a way to oblige Her Most

GRACIOUS, they must be disloyal old noddies!

A Jubilee Holiday! Lor! what a jolly day! or—so the Times speaks for royalty—
Several days! Why not make it a week,
and so give lots of room for our
loyalty?

Hang it! you can't do sufficient hooraying in twenty-four hours! That's sheer fudgery!

We want, as the *Times* very properly puts it, a *few days* more "respite from drudgery."

It would be mean to our glorious QUEEN to cut down her holiday stingily.

All very well for those blamed Little Eng-

who would do everything landers, dingily.

boys are Tories and patriots, you bet, hating everything funky and shabby; And making our Jubilee Holiday less than

a week would be worthy of LABBY. He would cut down Royal Grants, Fleets and Pensions, and everything noble

and jolly, And no doubt he'd like to cut down the QUEEN's gift, which is all nasty Radical folly.

Make it a week and you'll make us all patriots! Pater and mater, I reckon, Will squirm at the notion; but in their de-

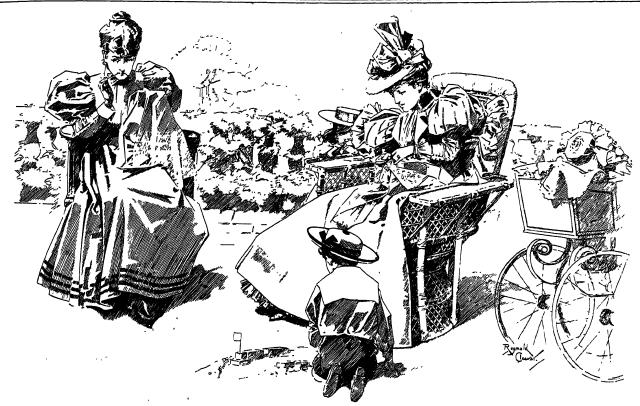
votion, wherever Viotoria may beckon They'll loyally follow! 'Twill beat Lub-BOCK hollow, VICTORIA'S week for the nippers will;

And just won't we enjoy it, and better employ it than all the Bank Holiday trippers will!!!

## A CASE OF IDENTITY.

Dr. Grimshaw, Head Master of St. Boniface, is taking the Sixth Form, when there enters a telegraph-boy. The Doctor, thinking to impress the class, motions the intruder to be quiescent till one of the form has finished his construing. When the boy has finished, he beckons to the postal emissary, and in his rich, sonorous and academical voice, enquires: "Well, my lad, what do you want?" Telegraph Boy. "Ere's a wire for GRIMSHAW." The Doctor. "Give it to me." Telegraph Boy (resolved to have his revenge). "But form has finished his construing. Boy (resolved to have his revenge).

[Simultaneous convulsion of the Form.



MARRIED V. SINGLE.

Bee (single). "Why do you wear a Pink Blouse, dear? It makes you look so Yellow!"
Bella (married). "Does it, dear? Of course you can make your Complexion suit any Blouse, can't you!"

## THE JUBILEE CELEBRATOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is not the celebration of the Jubilee nearly over? Answer. Certainly not, for although the great event has passed minor exhibitions of enthusiasm will continue for a fortnight or

Q. What has been the characteristic of the demonstration?
A. After mature deliberation I would suggest miscalculation.

Q. Upon what evidence do you rest your proposition?

A. The evidence of my senses. For instance, it was thought that the procession would be the indirect cause of many acci-

dents—as a matter of fact it was accountable for none.

Q. Can you give other instances?

A. I can. It was believed that the streets would have been crowded to excess, and every precaution was taken to prevent mischief. According to statistics, the spectators in the streets on the line of route were comparatively few, and scarcely up to the average of the customary multitude watching a Lord Mayor's Show. Then it was believed by a number of speculators that the sale of seats beside the progress would produce fortunes, whereas most of the transactions connected with such like ven-

tures resulted in loss.

Q: Was it not thought that the raising of fares would be a good thing for the proprietors of omnibuses and cabs?

A. It was. And here again may be traced evidence of a miscalculation.

Q. What are the physical requirements of an official Jubilee celebrator?

A. He or she should be able to dispense with horses and carriages, trusting to his legs alone, to keep a clear head in the vastest crowds, and to do without nourishment for an indefinite length of time.

Q. Ought a celebrator to be able to spend money?

A. He ought to be able to spend money freely, by paying about four times the normal value of everything, from pen-

wipers to bedrooms in a hotel.

Q. What would be the Jubilee price of a penny bun?
A. About threepence, and a halfpenny glass of milk would often be valued at twopence.

Q. From this I take it that enhanced prices have to be paid for everything in London during the celebration?

A. Certainly. Perhaps the prices would have been lower had the anticipations of the visitors been more moderate.

Q. You mean to say that the newcomers, expecting to have

to pay, found their hosts ready to accept the suggestion?

A. Quite so; and where a stand was made for a reduction, a compromise immediately followed.

Q. Can you give an instance of this?

A. Certainly, in the sale of seats, where a place originally valued at five guineas ultimately fell to five shillings.

Q. But leaving pecuniary considerations out of the question, is

the Jubilee a success?

A gigantic success, for it has shown that a quarter of the world loves and appreciates a blameless Queen, and rejoices to be her subjects.

Q. And such a demonstration no doubt will be an excellent object lesson to envious foreigners?

A. Unquestionably.

Q. Then, when all is said and done, the game has been worth the candle?

A. Undoubtedly.

THE KEMPTON PARK APPEAL.—What is "a place"? Give an "i" to it and it will certainly be a "place" not "within the meaning of the Act." But then comes the question, "What Act?" It must be a Fishery Act, at least, so it would appear to a fisher for place, but not to a place-hunter. A place is somewhere where a horse can stand, vide the poet:

"This is the Place: stand still, my steed!"

There are all sorts of "places," and sooner or later the Bookmaker may find himself in "a tight place." The vagaries of this argument are endless.

On BOARD THE "CAMPANIA."-On Saturday, at the Jubilee Naval Review, an un-nautical M.P., following in the wake of the Victoria and Albert, had provided himself with a large number of daily papers. "You're an uncommonly sharp chap on most occasions," observed a friendly Oppositionist, "but to-day even you won't be able to 'read between the lines.'" And he gave up the attempt.



Sam Jones is not in "the profession," but has been sent on, in an emergency, without rehearsal, as the "Baron's servant," with one line to speak.

Sam (entering), "ME LAUD, THE DOOK DE LAVAL IS DEAD!"
The Baron. "What say'st thou, Knave?"
Sam (anno Sam (annoyed). "You 'EARD!"

# "THE CHAP WITH THE RAPS."

(A Shadowy Fragment from a Phantom Romance.)

"How did I become possessed of this desirable residence?" I said to my little grandson, who, having had an altercation with his nurse, had prematurely joined our circle. "I'll toll you."

I looked round and admired our domicile.

It was a fine place, but having of course been left severely alone, was falling into decay. That is the worst of our society. We can stand in the moonlight, or float about woods, but we cannot keep mansions in thoroughly decorative repair. More's the pity, but then, the existence of a shade has compensating advantages. The power

of becoming visible or invisible at will opens out a large field for the perpetration of practical jokes.

Not that I am fond of humour—as a matter of fact, I jest with difficulty—but still, I can see the benefit of the privilege

of spectre ways.

"Yes; I got it from Messrs. Poster and Hammer, the eminent estate agents and auctioneers. It came about in this way. and my friends who occupied the very best parts of town—Belgravia (North and South), Mayfair, and Upham Park Road-

had seen with no little regret that our presence was driving away possible tenants. For you must know, boy, that at heart we ghosts are not a bad lot."

"The very best of fellows!" exclaimed the phantom lad, enthusiastically.

"It may be so," I admitted, compla-cently. "Well, there was the cavalier who stabbed his lady in white satin, and the Scotch dame who came out of her picture, and the chap who woke them up

with raps."

"Slightly vulgar, the chap with the raps." said the juvenile apparition.

"Granted," I again acquiesced. "And

it was the chap with the raps who caused us to relent. I went to see the house agents, and found them very decent neople. They were a little frightened at first, but I put them at their ease by some pleasant chaff."

"And everything was settled satisfactorily?"

"Ouite Wasser Township was settled satisfactorily?"

"Quite. We gave up the other houses on condition of taking this. And our residence here hurts no one, because the estate

"I see. And what has become of the chap with the raps?"

chap with the raps?"

"Well, I scarcely know; but from what I see in the papers, I fancy he must be the originator of that immense correspondence, 'On the Trail of a Ghost."

"And will be keep in the papers long?"

"I should think so," I replied. "For

such a fellow is the right man in the right place in the silly season. And here I break off—with the break of day."

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Unfortunate, asked for a description of the Queen's Jubilee Procession, explains.

No! I cannot sing of the Jubilee. Of its sheen, and glitter, and glare, Of the doings of High and Low degree,

By the token I wasn't there! From the crowded streets I went away
To a village that looks on the sea, On the chalky cliff of a nebbly bay, Where I spent my Jubilee.

O'er this sea-girt village the sea-gulls flew With their wild and weirdlike scream. But the grass was green and the ocean blue.

So they didn't prevent my dream. I dreamt as I stretched 'neath the blazing

Of the time that perhaps might be, When a little more Love was said—and done

The time of the Jubilee.

I do not complain of the wanton wight Who broke all my dream to bits.
For I know 'tis a golfer's chief delight To go in for the deftest hits.

But I did object when from forty winks I arose with a head so sore,

Because I didn't know what were "Links." And that some one had shouted "'Fore"!

It wasn't pleasant, that hard, white ball That struck me upon the cap.

Oh! would that I'd heard the striker's call Before I received that rap!

Then my dream was dissolved for ever and

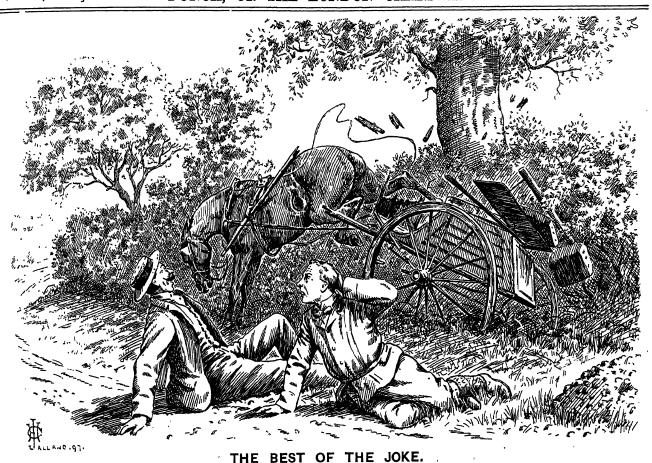
As I fled from that blessed "Tee"; And mournful I thought of the games they plav

In the year of the Jubilee!

#### Can it be true?

Affable Passenger (to 'bus driver). What has become of the motor cars?

'Bus Driver. Well, Sir, I 'ave 'eard as 'ow Mr. Wombwell 'ad bought 'em all to cage 'is beasts in at the Crystal Palace; but don't think I speaks from jealousy.



Jones (who has been taken for a quiet drive by Friend). "What the deuce is there to laugh at, Man?"
Friend (roaring with laughter). "Ha, ha! The rascal who sold me the Cob, he—he—lent me the Cart!"

## JUBILOPERA NOTES.

Splendid! How it would have rejoiced the heart of our only Sir Drubiolanus Coventgardersis, could he have been present to see how thoroughly those educated up to this sort of business under his management had learnt their lesson and even improved on his teaching. It was the crowning triumph by Night of the Two Days Jubilee. Everybody was there to be seen by Everybody Else, and woe be to Anybody's friend who shall say to Anybody, "Why, I didn't see you there!" Not to have been at the Opera on the great night argues yourself out of it. And Madame Melba was there!! This admirable cantatrice, after whom there had been previously so many kind inquiries, was there, if not in all her glory, in at least in some of it, with a bit over for another night. O the heat! O the uniforms! O the entoosymoosy! and O the lovely loyal thirstiness! O the dear drought! and the still dearer, or cheaper, draught, not of air, but of liquid, "after the Opera was over!!" Ah! Some of 'em had thirsts they would not have exchanged for the biggest diamonds of the very first Water,—unless it had just the least taste in life of something mixed with it! Then "came the sweetest mossel of the night!" Resplendent, happy and glorious, appeared our Princess and our Prince! and mightily enjoying the feast of music prepared for them in small parcels, sat all the Royalties and Attracting Magnates; while the great officers of State (in such a state, too! with the thermometer at ninety-five degrees in the electric light shade, if any) watched, lynx-eyed, yet with the gentle winkiness of the coing turtle-dove. If a Royalty felt faint, Her Royal Highness had but to call "Steward!" and at once Lord Pembroke was in attendance. Had anyone forgotten his, or her, pocket-handkerchief, or mislaid a smelling-bottle, was not my Lord Chamberlain, Lord Lathon, G.C.B., on the spot with everything that could possibly be required? Was his lordship, too, not at hand to answer confidently, and correctly, any questions as to the music, as to the singers, as to the history o

for my Lord Lathom knows his Opera by heart, and could "musical honours" be added to his title, then to his "G.C.B." might be added all the other notes of the octave. Should any distinguished visitor prefer riding to driving home in the cool of the night, "after the Opera is over," was there not his Grace of Portland there as Master of the Horse, ready to have a "Gee" round at the door before you could say "Gee-rusalem?" Then, if the operatic actors went at all wrong in their "jeu de soène," was there not Sir G. Ponsonby-Fane, K.C.B., one of the best of the "old stagers," to rush to the wings or down into the prompt-box, put 'em all right, and sing, "I'm Fane to tell you all I feel!" And finally, should anything whatever have been required by any of the Great Personages then present, were there not in attendance, and in a-twenty-dance for the matter of that, all "The Officers of the Household" in "full dress with trowsers," and therefore ready, aye ready to run out at a second's notice and do the Royal bidding with a will? Chorus, outside, to an old tune, "How did you get your trowsers on? And do they hurt you much?" O the Jubilee! This was the crowning Night effect, as the Queen's Garden Party will be the crowning Day effect in London, while before that comes off the Naval Review on the 26th will have been the crowning Day and Night effect at sea. Bravissimo, Operatic Committee! Mr. Punch, distributing his Jubilee honours, says to Mr. Neil Forsyth, "Kneel, Forsyth! Arise, Sir Neil."—but he can't do both. This must be thought out. En attendant, Vivat Regina!

#### The Tartan Epidemic.

The MacTavish (very angrily, to the new Boots at the "Rising Sun"). Where, by St. Andrew! have ye planted my braw new kilt that I put oot, for to be decently brushed! Green, red, black and white plaid.

Boots (after search). I beg pardon, Sir, but the chambermaid mistook it for the skirt of the young lady in No. 13. But you've

got her gown!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 21 .-PRINCE ARTHUR, still tanned with the toil of golf, moved resolution preparatory to House repairing to Buckingnam Palace to present address to the QUEEN on the sixtieth anniversary of her accession. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD seconds resolution in tone of protound emotion. Then DILLON and REDMOND aîné sprang up, straining like hounds in leash for first place in opposing motion. In turn made towering speeches. Resolution carried by enthusiastic majority.

Whole business did not occupy more than an hour and a half; but it had curiously irritating effect upon the Member

for Sark.

"Irish opposition in PARNELL's time was," he growled, "bad enough in its way. At least, it was concentrated in one welldefined quarter, guided by a single firm hand. Now, Irish Nationalists split up into sections, the long-suffering of the House is not only lengthened, but the ordeal has no compensation. In PARNELL's time we had for our money good sharp fighting, with definite purpose and ordered plan behind each combatant. Now we fight the air, and the Irish Members fight each other. Take the case of REDMOND cadet turning up—"
"Order! order!" I said, with abrupt

sternness studied from several Speakers. "To speak of an hon. Member as 'caddy' is not Parliamentary. Worse still, it is not English. Of course, I know what you mean. But suppose you wanted to de-

scribe a man as something of a snob. Would you call him 'snobby'?"

"Take the case of REDMOND cadet," SARK continued, ignoring my remark, which showed it was unanswerable. "First of all, we have John Dillon issuing magnifoquent declaration that Irish Members never, never will take part in the Jubilee celebration, for which the large proportion of them were careful, availing themselves of their Parliamentary privileges, to obtain free seats. his party are congratulating themselves on this stroke of leadership, comforting themthis stroke of leadership, comforting themselves with assurance that the Redmondites, the Healyites, and Harrington, are out of it this time, Redmond ainé, going one step further, as dear old Walter Barttelor used to say, trumps Dillon's card by giving notice of a bombastic amondrount to the Address constitution. amendment to the Address congratulating HER MAJESTY. Thursday last, when the House met after the Whitsun Recess, seemed to be TIM HEALY'S opportunity. But Tim tarries in Ireland, and REDMOND cadet, romping in, got the advertisement sheet on the Parliamentary reports all to himself. Same kind of thing goes on tonight and all through the Session. Where in current debate one Irish Member used to speak, we have now at least three orations. So is our last state worse than our first."

Business done. - Agreed to present

Jubilee congratulations to the QUEEN.

Friday.—The view of CAP'EN TOMMY
BOWLES is not bounded by the Bosphorus. He counts the Sultan as a personal friend, to some extent a protégé. On the occasion of his visit to Yildiz Kiosk, the Imperial host showed a memorable gift of distinguishing character. To Bashmead-Arllett, also making a morning call, he tossed the glittering Mediidish. Reogenising the finer nature of the CAP'EN, he shared with him the pure delights of a private concert. The SULTAN may be lack-ing in some of the better qualities of humanity. Evidently he is a consummate judge of men.

Chumming with the Sultan would be enough for some men. It does not prevent the Old Salt from supervising the CZAR. Serving in Committee on Public Accounts, the eagle eye, that in the forties was known to pierce the densest wall of fog silently building itself up, bulwarking the coast of Newfoundland, discovered a little job. When the late CZAR died, he left in custody of the Bank of England a trifle of over £200,000. Death Duty payable on this exceeded £13,000. Cap'en Tommy, "overhauling the wollum," as bidden by an old shipmate whose soul long since went aloft, discovered this money had never

been paid.
In Committee of Supply, Tommy brought whole matter to light of day. SQUIRE OF



Mr. Speaker and Toby, M.P., review the Fleet at Spithead!

Malwood was Chancellor of Exchequer when the affair was squared. Looking across at the CAP'EN, watching the convincing sweep of his terrible hooked arm, the SQUIRE concluded best thing he could do was to make clean breast of whole matter, charging it to "the comity of na-tions." This phrase had marvellous effect on Committee inclined to be suspicious. More blessed than Mesopotamia. Scotch Members particularly pleased, recognising tardy acceptance of favoured pronunciation. Caldwell always speaks of "the Comity of Supply," or "the Comity of Ways and Means." Was going to make a speech or two on this find hooked up by the Cap'en. But so pleased to hear Squire of Malwood dropping into Scotch

that he refrained.
So "Comity of Nations" carried the day. Source left the House without a stain on his character. All the same, it is felt that as long as the CAP'EN sits up aloft watching over the Treasury, there will be no more remission of Death Duties to the

Business done.—In "Comity" of Supply.

R.M.S. Teutonic, Spithead, Saturday.

—Parliament adjourned for the Solent. ARTLETT, also making a morning call, he Everybody here, from the Speaker to the tossed the glittering Medjidieh. Recog- newest Member, from the latest Peer to "have-beens"-talk.

the LORD CHANCELLOR. After the vision of glory the eye has been privileged to rest upon through the week, one reels quite awed to see HALSBURY in serge suit, tan shoes, and a yachting cap. Difficult to believe it is the same person we saw at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, enveloped in robes of State, plump on his knees before his Sovereign, to whom he brought the congratulatory address of the Peers. Wish there had been more people to behold the spectacle. The procession on Jubuee Day was well enough in its way. But it you want to impress foreigners with tne might and majesty of the Empire, they snould see Lord HALSBURY in his State robes. At least, that's wnat SARK says, and what he doesn't know, isn't worth taking account of.

SARK, by the way, has come out a firstclass seafaring person. To see him walking the deck you would think he was born in tne foretop. In fact, only yesterday he was taken for the pilot. Steaming here from Liverpool, we ran into a tog off Start Point. Couldn't see anything two cables off. (Don't know now much a cable is. Suppose they differ in length according to price; but at sea we always measure things by a cable's length.) Fog-horn blowing; engines slowed; snarp look-out fore and att. SARK standing on larboard side looking out with air of wisdom the longest capie aboard ship could not fathom. Up came one of the pretty girls wno decorate the Teutonic and touched him lightly on the arm.

"Where are we now, pilot?" she asked.
"Still in the fog, Miss," he answered; and she went off, reassured by his manly presence, his untaitering tone, as he rronted a situation not without peril.

Fog litted, disclosing long lanes of battleships all flying the British flag. A pretty show on Tuesday, when all the ends of the earth sent their contingents of soldiers, torming part of the army of the QUEEN. To-day completes the object lesson for whom it may concern. Overheard SARK telling the pretty gul (who still believes he's the pilot) that no two other naval he's the pilot) that no two other naval powers clubbing their resources could make such a show. Even the *Teutonic*, in ordinary times a peaceful Transatlantic steamer, comes out as an armed cruiser, showing sharp, white teeth in the shape of eight Nordenfelt and eight quick-firing runs, canable of doing as much damage to guns, capable of doing as much damage to the enemy as a whole armament of the Victory in NELSON's time.

When you come to think of it, this not the least striking feature in the unique display. Admiral of the White Star Fleet, ISMAY, tells me it did not take more than forty-eight hours to transform the mighty mail steamer into an armed cruiser.

Business done. - Done our duty at dinner and luncheon as England expected of us.

## Jubilee Jotting. (By a Purist.)

Tms is the most illogical of lands!—
The Jubilee Seats were commonly called "Stands"!

NOTE BY A PHILOSOPHER.—When a man's fortune has gone to ducks and drakes, it is generally the ducks who have acquired most of the golden grain.

## HONOURS DIVIDED.

(A Thought on Jubilee Day.)

The Force of the Empire was mustered to-day;
But amidst gorgeous soldiers and glorious horses,
We must not forget, Punch will venture to say,
The plainest, but not the least proud, of our Forces.
"Force is no remedy?" That's as may be.
But "the force," for prevention, of risk to our city,
In all this huge jostling of great Jubilee,
Did a wonderful work to forget which were pity.
The soldiers and sailors went striding along: The soldiers and sailors went striding along; To be drawn to injustice by glitter were snobby. So let's make division of praise from the throng Between General "Bobs," and the general "Bobby."

## MY AUNTS AND THE JUBILEE.

June 1.—Most unfortunate. Last winter promised my maternal aunt Jane to escort her to see the Jubilee Procession. Good old lady, good old house in Devonshire, good old port in cellars, good old sum in nice, safe Consols, and so on. Could I refuse? But shortly after, my paternal aunt Eleanor also desired me to escort her to the Procession. Rather sour old lady, gloomy old house in Bath, only teetotal drinks in cellar, but many thousands in Home Rails. Weakly agreed.

June 2.—Must secure three seats. Aunt Jane, stout, always warm, has written that she must sit in the shade. Aunt ELEANOR, thin, always cold, says in this weather she prefers the sun. Can I put one on north side of Strand, one on south side, and myself on church in the middle? Hardly. Neither

would sit alone.

June 5.—After seeing innumerable plans and innumerable seats, have at last secured three on a stand, so placed, that Aunt Eleanor at the end will get the sunshine on her rheumatic right shoulder till one o'clock, Aunt Jane being entirely in the

shade. That's settled.

shade. That's settled.

June 8.—Letter from Aunt Eleanor. Will on no account venture to sit in any wooden erection likely to catch fire. Letter from Aunt Jane. Cannot occupy seat on any temporary structure which might possibly collapse. Start again. Dispose of three seats at considerable loss. After great search discover small corner room in solid, fire-proof building, with large northern window taken out, and small eastern window to admit sunshine. Aunt Jane will no doubt require this window opened, season a draught highly detrimental to Aunt Eleanor's rheumanning a draught highly detrimental to Aunt Eleanor's rheumanning. causing a draught highly detrimental to Aunt Eleanor's rheumatism, neuralgia, and chronic catarrh, and Aunt Eleanor will demand that it be shut, with the blind up, a state of things likely to produce apoplexy, or sunstroke, or cerebral congestion in Aunt Jane; but I can do no more.

June 10.—Aunt Eleanon writes that she cannot bear the noise, draughts and excitement of a London hotel, and will there-

fore stay at Richmond. Aunt Jane writes that she wishes to be at the coolest part of Norwood. Secure rooms for them.

June 11.—Letter from Aunt Jane. She quotes leader in Times of yesterday, warning seat-holders of every possible danger. Was afraid she would see it. It refers to excitement, early rising environs and fatiguing inverse important magnificant. early rising, anxious and fatiguing journey, imperfect provision of food, possibility of fainting, delay in getting away, instability of stands, danger of fire, risks of smoking, removal of shavings under seats, and need of restoratives. She wants to know what time she will have to start. Try to reckon it out with help of times article. If seat-holders driving a distance usually covered Times article. If seat-holders driving a distance usually covered in twenty minutes must start at 5.30, at what time must anyone start from Norwood to drive to the Strand? Evidently not later than midnight. Good heavens! And here's a letter from Aunt ELEANOR. She writes that she has just seen an article in the ELEANOR. She writes that she has just seen an article in the Times. Of course she has. And she wants to know when she will have to start. By Jove, yes! Richmond. That's soon calculated. About 8 r.m. Say immediately after dinner. Answer both letters as cheerfully as I can.

June 19.—Have made all necessary arrangements at last. Aunt Jane supposes that it may be possible to leave safely about six hours after the procession has passed. Aunt Eleanor would prefer to dine in our hired room, as she evidently cannot reach

Richmond till breakfast time the next day.

June 21.—Have stored in room large quantities of tinned meats, biscuits, wine, lemonade, mineral waters, &c. Also re-

storatives of various kinds.

June 22.—The great day. Up at 4.30. Start at 5.30, with luncheon and dinner packed in hampers. Expect to reach to such an old monarc Strand at eight. Arrive there at 6.10. Something wrong in thorough revolutionists.



## HEREDITY.

Fond Parent. "Well, we wanted to give 'IM A CHAWNCE, AND WAS 'AVIN' 'IM TRAINED FOR A BUTTERMAN, WHEN WOT DOES THE BEGGAR DO BUT CHUCKS IT, AND SAYS AS IT'S CHIMBLEY-SWEEPIN' AS 'IS 'EART WAS IN!"

calculations. Aunts not come yet. Of course not. Wait patiently. At eight become anxious. At 8.80 very anxious. At nine desperate. What can have happened? Surely thirteen hours from Richmond should suffice. My calculations were based nours from kienmond should suffice. My calculations were based on Times article. Can they have mistaken the number of the house? Rush out. Obliged to go into side streets. Continue search. Suddenly hear cheering. Good heavens, it's the procession! Can't get back. Remain behind crowd. See nothing. Tremendous final cheer. Then people slowly disperse, and at twelve o'clock walking in streets is quite easy, and I stroll sadly home. home. No news of aunts.

June 23.—Letter from Aunt Jane: Left Norwood at midnight. Arrived in Strand at 1.15 a.m. House shut up. Nowhere to go. At last drove back to Norwood, much annoyed at bad arrangements. Letter from Aunt Eleanor: Left Richmond at 8 r.m. on Monday. Arrived in Strand at 9.30 r.m. Room lock due. could not remain in carriage all night; nowhere to go. At last drove back to Richmond. Had not expected that any nephew of hers would annoy her with vulgar practical jokes, and need not express her opinion of such conduct.

Mr. Douglass, the Athenaum informs us, "finds from his observations" that "Jupiter's fourth satellite, as well as his third, rotates on its own axis in about the same time as it occupies in revolving round the planet." What capital exercise, or axisize! Except perhaps a ride on the switchback, there can be nothing to equal the delights enjoyed by the third and fourth establishes. It is said to think these two satellites attached satellite. It is sad to think that those two satellites, attached to such an old monarchy as that of Jupiter, should be such



#### "TOUR DE 'FORCE.'" A GREAT

ME. PUNCH, UNIVERSAL PUBLIC COMMISSIONER, ON BEHALF OF EVERYBODY GENERALLY, AND OF "THE SPINDLE SIDE" PARTICULARLY, HEARTILY COMPLIMENTS THE METROPOLITAN AND CITY POLICE, UNDER SIR EDWARD BRADFORD, G.C.B., COLONEL HENRY SMITH, K.C.B., AND MR. REGINALD BRETT, C.B., THE CLEVER "HEADS OF THE POLICE," ON THEIR ADMIRABLE ARRANGEMENTS FOR FACILITATING TRAFFIC AND PRESERVING ORDER IN THE STREETS OF LONDON, SO SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT BY ALL THE CONSTABULARY ON JUBILEE DAY, JUNE 22.

# **OUR COLONIAL "COMRADES" AT THE** LYCEUM.

[At the special invitation of Sir Henry Invine, the Colonial troops in London for the Jubilee attended a performance of The Bells and A Story of Waterloo at the Lyceum on June 26.]

Well changed, Sir Henry! "Comrades"

was the word.
"Ladies and gentlemen" seemed too

punctilious. Few things more striking have been seen or heard

In all this jocund time of joy Jubilious, Than Corporal Brewster, drawn by Conan DOYLE,

And played by Henry Irving to "Our Boys"

From over-sea. What charm it lends to toil When such an audience admires, enjoys:

A Story of Waterloo, told to a crowd
Of such Colonial "Comrades," was a

thing

To hear, see, and remember. Did one proud To mark those stalwart fellows rise and sing

God save the Queen together! CHAMBER-LAIN

Doubtless enjoyed his portion of the

cheering,
As did the moving actor. Scarce again
To such a "house" will either be appearing.

A grand occasion, met in style deserving Of Art, such "Comrades," and Sir Henry Irving!

# HER PEOPLE'S REPLY

(To the Queen's Jubilee Message. Voiced by Mr. Punch).

"The QUEEN'S Message to the Empire reached Australia, India, and the furthermost parts of the globe before the Quren had emerged from Buckingham Palace."—Daily Chronicle.

From heart to heart! O'er land and sea That message flies, like Peace's dove! Where'er your world-spread people be,

Knit to large unity by Love,
Swifter than SHAKSPEARE'S sprite could run, They answer promptly, and as One!

Like Ariel, "ere your pulse twice beat," Love "drinks the air," and so returns To lay our message at your feet.

From heart to heart the message burns, As warmly 'midst the northern snows As where the tropic sun-blaze glows.

From every race, and from all ranks, Round the great globe where floats your flag,

Responsive to your royal thanks,
From hearts and lips that will not lag,
Fly thanks as loyal. Thanks, great QUEEN,
For all you are, and long have been!

Thanks for Imperial service high, And thanks for simple hearth-side grace, For patriot zeal, for purity

Womanly sweetness in high place, And the strong heart that ne'er did fall, Though duty danger-clad might call.

Thanks from our hearts, belovéd Queen, God's blessings crown your future days! Still may you be, as you have been, The theme of world-wide love and praise.

A proud, free people bow the knee To womanly worth and genuine royalty!



# "THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER!"

"FROM MY HEART I THANK MY BELOVED PEOPLE. MAY GOD BLESS THEM. V. R. AND I."
(June 22, 1897.)

"I'LL PUT A GIRDLE ROUND ABOUT THE EARTH."—Midsummer Night's Dream.





Verdant Green Horn, Esq. "I DON'T LIKE HIS HEAD."

Old Flatcatcher. "HEAD! YOU DON'T RIDE ON THEIR HEADS, DO YOU?"

# THE YOUNG FOLKS AT HOME.

(DIAMOND JUBILEE VERSION.) AIR-" The Old Folks at Home."

'Way home, from many a lake and river.

Far, far away, To where your hearts are turning ever, Greet the Old Folks to-day!
Though up and down the wide creation
Gladly you roam,
Still discipate the

Still clinging to the mother nation, And to the Old Folks at Home!

All our hearts are proud and cheery, Glad that you should come. Here's welcome that should never weary, Hail to the Young Folks at Home!

Though round our little world you wander,

Brave, bold and young; We of our Young Folks grow but fonder, Close-knit by blood and tongue. Here sundered brother meets with brother,

Happy and spry, welcome to the proud Old Mother! Friends let us live and die!

All our hearts, &c.

Though scattered far on plains and bushes, Our boys we love; Old kinship o'er our memory rushes,

No matter where you rove. We're glad at heart to hail your coming,

Come, Young Folks, come! While all the land with joy is humming Down in your good Old Home!

All the land is proud and cheery Glad that you should come! Here's welcome, hearty, warm, unweary, Hail to the Young Folks at Home

APPROPRIATE NAME FOR ENGLANDER.—The scuttle-fish.

THE COMPLETE WRANGLER.—A motherin-law.



WHAT TO DO WITH SOME OF THE JUBILEE DECORATIONS.

Send them to Foreign Parts, where they would be greatly appreciated.

# TO A GENERAL FAVOURITE.

Petite, perhaps, but charming—quite— And beautifully dressed, One always meets you with delight.
At parties round the West.

The cynosure of neighbouring eyes, The hostess's trump card, You hold the undisputed prize Of man's sincere regard.

Your aspect is serene and cool, Though crowds have round you crushed-If one may state a general rule, One will not see you flushed.

And if, as I've heard people say, Too oft they find you cold, The warmth which you sometimes display Affords them joy twofold.

What praise, wherever you are found, Night after night you win! And oh! when supper-time comes round, How sweet to take you in!

You need no bard your praise to pen,
Your fame will never fail;
'Tis yours to "fly through the mouths of
men,"\*

Because you are—a quail!

\* Ennius .- "Volito vivus per ora virum."

Two Words which rhymed unplea-SANTLY WITH SEAT SPECULATORS ON THE JUBILEE DAY.—"Slump" and "hump."

JUBILEE FIREWOOD .- Jubilee seats.



THE JOYS OF TOURING.

First Cyclists. "Well, you didn't escape a Ducking, although you did ride away and leave us in the Lurch."

Second Cyclists. "No; but we got the Pick of the Clothes!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Novel readers, aweary of the clacking in the kail-yard, will turn aside from The Lady Grange (SMITH, ELDER) if they know the scene is laid among Scotch folk. Wherein, my Baronite tells me, they will make a grave mistake. The story dates back to 1753, when Scotland was seething in rebellion. Mr. Alexander Innes Shand manages, by what seems exceedingly simple art, to reproduce the very men, even the atmosphere of the times. His study of that hoary but fascinating villain, Simon Lord Lovat, is an admirable portraiture. So are the drawings of Lord Grange and his shrewish wife, whose punishment is the thread on which the story hangs. Incidentally there are some procured islands of Scotland. Altogether a picturesque book, of keen human interest.

My Baronite is not familiar with the name of MAY SINGLAIR, and is not sure whether Audrey Craven (Blackwood) is a first essay in novel writing. It has about it some marks of the inexperienced hand. But it is full of promise, and displays even exuberant power.

The Story of a Billiard-Ball (Saxon & Co.) is one with a purpose. Mr. Mounteney Jephson, Stanley's companion-in-arms in the search for Emin Pacha, desires to bring home to the public mind the horrors and iniquities of the slave-raiding which goes on in Africa to this day in connection with the hunting up of ivory. It is a pitiful tale, recalling some passages in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Mr. Jephson knows what he is writing about, and, scarcely less essential, knows how to write. The story is told with a simplicity that adds much to its force and effect.

The Baron de B.-W.

"A SIMPLE INQUIRER" writes:—"Among recent advertisements and notices of 'Jubilee Music' I see advertised 'The Proper Psalms.' Are there any Improper Psalms? I hope not; but if there are, I trust they will never be made public, but relegated strictly to the Secret Service Department."

#### ONE OF THE "LAST KNIGHTS."

"Squire Bancroft Bancroft," that's our old friend's name; Now as "Sir Squire Bancroft" is known to fame. Rarely ere this has such a thing been done, A Squire and a Knight rolled into one!!

# Even amid General Rejoicing.

Mr. Timnius (at the bar of the "Pig and Parsley," to Mi Simnius). Well! here's health and happiness!

Mr. Simnius (who has lived for a fortnight on multitudinou whiskies and scanty biscuits). Health I never had, and happines has long departed, but still I'll drink with you, TIMNIUS.

In the Cornhill there is a paper by Mr. HARTLEY WITHER entitled, "How to Scan a Prospectus." Very good; but if it not a poetic Prospectus or a Prospectus in verse, how can it t "scanned"? Perhaps our Withers will be unwrung by th critical query.

#### On the Course.

Angelina. What do they mean, dear, by the Outside Ring?

Edwin. Oh! that's the place where we always back outsider
A splendid institution!

[So it was till Edwin fell among gentlemen from Wale

Anglo-Teutonic Joke (from the Irrepressible, released durin the rejoicings). Count Second-Off looked so magnificent in the Jubilee procession that most spectators backed him for Fur place.

WHAT SOME OF THE NATIONALISTS WOULD HAVE US TO BELIEVE. That Ireland is a County-Down trodden country.



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